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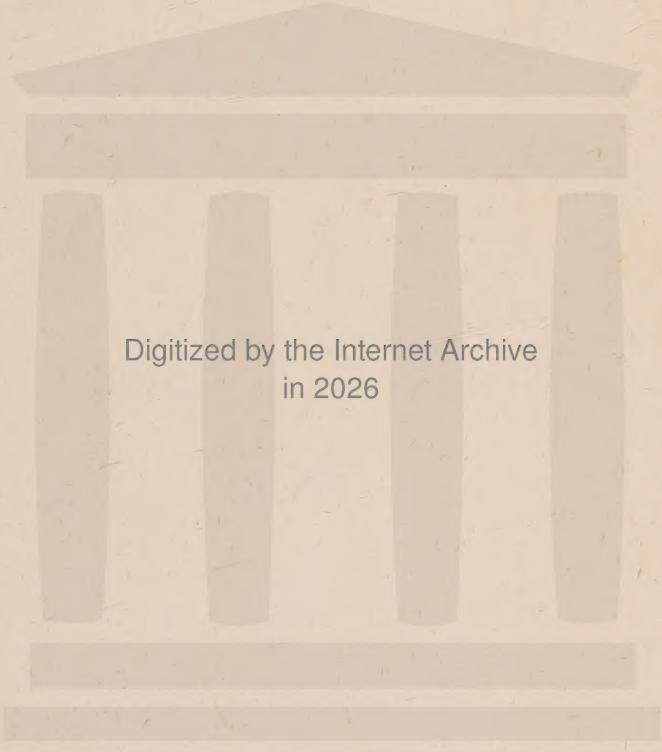

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Mabel J. Smith.

Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape.

Page 47.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

WITH

NUMEROUS EXPLANATORY NOTES,

A MEMOIR BY DAVID MASSON, M.A., LL.D.,

STEEL PORTRAIT, AND TWENTY-ONE FULL-PAGE
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MEMOIR OF MILTON.

BREAD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, OLD LONDON.

1608—1625 : *ætat.* 1—17.

Born in Bread Street, Cheapside, on Friday, December 9, 1608, in a house known as "The Spread Eagle," and baptized in Allhallows Church in the same street, on the 20th of the same December, Milton was for the first sixteen years of his life a denizen of the very heart of Old London.

His father, John Milton, originally from Oxfordshire, was a prosperous London scrivener, and owner of the Spread Eagle, which served him both as residence and as place of business. As to the name of Milton's mother there has hitherto been some uncertainty. One tradition calls her Sarah Bradshaw, and another Sarah Caston; and yet in the register of Allhallows Parish, Bread Street, there is this distinct record: "The XXII[nd] daye of February, A°. 1610 [1610–11], was buried in this parishe Mrs. Ellen Jefferys, the mother of Mr. John Mylton's wyffe of this parishe." The Mrs. Ellen Jefferys who seems thus to have lived with the scrivener and his wife till two years after the birth of her grandchild, the future poet, is ascertained to have been the widow of a Paul Jeffray or Jeffreys, citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, who had lived in St. Swithin's Parish, but was dead in 1602. She had another daughter, Margaret Jeffray or Jeffreys, who was married in 1602, at the age of twenty, to a "William Truelove, gentleman, of the parish of Hatfield Peverell, in the county of Essex, widower," afterwards designated as "of Blakenham upon the Hill, co. Suffolk," and heard of as owning various properties in Essex and Herts. At the time of that marriage the widow's consent to it was signified through her son-in-law, the bride's brother-in-law, John Milton, of Allhallows, Bread Street.*

At the death of the widowed grandmother Jefferys in February, 1610–11, the Bread Street household consisted of the scrivener, his wife, and two children—Anne and John. Three children were subsequently born; of whom only one, Christopher, seven years younger than John, outlived infancy. Anne, John, and Christopher, therefore, are to be remembered, and in that order, as the surviving children.

* With the exception of the burial entry of Mrs. Ellen Jefferys in the register of Allhallows, the documents that have yielded the above particulars of Milton's maternal pedigree have been recently discovered by the research of Colonel J. L. Chester, a distinguished American antiquary and genealogist, living in London.

The first sixteen years of Milton's life were the last sixteen of the reign of James I. Amid the events of those sixteen years, and the growing discontent of the mass of the English people with the rule of James and his minister Buckingham, Milton passed his boyhood. He was most carefully educated, on the principles of a pious Puritan household of superior means and tastes, the head of which was himself distinguished as a musical composer. To be remembered, as having shared with this excellent father the honour of Milton's early education, are the Scottish preacher Thomas Young, his first domestic tutor, and the two Alexander Gills, father and son, respectively head-master and under-master of St. Paul's School, close to Bread Street. At this public school Milton was for some years a day-scholar; and here he first became acquainted with the young half-Italian Charles Diodati, his friendship with whom he has made touchingly and everlastingly memorable in his Letters and his Latin poetry. He was still, it seems, a scholar at St. Paul's when his sister, Anne Milton, who was a year or two older than himself, married (1624) a Mr. Edward Phillips, from Shrewsbury, second clerk in the important Government office called the Crown Office in Chancery. As the married couple took up their residence in the Strand, near Charing Cross, Milton and his younger brother Christopher were then the only children left in the paternal home.

From his childhood Milton was not only a ceaseless student and insatiable reader, but also a writer of verses. The earliest preserved specimens of his Muse, however, belong to the year 1624, his last year at St. Paul's School. They are:

A Paraphrase on Psalm CXIV.
" " " " CXXXVI.

CAMBRIDGE.

1625—1632: *ætat.* 17—24.

If we deduct the two Psalm-paraphrases, which belong to the last year of the reign of James I., Milton's literary life may be said to begin exactly with the reign of Charles I.

That king succeeded his father on the 27th of March, 1625. Six weeks before that event, *i. e.* February 12, 1624–5, Milton, at the age of sixteen years and two months, had been entered in the grade of a "Lesser Pensioner" on the books of Christ's College, Cambridge; and his matriculation in the Register of the University is dated April 9, 1625, when Charles had been on the throne a fortnight. From that time to July, 1632, or for a period of more than seven years, Milton resided habitually in Cambridge, though with frequent visits, in vacation and at other times, to London and his father's house. The rooms he occupied in Christ's College are still pointed out.

When Milton was at Cambridge, the total number of persons on the books of all the sixteen colleges of the University was about 2,900. Christ's College had about 265 members on its books. The master of the college was Dr. Thomas Bainbrigge; and among the fellows were Joseph Meade, remembered

as a commentator on the Apocalypse, Mr. William Chappell, who was Milton's first tutor, and became afterwards an Irish bishop, and Mr. Nathaniel Tovey, to whose tutorship Milton was transferred, and who was afterwards Rector of Lutterworth in Leicestershire. Among Milton's fellow students at Christ's were Edward King, afterwards commemorated as *Lycidas*, John Cleveland, afterwards the well-known satirist, and Henry More, afterwards the Cambridge Platonist. They were all Milton's juniors; and, indeed, More entered the college in Milton's last year. Milton's brother Christopher joined him at Christ's, in February 1630–1, and was put under Tovey's tutorship. Among the eminent heads of colleges, when Milton's academic course began, were Dr. John Preston of Emanuel, Dr. Samuel Collins of King's, Dr. Samuel Ward of Sidney, Sussex, and John Gostlin, M. D., of Caius. The Public Orator of the University was George Herbert, the poet; Andrew Downes, of St. John's, was Regius Professor of Greek; Robert Metcalfe, of the same college, was Regius Professor of Hebrew; Thomas Thornton, also of St. John's, was Lecturer in Logic; and Abraham Whelock, the Orientalist, was University Librarian. Among the Fellows or more advanced graduates of the different colleges were about ten men who afterwards rose to be Bishops or Archbishops, others who rose to be heads of colleges, and some who became noted as Puritan divines. Contemporaries of Milton at Cambridge, only a little his seniors in their respective colleges, were the Church historian Thomas Fuller, of Queen's, and the poet Edmund Waller, of King's, and Thomas Randolph, of Trinity. Jeremy Taylor, who was a native of Cambridge, entered Caius College, as a pauper scholar, in August, 1626, eighteen months after Milton had entered Christ's.

Although Milton never looked back on Cambridge with any great affection, and although it is certain that in the beginning of his undergraduateship he was unpopular among the rougher men in his own college (where he was nicknamed "*The Lady*," on account of his fair complexion, feminine and graceful appearance, and a certain haughty delicacy in his tastes and morals), there is, nevertheless, the most positive evidence that his career at the University was one of industrious and persevering success, and that, even before the close of his undergraduateship, he had beaten down all opposition, and gained a reputation quite extraordinary. "Performed the Collegiate and Academical Exercises to "the admiration of all, and was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person, "yet not to be ignorant of his own parts," is Anthony Wood's summary of the information he had received on the subject. He took his B. A. degree, at the proper time, in January, 1628–9, and the M. A. degree, also at the proper time, in July, 1632. On each occasion, with the other graduates, he went through the formality of signing Articles of Religion implying faith in the constitution, worship, and doctrines of the Church of England; and on the second occasion his signature "*Joannes Milton*" stands at the head of the list of twenty-seven who so signed from Christ's College. This looks as if the foremost place in his college was then unanimously accorded to him. By that time, I should say, he was recognised as without an equal among his coevals in the University.

The reputation won by Milton during his seven years at Cambridge was doubtless due in part to his personal impressiveness in walks and talks with select companions, and in all those daily chances of intercourse between seniors and juniors, in hall or in college-rooms, which University life affords. There were, however, the more formal opportunities of those scholarly displays called by Wood "the Collegiate and Academical Exercises," viz.: the periodical Latin debates and declamations, in College or in the Public Schools of the University, which formed so conspicuous a part of the old system of Cambridge training. Seven specimens of Milton's ability in such things have been preserved under the title of *Prolusiones Quædam Oratoriæ*, and are interesting both as revelations of Milton's own character and habits of intellect at this period, and also as curious glimpses of old Cambridge life. There are preserved also four Latin Familiar Epistles written by Milton during the Cambridge period—two of them to his former preceptor, Thomas Young, and two to Alexander Gill the younger, his former teacher at St. Paul's School. More important products of the seven Cambridge years, however, were the poems, in English or in Latin, written at intervals. Here is a list of these in chronological order, the more important printed in capitals, and the Latin distinguished from the English by italics :—

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT. 1626.
AD CAROLUM DIODATUM (*Elegia Prima*). 1626.
In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis (*Elegia Tertia*). 1626.
In obitum Præsulis Eliensis (among the *Sylvæ*). 1626.
In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis (*Elegia Secunda*). 1626.
In obitum Procancellarii Medici (among the *Sylvæ*). 1626.
IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS (among the *Sylvæ*). 1626.
In Proditionem Bombardicam; In Eandem; In Eandem; In Eandem; In Inventorem Bombardæ (annexed to the *Elegiarum Liber*).
Ad Thomam Junium, Præceptorem Suum (*Elegia Quarta*). 1627.
"*Nondum blanda tuas*," &c. (*Elegia Septima*). 1628.
NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM (among the *Sylvæ*). 1628.
AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE. 1628.
De Ideâ Platonicâ quemadmodum Aristoteles ***intellexit*** (among the *Sylvæ*).
In Adventum Veris (*Elegia Quinta*). 1628–9.
ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY. 1629.
AD CAROLUM DIODATUM, RURI COMMORANTEM (*Elegia Sexta*). 1629.
Upon the Circumcision.
The Passion.
On Time.
At a Solemn Music.
Song on May Morning.
ON SHAKESPEARE. 1630.
On the University Carrier. 1630–1.
Another on the Same. 1630–1.
AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER. 1631.
Sonnet to the Nightingale.
SONNET ON ARRIVING AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE. Dec., 1631.

From these pieces may be gathered many particulars of Milton's life and the nature of his occupations during his seven years at Cambridge. If published in a little volume in 1632, they would have given young Milton a place of some distinction among contemporary poets. With the exception, however, of *Naturam non pati Senium*, of which printed copies were made at Cambridge for an academic purpose, and the lines "On Shakespeare," which appeared anonymously in the Second Folio Edition of Shakespeare, published in 1632, all the pieces appear to have remained in manuscript.

The Sonnet which closes the list of the Cambridge pieces is especially interesting. When Milton went to Cambridge, he had been destined, by himself and his friends, for the Church; but the seven years of his residence there had entirely changed his purpose. This was owing, in part, to the great change that had occurred in the political condition of England. Charles I., married in May, 1625, to the French princess Henrietta-Maria, had adopted a policy in Church and State compared with which his father's efforts towards Absolutism had been mild. Having quarrelled successively with four Parliaments, and dismissed the last of them with anger and insult in March, 1628-9, he had resolved to have nothing more to do with Parliaments, but to govern in future by his own authority through ministers responsible only to himself. England was in the fourth year of this *Reign of Thorough*, as it has been called, when Milton's course at the University came to an end. Since the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham in August, 1628, Charles's chief advisers and ministers had been Laud, Wentworth, Cottington, and a few other select Lords of his Privy Council. In ecclesiastical matters, Laud, Bishop of London since 1628, and with the Archbishopric of Canterbury in prospect, was single and paramount. Under his vigilant supervision there had been going on, in all the dioceses of England, that systematic repression and even persecution of Calvinistic Theology and all forms of Puritan opinion and practice, and that equally systematic promotion and encouragement of Arminian Theology, the rights of high Prelacy, and a strict and florid ceremonial of worship, which had already, as the Puritans thought, undone all that was essential in the English Reformation, and brought the Church of England back into the shadow of the Church of Rome. Nor did there seem any hope of deliverance. Laud's supremacy in England seemed to be growing surer and surer every day; Wentworth, as Viceroy of Ireland, was to impose the same system on that country; even Scotland, though an independent kingdom, was to be reclaimed, as soon as Laud should be at leisure, from the meagre half-episcopacy which was all that King James had persuaded her to adopt, and brought into conformity with Laud's ideal of a Church. Unable to endure this state of things, many of the bolder Puritans had gone into exile in Holland or had emigrated to America, while those that remained at home, forming a large mass of the population of England, lay in a dumb agony of discontent, sighing for a Parliament, but not daring to mutter the word. With these Milton was in sympathy. Whatever he had intended in 1625, it was clear to him in 1632 that he could not take orders in the Church of England.

This necessarily involved also the abandonment of all idea of continued residence in the University in a Fellowship or for other chances.

HORTON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

1632—1638: *ætat.* 24—30.

On leaving the University, in July, 1632, Milton went to reside at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, a small village near Windsor, and about twenty miles from London, where his father, who had meanwhile retired from business, had taken a country house. At first there seems to have been some gentle remonstrance on his father's part on his abandonment of the Church and his disinclination to any other profession; but very soon the excellent man, whose trust in his son was boundless, acquiesced generously in what was proposed. That was that Milton should devote himself henceforward exclusively to study, speculation, and literature. The tenor of the five years and eight months which he spent at Horton is, accordingly, thus described by himself: "At my father's country "residence, whither he had retired to pass his old age, I was wholly intent, "through a period of absolute leisure, on a steady perusal of the Greek and "Latin writers, but still so that occasionally I exchanged the country for the "city, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning anything "new in Mathematics or in Music, in which I then took delight." From this succinct account we should not gather that it was also during those five summers and winters, passed mainly in the flat, verdant, well-wooded and well-watered scenery about Horton, with the towers of Windsor in view, that Milton composed the finest and most classic of his minor English poems. Such, however, is the fact. Here is the list:—

Ad Patrem (among the *Sylvæ*). 1632?
L'Allegro.
Il Penseroso.
Arcades: Part of an Entertainment at Harefield. 1633 or earlier?
Comus: A Masque presented at Ludlow Castle. 1634.
Greek translation of Psalm CXIV. (among the *Sylvæ*). 1634.
Lycidas. Nov., 1637.

The admission of Milton to the M. A. degree at Oxford in 1635 may, however, be noted here. Three of his Latin Familiar Epistles, it ought also be added, belong to the period. One of these (December 4, 1634) is again to his former teacher, Alexander Gill the younger; the other two (both dated September, 1637) are to his friend Charles Diodati. In the last he speaks of leaving Horton permanently, and taking chambers in London. The intention was not fulfilled. He went back to Horton to write his *Lycidas* there (so it may be guessed), and to remain there till April, 1638. Three incidents mark the closing months of his Horton life. One was the appearance in 1637, with his permission, but anonymously, of a printed edition of his *Comus* by itself at the charge of his friend, Henry Lawes, the musical composer. Another was his introduction, early in 1638, to the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, not far

from Horton. The third was the actual appearance of his *Lycidas*, with his initials, "J. M.," at the end of a collection of obituary poems in Latin, Greek, and English, in memory of Edward King, contributed by thirty-two friends of the deceased, and printed at the Cambridge University press. But an event earlier than any of these, and which had already made Horton a sadder home to Milton than it had been, was the death of his mother. She died at Horton, April 3, 1637, and was buried in the old church there. A visit to Horton any summer's day, to see the simple stone that covers her grave, and then, after having the spot near the church pointed out to one where the house of Milton's father stood, to stroll among the meadows and pollards by the banks of the sluggish Colne, where Milton must have so often walked and mused, may be recommended to lovers of Literature and English History.

The quiet time at Horton bringing Milton from the twenty-fourth to the thirtieth year of his age, was a continuation of the *Reign of Thorough* in the British Islands. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury since 1633, was still crushing Calvinism and Puritanism in England; Wentworth was ruling Ireland with a rod of iron; and the business of re-shaping the rough semi-Episcopal Kirk of Scotland into a more perfect practical representation of Laud's ideal Beauty of Holiness had been steadily in progress. Precisely in this business of the Scottish Kirk, however, had the policy of *Thorough* struck against a rock of opposition. In July, 1637, the Scots had risen in riot and revolt against the attempt to introduce Laud's new Scotch Liturgy; and in March, 1638, the leaders of the Scottish people of all ranks, Nobles, Lairds, Burgesses and Clergy, leagued themselves for open resistance to the death, and swore their famous *Covenant*. The news ran through England, stirring strange hopes in the hearts of the Puritans.

ITALIAN JOURNEY.

April, 1638—*August*, 1639: *ætat.* 30—31.

The *Scottish Covenant* ("the damnable Covenant," as Charles called it) was the last word in all English mouths when Milton, in April, 1638, set out on that journey to Italy of which he had long had dreams, and to which his father had at last given consent. He took one English man servant with him. His father meanwhile was to live on at Horton, where his younger son Christopher, already a married man, though only passing his terms for the Bar, was to keep him company, with his newly wedded wife, Thomasine Webber, of London.

Taking letters of introduction with him, one of which was from Sir Henry Wotton, Milton arrived in Paris. Here he spent some days, receiving great attention from Lord Scudamore, English joint-ambassador with the Earl of Leicester, at the Court of Louis XIII. He specially mentions an interview procured for him by Lord Scudamore with the learned Dutchman, Hugo Grotius, then residing in Paris as ambassador from Sweden. From Paris he proceeded to Italy by way of Nice. After visiting Genoa, Leghorn and Pisa, he

reached Florence. Here he remained about two months (August—September, 1638), enchanted with the beauties and antiquities of the famous city, and forming acquaintanceships with many of the wits and scholars then living in it. Seven Florentines, most of them young men, leaders in the chief Academies or literary clubs of Florence, are particularly named by him as friends, whose merits and whose courtesies to himself he would never forget. These were Jacopo Gaddi, Carlo Dati, Pietro Frescobaldi, Agostino Coltellini, Benedetto Buommattei, Valerio Chimentelli, and Antonio Francini. They have all left some traces of themselves in Italian literary history, though some of them are now best remembered by the happy accident of their contact with Milton. It was either in Florence, or in its close neighborhood, that he also "found and visited "the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in "Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." From Florence, through Siena, Milton went to Rome. His stay here extended over nearly two months more (October—November, 1638); and here again, besides musing amid the ruins of the Eternal City, seeing the galleries and other sights, and being present at a concert in the palace of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, where he heard Leonora Baroni sing, he enjoyed the society of the literary clubs or Academies. He made especial acquaintance with Lucas Holste or Holstenius, a learned German, settled in Rome as secretary to Cardinal Barberini, and one of the librarians of the Vatican, and also with Alessandro Cherubini, Giovanni Salzilli, and a certain more obscure Selvaggi. Leaving Rome, in company with "a certain Eremite Friar," he spent some little time (November—December, 1638) in Naples. Here, through his travelling companion, he was introduced to the great man of the place, the venerable Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, then nearly eighty years of age. From Naples it was his intention to cross over into Sicily and thence to extend his tour into Greece; but "the sad news of civil war in England" determined him to return, "inasmuch," he says, "as I thought it base to be travelling at my "ease for intellectual culture while my fellow countrymen at home were fighting "for liberty."——The news that had reached Milton in Naples, however, was not quite that of civil war in England itself, but only of such a course of events in Scotland as seemed to make civil war inevitable. The *Covenant* having been adopted all but universally by the population of Scotland, Charles had been obliged to temporize so far as to permit the meeting of a General Assembly of the Kirk at Glasgow for the consideration of affairs; and at this Assembly (Nov. 21—Dec. 20, 1638) the result of the consideration of affairs had been defiance to Charles and Laud in every particular. Not only had the recent ecclesiastical innovations been condemned, but all the Scottish Bishops had been deposed and disgraced, Episcopacy of every kind had been declared at an end in Scotland, and the Kirk and nation had returned absolutely to the old Presbyterian system of Knox. To punish the Scots for such audacity Charles was certainly levying forces in England and Ireland, so that in a sense civil war in Britain had actually begun.——It was probably the receipt of much

more correct information that made Milton's homeward journey more leisurely than he purposed when he left Naples. He spent, at all events, a second two months in Rome (January—February, 1639), going about freely, and also talking freely, though warned, he says, that the English Jesuits in the city were on the watch to entrap him into some danger from the Papal police; and he also spent a second two months in Florence (February—April, 1639), where his Florentine friends were rejoiced at his reappearance. From Florence he made an excursion to Lucca; after which, crossing the Apennines, and passing through Bologna and Ferrara, he came to Venice. He spent one month in that city (May, 1639); whence, having despatched to England by sea the books he had collected in Italy, he made his way, by Verona and Milan, and over the Pennine Alps, to Geneva. Here he passed a week or two (June, 1639), once more among Protestants, and conversing daily with the theologian Dr. Jean Diodati, the uncle of his friend Charles. Thence his route through France took him again to Paris; and early in August, 1639, he was back in England.

Milton's fifteen or sixteen months of foreign travel and residence contributed but few additions to the list of his writings. Besides two Latin Familiar Epistles, written at Florence, one to the Florentine grammarian Buommattei (September 10, 1638), and one to Holstenius, at Rome (March 30, 1639), we have to note only the following:

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem (three pieces annexed to the *Elegiarum Liber*). 1638.
Ad Salsillum, Poetam Romanum, ægrotantem (among the *Sylvæ*). 1638.
MANSUS (among the *Sylvæ*). 1638.
Five Italian Sonnets, with a Canzone. 1639?

BACK AT HORTON AND IN LONDON: LODGINGS IN ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH-YARD, FLEET STREET.

1639—1640: *ætat* 31—32.

At Horton, where Milton found all well, there had been born in his absence a little nephew, the first child of Christopher Milton and his young wife. The infant, however, had died and been buried five months before (March 26, 1639).

Another death that had happened in Milton's absence was that of his friend, Charles Diodati. Milton had vaguely heard of the fact while abroad; but not till his return did he learn the full particulars. Till now, the exact place and date of the death have eluded research; but, while I am writing this Memoir, I am in receipt of the long desired information. "Charles Diodati," I am informed by Colonel Chester, whose contributions to our knowledge of Milton's family history I have already had occasion to acknowledge, "was buried at St. "Anne, Blackfriars, London, 27 Aug., 1638. The entry in the Register is "simply '*Mr. Charles Deodate, from Mr. Dollam's.*' Seventeen days before, "viz., 10 Aug., 1638, was also buried there '*Mrs. Philadelphia Deodate, from "Mr. Dollam's.*' On the 29th of June, 1638, was baptised '*Richard, son of "John and Isabell Deodate;*' and on the 23d of June in the same year was

"buried *Isabell, wife to John Deodate.*' These are all the entries of the name "that occur in the Register of St. Anne, Blackfriars." The interpretation of these records is as follows:—When Milton had gone abroad, he had left his friend, the young physician Charles Diodati, living in lodgings with a sister of his, called Philadelphia, in the house of a Mr. Dollam in Blackfriars, near the house of their married brother, John Diodati, and therefore at some little distance from the house of their father, the naturalized Italian physician, Dr. Theodore Diodati, in Little St. Bartholomew, whose recent second marriage in his old age seems to have somewhat alienated from him these grown-up children by his first wife. Milton had left all three well in Blackfriars; but in June, 1638, only two months after he had set out on his foreign tour, John Diodati had lost his wife in childbirth, and in August, 1638, when he was in Florence for the first time, and little dreaming of any such calamity, his friend, Charles Diodati, had been carried off by some epidemic of which his sister also had been a victim, and both had been buried from Mr. Dollam's house.

There was no more profound private feeling in all Milton's life than that which he experienced in the loss of Charles Diodati. He gave expression to it in that Latin pastoral of lament which he wrote immediately after his return to England (probably at Horton), and which deserves here to stand by itself:

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS (among the *Sylvæ*). 1639.

Not long after Milton's return to England, the household at Horton was broken up. The father, with Christopher Milton and his wife, remained at Horton, indeed, to as late as August, 1640, Christopher having been called to the Bar of the Inner Temple January 26, 1639–40; but soon afterwards Christopher, his wife, and a second child, born at Horton, went to live at Reading, the father accompanying them. Some time before that removal (probably in the winter of 1639–40), Milton had taken lodgings in London, "in St. Bride's "Churchyard, Fleet Street, at the house of one Russel, a tailor." consenting at the same time to an arrangement which can hardly have added to his comfort. His only surviving sister, whom we saw married to Mr. Edward Phillips of the Crown Office in 1624, was no longer Mrs. Phillips. Her first husband had died in 1631; and, after some time of widowhood, she married his successor in the Crown Office, Mr. Thomas Agar. There had been left her, however, two young boys by the first marriage—Edward Phillips and John Phillips. The younger of these (probably his godson), aged only nine years, Milton now took wholly into his charge; while the elder, only about a year older, went daily, from his mother's house, near Charing Cross, to the lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard, for the benefit also of his uncle's lessons. And so, teaching his two young nephews, meditating literary projects, and looking round him on public affairs, Milton found himself in the famous year 1640.

What a year that was! In the previous year there had been the *First Bishops' War—i. e.*, the first war of Charles for restoration of Episcopacy among the Scots. It had ended in collapse on the King's side. Charles had

advanced to the Scottish border with a reluctant English army; but, met there by an army of the Scottish Covenanters, he had not risked a battle, but had agreed to terms, granting the Scots their Presbyterian Kirk, and substantially all else they asked (June 18, 1639). That war, therefore, had been begun and ended while Milton was still abroad. But Charles had again broken with the Scots, and resolved on their subjugation and chastisement. In his straits for money and means for that purpose he had even ventured, after eleven years of uninterrupted absolutism, to call another English Parliament. That Parliament, which met April 13, 1640, proved as stubbornly Puritan as its predecessors, and, instead of yielding supplies against the Scots, with whom it was in secret sympathy, fell on the question of English grievances. It was, therefore, dismissed, after little more than a fortnight (May 5), and is remembered as the *Short Parliament*. Milton, who had been observing all this, with the feelings of an English Puritan, then saw Charles plunge, nevertheless, with resources otherwise raised, into the *Second Bishops' War*. In August, 1640, he was at York, with the Irish Viceroy Wentworth, now Earl of Strafford, in his company, on his way to Scotland, and with an English army between him and the doomed country. But the Scots did not wait this time on their own side of the border. They invaded England, August 20; they beat a detachment of the English at Newburn, near Newcastle, August 28; they entered that town, August 29; and they spread themselves thence over the northern counties. With the Puritans of England all in sympathy with them, and welcoming their invasion rather than resenting it; they had thus, by one bold push, and but small effort besides, utterly checked the King. His army disorganized and deserting he summoned a Great Council of Peers to meet at York, September 24, and help him in his negotiation with the Scots; but some of the leading Peers themselves petitioning for a Parliament, and petitions to the same effect arriving from the city of London, he was obliged to yield. A preliminary treaty with the Scots, agreed upon by commissioners of the two nations, was signed by him at York, October 27; and thence he hastened to London, to open the new Parliament. It was to be known as the *Long Parliament*, the most famous Parliament in the annals of England. It met November 3, 1640.

ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON.

1640—1645 : *ætat.* 32—37.

The lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, were but a temporary arrangement. "Looking round," says Milton, "where best I could, in the "midst of affairs so disturbed and fluctuating, for a place to settle in, I hired a "house in the city sufficiently large for myself and books." His nephew, Edward Phillips, who soon went to be a fellow-boarder in the new house with his younger brother John, describes it more particularly as "a pretty garden-"house in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an entry, and, therefore, the fitter "for his turn by reason of the privacy, besides that there are few streets in "London more free from noise than that." Aldersgate Street is very different

now, and not a vestige of Milton's house remains. It stood at the back of that part of the street on the right hand as you go from St. Martin's-le-Grand, where there is now Maidenhead Court.

The Aldersgate Street house, which Milton entered some time in 1640, probably before the meeting of the Long Parliament, was to be a very memorable one in his biography. "There, in tolerable comfort," he says, "I betook "myself to my interrupted studies, trusting the issue of public affairs to "God in the first place, and to those to whom the people had committed that "charge." In other words, his hope was that now at last he might begin in real earnest that life of sustained literary exertion in his own English speech, after a higher and nobler fashion than England had heretofore known, to which he had secretly pledged himself. Especially, during his Italian journey, he had been revolving the project of some one great English poem, to be begun on his return, and to be his occupation through as many years as might be necessary. As we learn from his poem to Manso, and still more distinctly from his *Epitaphium Damonis*, an epic on the subject of Arthur, involving the whole cycle of Arthurian or ancient British Legends, was the scheme that had principally fascinated him. Within the first year after his return, however, the Arthurian subject had been set aside, and Milton's mind, weighing and balancing the comparative advantages of the epic form and the stately tragedy of the Greeks with its lyrics and choruses, was at sea among a great number of possible subjects, suitable for either, collected from Biblical History and the History of Britain before the Conquest. *Paradise Lost*, in the form of a tragedy, was already the favorite; but all was uncertain. To end this uncertainty, by actually choosing a subject and setting to work, was the business which Milton, while daily teaching his young nephews, and showing them "an example of hard study and spare diet," had prescribed for himself in Aldersgate Street.

Alas! it had to be postponed, and for a longer series of years than could have been anticipated. Milton, at this juncture of his life, was whirled into politics; and for nearly twenty years (1640-1660), with but moments of exception, he had to cease to be "a poet soaring in the high region of his fancies with his garland and singing robes about him," and to "sit below in the cool element of prose." It was not only Milton's life, indeed, that was so affected by the great Puritan Revolution. The lives of almost all his English literary contemporaries were similarly affected, and through the twenty years between 1640 and 1660 there was an almost total cessation of Pure Literature in England in consequence of the drafting of the literary intellect of the country into the service of the current controversies. In no life, however, is the phenomenon more marked than in Milton's; and there are some to whom its exhibition in that life in particular is matter for regret. They judge, I believe, poorly and wrongly. It may be admitted that in controversial prose, though such prose with Milton was to be far from a "cool element," he had, as he himself expresses it, "the use but of his left hand." To lend even that hand, however,

with all its force, to what he deemed the cause of God, Truth, Liberty, and his Country, seemed to him a more important duty, so long as there should be need, than scheming and writing poems.

It was on the Church question that Milton first spoke out. The Long Parliament had, with singular rapidity, in the first months of its sitting, swept away accumulated abuses in State and Law, brought Strafford to trial and execution, impeached and imprisoned Laud and others of the chief ministers of *Thorough*, subjected Charles to constitutional checks, made a satisfactory treaty with the Scots, and sent them home with thanks for their great services to England. They had also taken measures for their own security and the permanence of English Parliamentary government. All this having been done unanimously or nearly so, the Church question had at length emerged as the most difficult of all, and that in which there was most difference of opinion. That the Laudian Episcopacy must no longer exist in England all, with hardly an exception, were agreed; but, for the rest, people divided themselves into two parties. There were the advocates of a Limited Episcopacy, excluding the Bishops, perhaps, from the House of Lords and from other places of political and judicial power, and also surrounding them even in Church matters with Councils of Presbyters; and there were the Root-and-Branch Reformers, who were for abolishing Episcopacy utterly, and reconstructing the Church of England after some Presbyterian model like that of the Scots. Into this controversy Milton, in May, 1641, flung his first pamphlet, entitled, "*Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England and the Causes that have hitherto hindered it.*" It was a Root-and-Branch pamphlet of most tremendous earnestness, and was followed within a year by four more of the same sort, viz., "*Of Prelatical Episcopacy,*" (June, 1641); "*Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus,*" (July, 1641); "*The Reason of Church government urged against Prelaty,*" (about Feb., 1641–42); "*Apology against a Pamphlet called A modest Confutation of the Animadversions upon the Remonstrant against Smectymnuus,*" (March, 1641–42). These five pamphlets of Milton are to be remembered in a group by themselves, and may be called his "Anti-Episcopal Pamphlets." The first of them is general; in the others there are replies to defenders of Episcopacy, and especially to Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher. The "Remonstrant" is Bishop Hall, whose *Humble Remonstrance* was regarded as the chief manifesto of High Prelacy; "Smectymnuus" was the fancy name put on the title-page of a large reply to Hall by five leading Puritan Divines, whose initials put together made up the odd word (one of them Thomas Young, Milton's old tutor, now Vicar of Stowmarket, in Suffolk); and there were other pamphlets of retort and rejoinder, between Hall and the Smectymnuans, in all of which Milton advised and assisted the five Smectymnuans. Altogether by the power of his Anti-Episcopal pamphlets, and especially by his vehement invectives against Hall, Milton became a man of public note, admired by the Root-and-Branch Puritans, but detested by those who wanted to see Episcopacy preserved.

In August, 1642, Charles having in the meantime assented to a Bill excluding the Bishops from the House of Lords, but having broken decisively with the Parliament on other questions, there began the great CIVIL WAR. From that date Englishmen were divided into two opposed masses—the PARLIAMENTARIANS, taking the side of that majority of the Commons and small minority of the Lords, which still sat on as the two Houses; and the ROYALISTS, taking the side of the King and of the bulk of the nobility, with the adhering minority of the Commons. Milton, of course, attached himself resolutely to the Parliamentarians. He did not, indeed, serve in the Parliamentary Army; but he watched the progress of the contest with the most eager interest. For the first year all was dubious. The Parliamentary generals, Essex, Manchester, and Sir William Waller, moved about; the King and his generals moved about, advancing at one time close to London; there were skirmishes, fights, even battles; but, when Midsummer, 1643, had come, all that could be said was that London and the Eastern Counties were the fastnesses of Parliament, while the King had his headquarters at Oxford, and the rest of England lay torn into districts, some Royalist, others Parliamentarian, and others of Royalists and Parliamentarians all but equally mixed.

That Milton should have chosen such a time for his marriage is less surprising than that he should have brought his bride from the very headquarters of Royalism. That, however, is the fact. "About Whitsuntide "[May 21, 1643] it was, or a little after," says his nephew Phillips, "that he "took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the "reason, or that it was any more than a journey of recreation; but home he "returns a married man that went out a bachelor, his wife being Mary, the "eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a Justice of the Peace of Forest-"hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire." What was a mystery to the boy Phillips at the time is very much a mystery yet; but research has revealed a few particulars.——Forest-hill is, and was, a village about four miles to the east of Oxford, in the very neighbourhood where Milton's paternal ancestors had lived, and whence his father had come. The estate and mansion of Forest-hill had been for some little time in the possession of a family called Powell, not originally of that neighbourhood. The family, though apparently well-to-do, with a carriage and what not, was really in somewhat embarrassed circumstances. There were several mortgages on the property; and among other debts owing by Mr. Powell was one of 500*l.* to Milton himself. It had been owing (on what account one does not know, but probably through some transaction with Milton's father) since 1627, when Milton was a student at Cambridge. The family, as their vicinity to Oxford required, were strongly Royalist. Besides Mr. Powell and his wife, there were eleven children, six sons and five daughters, the eldest one-and-twenty years of age, the youngest four. Mary Powell, the eldest daughter, whom Milton took home to Aldersgate Street as his wife, was seventeen years and four months old (born January 24, 1625–6), while Milton himself was in the middle of his thirty-fifth year, or exactly twice as old.——In the

house in Aldersgate Street, whither some of the bride's relatives accompanied her, "there was feasting held for some days in celebration of the nuptials." So we are told by Phillips, who was in the house at the time, a boy of thirteen. "At length," he continues, "they [the bride's relatives] took their leave, and "returning to Forest-hill, left the sister behind: probably not much to her satis- "faction, as appeared by the sequel. By that time she had for a month or there- "about led a philosophical life (after having been used to a great house and "much company and jollity), her friends, possibly incited by her own desire, "made earnest suit by letter to have her company the remaining part of the "summer; which was granted, on condition of her returning at the time ap- "pointed, Michaelmas [Sept. 29, 1643] or thereabout."——In short, it had been a hasty marriage, unsuitable on both sides, and the greatest blunder of Milton's life. "Michaelmas being come," Phillips proceeds, "and no news of "his wife's return, he sent for her by letter, and, receiving no answer, sent several "other letters, which were also unanswered, so that he despatched down a foot- "messenger with a letter, desiring her return; but the messenger came back, "not only without an answer, at least a satisfactory one, but to the best of my "remembrance, reported that he was dismissed with some sort of contempt. "This proceeding, in all probability, was grounded upon no other cause but "this: viz., that the family being generally addicted to the Cavalier Party, as they "called it, and some of them possibly engaged in the King's service, . . . , "they began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the "family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought it would be a "blot on their escutcheon whenever the Court should come to flourish again. "However, it so incensed our author that he thought it would be dishonourable "ever to receive her again after such a repulse; so that he forthwith prepared "to fortify himself with arguments for such a resolution, and accordingly "wrote . . . ." What he wrote will appear presently.

The Parliament meanwhile had virtually decreed the entire abolition of Episcopacy in England, and had called an Assembly of Puritan Divines to advise it as to the forms and creed of the future National Church. This Assembly met at Westminster, July 1, 1643, just at the time when Milton's wife left him to go back to her friends. In the following month the Parliament, finding that they had made but little advance in the war with Charles, applied to the Scots for armed aid. The Scots having agreed to this on the condition that the Parliament would do all it could to bring England into religious and ecclesiastical conformity with Scotland, an alliance was formed between the two nations on the basis of what was called the *Solemn League and Covenant*, to be signed by all the English Parliamentarians on the one hand and by the whole people of Scotland on the other (Sept. 1643). Some Scottish Divines then took their places in the Westminster Assembly; and in January, 1643-4, a Scottish auxiliary army of 21,000 men entered England. For some time they were rather inactive; but on the 2nd of July, 1644, they took part in the great battle of Marston Moor. In this battle, won chiefly by the exertions of Cromwell, then Lieutenant-general under

the Earl of Manchester, the King's forces were disastrously beaten, and the North of England was secured for the Parliament.——By this time there had appeared a dispute among the Parliamentarians themselves, which interfered much with the farther prosecution of the war, and was to be of immense consequence in the history of England for many years to come. It was the dispute between the *Presbyterians* and the *Independents*. It began first in the Westminster Assembly, when that body was required to advise Parliament as to the form of Church-government to be set up in England. The great majority of the English Divines, and of course all the Scottish Divines present, were for strict Presbytery, on the Scottish system of a gradation of Church Courts, from the small court of each parish or congregation, up to the district or Presbyterial Court, the Synod or Provincial Court, and so to the supreme authority of the whole Church exercised by annual representative assemblies. They were also for the compulsory inclusion of every man, woman and child, within the pale of such a Church in attendance on its worship and subject to its discipline. A very small minority of the English Divines, however, dissented from these views. They maintained that according to the Scriptural constitution of the Church, every voluntary congregation of Christians ought to be independent within itself, and that, though occasional meetings of ministers and members of different congregations might be useful for the purposes of consultation, any governing apparatus of Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies, for the control of individual congregations, was unlawful. They demanded farther that, if a Presbyterian National Church were to be set up in England (which the overwhelming drift of opinion in its favour seemed to make inevitable), there should at least be a toleration of dissent from it, and liberty for all respectable Sects to form congregations for themselves. The debate soon extended itself through the English community at large; where, though the Presbyterians were also largely in the majority, there were yet scattered thousands of persons favourable to Independency. To the Independents there attached themselves the Baptists, the Brownists, the Antinomians, and a great many other sects that had lurked in English society since Elizabeth's time, as well as free opinionists of all sorts, and many who, though agreeing sufficiently with the Presbyterians in their theology, yet held by the principle of Liberty of Conscience, and regarded spiritual compulsion by a Presbyterian Church as no less monstrous than the same under the Papacy or Prelacy. Independency, in all these various forms, had come to prevail largely in the Parliamentarian Army, and Cromwell was already marked there as the head of the Independents. Hence the English Presbyterians and the Scots had begun to look with great suspicion on the success of Cromwell and the Army-Independents in the field. They declared that Independency, with its principle of toleration, opened the door to all kinds of schisms, heresies, and blasphemies; they called the Army, all but the Scottish auxiliary portion of it, an Army of Sectaries; and they prophesied ruin to England if victory over the King should be won by their means. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the Presbyterians and the Scottish auxiliaries should have contented themselves with a

slow and cautious strategy, calculated to bring the King to terms rather than to beat him thoroughly, while Cromwell and the Independents had no such hesitation, but found both their duty and their safety in audacity and energy. In fact, before the end of 1644 it had become evident that the Independents were more extreme revolutionists than the Presbyterians, with peculiar democratic ideas bound up with their principle of religious freedom. Nominally, the Presbyterians and Independents, with the Scots, were united against the King in the basis of the same *Solemn League and Covenant;* but, in reality, the Independents had begun to doubt the utility of that document, to resent the interference of the Scots in English affairs, and to follow such courses as were suggested by free English reasonings on the Church question and on others.—— There was no real objection on the part of the Independents to the establishment of a Presbyterian National Church in England, since that seemed to be the wish of the majority of the Parliamentarians. Accordingly, in January, 1644–5, the establishment of such a Church was voted by Parliament. But Cromwell and the Independents took care that the question of a toleration of Dissent should be reserved. They were also powerful enough in Parliament to carry about the same time certain very important resolutions. The Parliamentary general-in-chief, Essex, having recently sustained a great defeat, and the war having turned otherwise in the King's favour, it was resolved, really through Cromwell's influence, that the Army should be entirely remodelled, that Essex, Waller, Manchester, and all the chief officers till then in command, should lay down their commissions, and that the New-modelled Army should be commanded by Fairfax as general-in-chief, with officers under him not having seats in Parliament (Feb.—April, 1645). The New-modelled Army having taken the field, with Cromwell exceptionally retained in it as second in command to Fairfax, the result was at once seen. On June 14, 1645, there was fought the great battle of Naseby, in which the King was utterly ruined. The war was to straggle on in detail for a year more; but Naseby had virtually finished it. After that battle, of course, the Independents and Sectaries, with their principle of Religious Toleration, had fuller sway in the politics of England, and the Presbyterians and their Scottish friends were checked.

Through those two important years Milton, deserted by his wife, had been living on in Aldersgate Street. Shortly after his wife's departure, his aged father, dislodged from Christopher Milton's house in Reading by the capture of that town by the Parliamentarians in April, 1643, had come permanently to live with him. The teaching of his two nephews, and of a few sons of friends who were admitted daily to share their lessons, had been one of the occupations of his enforced bachelorhood. His industry otherwise is attested by the fact that six new pamphlets came from his pen during the two years. One was a little *Tract on Education*, addressed (June, 1644) to a friend of his, Samuel Hartlib, a well-known German, living in London, and busy with all kinds of projects and speculations. It expounded Milton's views of an improved system of education for gentlemen's sons, that should supersede the existing public schools and

universities. It was followed (Nov. 1644) by his famous "*Areopagitica, or Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*," addressed to the Parliament, and urging them to repeal an Ordinance they had passed in June, 1643, for the Regulation of the Press by a staff of official censors. In this pamphlet there was abundant evidence that Milton, as might have been inferred from his passion for intellectual liberty from his earliest youth, was in political sympathy with the Independents. It was the most eloquent plea for freedom of opinion and speech on all subjects that had yet appeared in the English or in any other tongue. But, indeed, by this time Milton and the Presbyterians were at open war for reasons more peculiar and personal. Hardly had his wife left him when he had published (August, 1643) an extraordinary pamphlet entitled "*The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce Restored, to the Good of both Sexes*," in which, without mention of his own case, but with implied reference to it, he argued that obstinate incompatibility of mind or temper between husband and wife was as lawful a ground for divorce as infidelity, and that any two persons who, after marriage, found that they did not suit each other, should be at liberty, on complying with certain public formalities, to separate and marry again. A second and much enlarged edition of this treatise appeared in February, 1643-4, openly dedicated to the Parliament; and the same doctrine was advocated in three subsequent tracts: viz., "*The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce*" (July, 1644); "*Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture which treat of Marriage*" (March, 1644–5); and "*Colasterion: a Reply to a nameless Answer against the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*" (March, 1644–5). It is impossible now to imagine adequately the commotion caused in the religious world of London and of England by Milton's four Divorce Pamphlets. He was denounced and stigmatized at once as a heretic of the worst kind, the promulgator of a doctrine of hideous import, that would corrupt public morals and sap the very foundations of society. He was preached against from the pulpit, written against in books, named everywhere among the orthodox with horror and execration. The Presbyterian Divines, in particular, were violent in their attacks upon him, coupling him with the most notorious heretics and sectaries of the time, and pointing to him as an example of the excesses to which Toleration would lead. They complained of him to Parliament, so that actually twice he and his writings were the subject of parliamentary notice and inquiry. There were men in Parliament, however, who knew him; and though his Divorce doctrine shocked many of the Independents as well as the Presbyterians, the general feeling among the Independents was that it ought to be regarded in his case only as the eccentric speculation of a very able and noble man. He was therefore let alone; and his pamphlets, circulating in English society, then in a ferment of new ideas of all kinds, did make some converts, so that *Miltonists* or *Divorcers* came to be recognised as one of the Sects of the time. Thus, though Milton had been the friend and adviser of the five Smectymnuans who were now leading Presbyterians in the Westminster Assembly, though he had himself in his Anti-Episcopal pamphlets advocated

what was substantially a Presbyterian constitution for the Church of England, and though, with hundreds of thousands of other Englishmen, he had signed the Solemn League and Covenant and welcomed the Scots, he had, by a natural course of events, been led to repudiate utterly the Presbyterians, the Scots, and their principles, and to regard them as narrow-minded and pragmatical men, enemies to English freedom.

Phillips believes that his uncle was so resolute in his Divorce views that he was prepared to put them in practice and risk the consequences. In or before 1645 there were proposals of marriage, Phillips had heard, to a Miss Davis, though that lady was naturally reluctant. Unexpectedly, however, and just at the crisis, the wife reappeared. The shattering of the King's fortunes at Naseby had led Mr. and Mrs. Powell of Forest-hill to reconsider the state of affairs, with the conclusion that it would be better for their daughter to go back to her husband. Arrangements having been made, she came to London; Milton was entrapped into an interview with her; and a reconciliation was effected. This was in July or August, 1645, after two years of separation, and exactly at the time when Milton, having had pressing applications to receive more pupils than the Aldersgate Street house could accommodate, had taken a larger house in the same neighbourhood.

How completely Milton had desisted from Poetry during his five years in Aldersgate Street appears from the extreme slenderness of the list of his poetical pieces belonging to this period :—

Sonnet, "When the Assault was intended to the City." 1642.
Sonnet to a Lady. 1644.
Sonnet, "To the Lady Margaret Ley." 1644.
Translated Scraps from Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Horace, Sophocles, and Euripides, in the Prose Pamphlets (now appended to the Minor English Poems). 1641–1645.
Philosophus ad Regem Quendam (Greek Verses).

BARBICAN, LONDON.

1645—1648 : *ætat.* 37—39.

The house to which Milton removed was in the street called Barbican, going off from Aldersgate Street at right angles, and within a walk of two or three minutes from the former house. As you went from Aldersgate Street it was on the right side of Barbican. It existed entire till only the other day, when one of the new city railways was cut through that neighbourhood. Milton, with his wife, his father, the two nephews, and other pupils, entered the house, as I calculate, in September, 1645, and it was to be his house for two years.

One of the first incidents after the removal to Barbican was the publication by the bookseller Moseley of the First or 1645 edition of Milton's Minor Poems. Milton evidently attached some importance to the appearance of the little volume at that particular time. It would remind people that he was not merely a

controversial prose writer, but something more. Nor was this unnecessary. Although he wrote no more upon Divorce, his opinions on the subject were unchanged, and the infamy with the orthodox brought upon him by his past Divorce Pamphlets still pursued him. The little volume of Poems might do something to counteract such unfavourable judgments. Not but that Milton had many friends whose admiration and respect for him were undisturbed, if indeed they were not enhanced, by the boldness of his opinions. Such were those, some of them relatives of his own, and others of considerable rank in London society, who accounted it a favour that he should receive their sons or nephews as his pupils. The two years in Barbican, we learn from Phillips, were his busiest time in pedagogy. The house seems to have been, in fact, a small private academy, in which Milton carried out, as far as he could with about a dozen day scholars and boarders, the plan of education explained in his tract to Hartlib, and especially his method for expeditiously acquiring the Latin tongue, and at the same time a great deal of useful knowledge, by readings in a course of books different from those usually read in schools.

The King's cause having been desperate since Naseby, he at length left Oxford in disguise, to avoid being taken there by the New-model army of English Independents, and surrendered himself to the Scottish auxiliaries (May, 1646), who immediately withdrew with him to Newcastle. The Civil War was then over, and the garrisons that still held out for the King yielded one by one. Oxford surrendered to Fairfax in June, 1646; and Milton's father-in-law, Mr. Powell, who had been shut up in that city, availed himself of the Articles of Surrender, and came to London, with his wife and several of their children. Through losses in the Civil War and sequestration of their small remaining property, they were in a very poor condition, and were glad of the shelter of Milton's house. Here Mr. Powell died January 1, 1646–7, leaving his affairs in sad confusion. Two months and a half afterwards Milton's own father died. He was buried in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, March 15, 1646–7. The birth of Milton's first child, a daughter named Anne, had preceded these deaths by a few months (July 29, 1646). After the death of Milton's father, Mrs. Power and her children removed from the house in Barbican to some other part of London, Milton making her an allowance out of a small property in Oxfordshire of which he took legal possession as one of the creditors of his late father-in-law. Mrs. Powell and her affairs were to cause him a good deal of trouble, at intervals, for the next seven years.

The possession of the King by the Scots at Newcastle had greatly complicated for a time the struggle between the English Presbyterians and the English Independents. The Presbyterians wanted to treat with him in such a way as to get rid of the Army of Sectaries which the Civil War had created, and establish, after all, a strict and universal system of Presbytery in England, without any toleration. The Independents, on the other hand, if they were to treat with him at all, wanted to make terms that should prevent such a universal Presbyterian tyranny, and secure religious liberty for themselves and the sects.

Thinking that the possession of him by the Scots gave the Presbyterians the advantage, the Independents and the Army were for a time furious against the Scots, and threatened to chase them out of England and take Charles from them by force. At length, however, Charles refusing to take the Covenant and consent to complete Presbytery, which were the only terms on which the Scots would stand by him, they accepted the arrears due to them from the English, and retired into Scotland, leaving the King to the custody of the English Parliament (January, 1646–7). Confined by the Parliament at Holmby House in Northamptonshire, and still refusing to come to any definite treaty on the basis of nineteen Propositions which had been sent to him, Charles then watched the chances in his favour arising out of the contest between the Presbyterians and the Independents on the question whether the Army should be disbanded. The Presbyterians, as the war was over, and the expense of the Army was great, insisted that it should; but the Army itself refused to be disbanded, and the Independents abetted them, on the ground, among others, that there would be no security then for a right settlement with the King or for Liberty of Conscience in England. So violent grew the disput, ethat at last the Army disowned Parliamentary authority, moved about in revolt, and seized the King at Holmby (June, 1647), with a view to come to an understanding with him in their own way. The indignation among the Presbyterians was then tremendous; and the Londoners, who were in the main zealous for Presbyterian uniformity, rose in tumult, stormed the Houses of Parliament, and tried to coerce them into a conflict with the Army for its forcible disbandment and the rescue of the King. But the excitement was brief. Fairfax marched the Army into London; the tumults were quietly suppressed; a few of the leading Presbyterians in Parliament, whom the Army regarded as its chief enemies, were expelled from their seats; and the Parliament and the Army fraternized, and agreed to forget their differences (Aug. 1647).— —The Army, in fact, had assumed the political mastery of England. It was a strange crisis for the country, but for the King it brought chances which were the best he ever had. Since the Army had taken him in charge they had treated him very generously, permitting him to reside where he liked, and pay visits and receive visits freely, only within military bounds. And now, restored to his own Palace of Hampton Court, with his episcopal chaplains and others of his old courtiers about him, he was more like a sovereign again than a prisoner, the Army only guarding him, or massed in his near vicinity, while their chiefs, Fairfax, Cromwell, and Ireton, held interviews with him, and tried to bring him to a compact. The terms they offered were more liberal than those of the Presbyterians. They were anxious to try the experiment of a restored Royalty, with strong constitutional safeguards, and with an arrangement on the Church question which, while it should not disturb the Presbyterian establishment so far as it had been already set up, should save Charles's personal scruples in religion as much as possible, and guarantee to all non-Presbyterians a general liberty of belief and worship.

No man in England was more interested in all this than Milton in Barbican.

Not only had a general system of Presbyterian Church government been voted for England; but the system was by this time in actual operation in London and in Lancashire. Each London parish had its parochial Church Court; the parishes had been grouped into "classes" or Presbyteries, each with its Presbyterial Court; nay, the First Provincial Synod of all London had actually met (May 1647). Now, if this system had been as strict practically as it ought to have been by the theory of those who had set it up and those who administered it, Milton and all men like him would have fared rather badly. A marked heretic and sectary, whose name stood prominently in the black list again and again published by the London Presbyterians, he would have been called to account by the Church Courts, and remitted by them to the Civil. Only the fact that the Presbytery set up was imperfect and tentative, with no real powers as yet over any but its voluntary adherents, prevented such consequences to Milton. Little wonder then that he followed with interest the movements of those whose activity stood between him and that Presbyterian domination which would have made such consequences inevitable. Little wonder that he approved heartily of all the Army had done, and regarded their march into London and seizure of the political mastery in August, 1647, as not only a deliverance for England, but also a protection to himself.

With the exception of one Latin Familiar Epistle, dated April, 1647, and addressed to his well remembered friend, Carlo Dati of Florence, we can assign to Milton's two years in Barbican only the following pieces of writing:

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem (Greek Verses). 1645.
Sonnet, "On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises." 1645.
Sonnet, "On the same." 1645.
Sonnet, "To Mr. Henry Lawes on his Airs." 1646.
Sonnet, "On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson, my Christian Friend." 1646.
On the New Forcers of Conscience (among the Sonnets). 1646.
Ad Joannem Rousium, Oxoniensis Academiæ Bibliothecarium (among the *Sylvæ*). 1646–47.
Apologus de Rustico et Hero (appended to *Elegiarum Liber*).

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

1647—1649: *ætat.* 39—41.

It was just after the entry of the Army into London, Phillips tells us (*i. e.* it was in September or October, 1647), that Milton, tired by this time of the drudgery of teaching, and desiring quiet for his own pursuits, "left his great house in Barbican, and betook himself to a smaller in High Holborn, among those that open backward into Lincoln's Inn Fields." The house cannot be distinguished, and is probably not now extant; but its site was somewhere in the present block between Great Turnstile and Little Turnstile. That was then a pleasant and airy neighbourhood.

Of Milton's occupations during the eighteen months or so of his residence in this house we know little else than that he was busy over three prose enterprises he had projected long ago and had prosecuted at intervals. One was a collection of materials for a Latin Dictionary; a second was the preparation of a System of Divinity directly from the Bible; the third was the compilation of a History of Britain. It was while he was thus studiously engaged that the tragedy of the Reign of Charles came to a conclusion.

After Cromwell and the other Army Chiefs had persisted in negotiating with Charles at Hampton Court till the Army had grown impatient, and had begun to suspect their chiefs, and to call out for a pure Democracy as the only fit consummation, Charles had himself precipitated matters by escaping from the negotiation and the Army at the same time, and taking refuge in the Isle of Wight (November, 1747). Committed to safe keeping in Carisbrooke Castle, he was followed thither by commissioners from Parliament, charged to treat with him peremptorily on a severe recast of the old terms. He was still obdurate on the essential points, and Parliament formally decreed all negotiation with him at an end (January, 1647–8). By that time he had made a secret treaty with the Scots, from which he expected vast results. On his promise to confirm the Covenant and Presbyterian government in England, and to suppress Independency and all sects and heresies, the Scottish Government, then in power, had undertaken to invade England in his behalf, rouse the English Presbyterians, and restore him to his royal rights. Thus in May, 1648, began the SECOND CIVIL WAR. Masses of the English Presbyterians, including the Londoners, forgetting all the past, and exulting only in the prospect of subduing the Independents, the Army and the Sectaries, were hurried into a phrenzy of Royalism in common with the Old Royalists or Cavaliers. There were risings in various districts, and threats of rising everywhere; and, when the Scots did invade England under the Duke of Hamilton (July, 1648), even the Parliament began to falter. Cromwell's marvellous defeat of the Scots in the three days' battle of Preston (August 17–19), and Fairfax's extinction of the insurrection in the South-Eastern Counties by the capture of Colchester after a six weeks' siege (August 28), ended the brief tempest and brought Charles to his doom. There was still a farther treaty with him in the Isle of Wight on the part of the Parliament, the Army looking on with anger, but reserving its interference to the last. The treaty having failed like all the rest, the Army, which had resolved in no case to be bound by it, did interfere. They brought Charles from the Isle of Wight; they purged the Parliament of some scores of its members, so as to reduce it to a body fit for their purposes; they compelled the Parliament so purged to set up a Court of High Justice for the trial of the King; and, though many even of the Independents shrank at the final moment, the sentence of this Court was executed, Jan. 30, 1648–9, in front of Whitehall. England then passed into the condition of a Republic, to be governed by the *Rump of the Long Parliament*, i. e., that fragment of the Commons House which the Army had left in existence, in conjunction with a *Council of State*, consisting

of forty-one members of the Rump chosen as a Ministry or Executive. Scotland, monarchical still, proclaimed Charles II., and sent envoys to him in Holland.

The pieces from Milton's pen in High Holborn during this rapid rush of events are few enough, but are characteristic:—

Nine of the Psalms (Psalms LXXX.—LXXXVIII.) done into Metre. April, 1648.
Sonnet, "On the Lord General Fairfax at the Siege of Colchester." September, 1648.

AT CHARING CROSS: AND IN SCOTLAND YARD, WHITEHALL.

1649—1652: *ætat.* 41—44.

Milton at once adhered to the Republic, and in a very public and emphatic manner, by the publication (Feb., 1648-9) of his "*Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so through all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a Tyrant, or wicked King, and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary Magistrate have neglected to do it.*" It was a thorough-going Republican pamphlet, defending in every particular the recent proceedings of the English Army, and containing also a severe invective against the whole life and reign of Charles. It had been begun and almost finished before the King's death.

What more natural than that the Government of the new Commonwealth should seek to attach to its official service the author of such a pamphlet, who was moreover a man of such merits and antecedents otherwise? Hardly, in fact, had the first Council of State been constituted, with Bradshaw for its President, when Milton was offered, and accepted (March, 1649), the post of Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council. The salary was to be about 300*l.* a year in the money of that day; which was equivalent to about 1,050*l.* a year now. The General Secretary to the Council, at a somewhat higher salary, was a Mr. Walter Frost, appointed by the Parliament; under whom was his son, Walter Frost, junior, as Assistant-Secretary, with the necessary clerks. The *Secretaryship for Foreign Tongues*, called also the *Latin Secretaryship*, was a special and independent office, instituted by the Council itself, chiefly in view of expected correspondence between the Commonwealth and Foreign Powers. It had been agreed that all letters from the Commonwealth to Foreign States and Princes should be in Latin; but, as the replies might be in various foreign tongues, a knowledge of such tongues would be useful in the Secretary. Altogether Mr. Milton was thought the very man for the post. While Mr. Frost, as the General Secretary, would be always present at the Council meetings, and engrossed in their ordinary and multifarious business, Mr. Milton would have to give attendance for the most part daily, but only for portions of the day. His duties, I should say, were to be very much those of the head Secretary of our present Foreign Office under the Minister for that department, with the difference that the Council of State then managed the Foreign minis-

try as well as every other department of State, and that the diplomatic correspondence of the Commonwealth was not likely to be so extensive but that one head Secretary, with a clerk or two, could manage it all.

The duties, at all events, made it convenient that Milton should reside near to the Council, the meetings of which were, for the first month or two, in Derby House, close to the Houses of Parliament, but afterwards permanently in Whitehall. Accordingly, immediately on his appointment, he left his house in High Holborn, and took lodgings "at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern at Charing Cross, opening into the Spring Garden." This was only till official apartments could be prepared for him in Whitehall; and in November, 1649, seven or eight months after he had begun his Secretaryship, such apartments were assigned him by the Council. They were in that end of the extensive palace of Old Whitehall which was called Scotland Yard. Not a few members of the Council of State, and others of the Parliament, were similarly accommodated in Whitehall; which had, in fact, been converted into a range of Government offices. Milton occupied his Whitehall or Scotland Yard rooms for a little more than two years, or till near the end of the third year of his Secretaryship. After he had been in them for some time the Council voted him some of the late King's hangings, or curtains and tapestry, for the better furnishing of the rooms.

To give the details of Milton's life in the first years of his Latin Secretaryship to the Council of State would be really, in some measure, to narrate the history of the English Commonwealth, so exactly at the centre of affairs was he by his official position, and with so many of the public proceedings of the time was he personally concerned. It would be a mistake to suppose that his sole employment was in drafting letters in Latin to foreign Governments. Among the State Documents of English history, indeed, from 1649 onwards, there is a long series of Latin letters to Foreign Courts and Princes, all of Milton's penning, and some of them, though Milton only embodied his instructions, unmistakeably his own in form and expression. It was part of his duty, however, not only to prepare such letters for the approbation of the Council or of Parliament (for some of them had to be read in Parliament and approved there before the Speaker signed and despatched them), but also to translate foreign papers and be in attendance at interviews of the Council, or of Committees of the Council or of Parliament, with foreign ambassadors and envoys. Indeed, sometimes he had himself to wait on such ambassadors or envoys, and convey delicate messages to them, in the name of the Council. In this way his acquaintanceship among eminent foreigners living in London, or visiting London, came gradually to be very extensive. Gradually only; for in the first years of his official life, while Foreign Powers as yet, with few exceptions, held aloof from the Commonwealth, the particular duties of the Foreign Secretaryship were far from onerous. A despatch once in two months to the King of Spain, the King of Portugal, the Hamburg Senate, etc., is about the measure of the preserved Foreign Correspondence for the years 1649–1651. From the

first, therefore, the Council had availed themselves of Milton's services in very miscellaneous work. If they wanted a book, or a set of dangerous papers, reported on, with a view to a prosecution for sedition, they referred the task to Mr. Milton; if there were any dealing with an author or a printer about something to be published, Mr. Milton was requested to see to it; everything, in short, involving literary knowledge or judgment went to Mr. Milton rather than to Mr. Frost. Occasionally he brought some matter of his own accord before the Council, or used his influence in behalf of some scholar or man of letters, such as Davenant, who had got into difficulty through his Royalism. One would hardly have expected to find the author of the *Areopagitica* acting as an official licenser of the press; but, for a whole year, I have distinctly ascertained, Milton was the official licenser of the newspaper called *Mercurius Politicus*. As it was, in fact, a Government organ, conducted by Mr. Marchamount Needham, who had formerly been a Royalist pamphleteer and journalist, the censorship may be supposed to have implied a superintending editorship. To Milton's Secretaryship was also attached an "inspection into" the State Paper Office in Whitehall, *i. e.* a kind of keepership of the Records. Nor was this all. When the Council of State had chosen Milton as their Secretary for Foreign Tongues, they had secured, as they knew, a man fit to be the Literary Champion of the still struggling Commonwealth. Three publications of Milton, accordingly, all done at the order or by the request of the Council of State, have to be especially mentioned as feats of the first three years of his Secretaryship. "*Observations on Ormond's Articles of Peace with the Irish Rebels and on a Representation of the Scotch Presbytery of Belfast*," is the title (somewhat abbreviated) of a pamphlet of Milton's, published by authority in May, 1649, when Charles II. had been proclaimed in Ireland, and the Marquis of Ormond was trying to unite in his cause the native Irish Roman Catholics, the English settlers, and the Ulster Presbyterians. Of far greater importance was the *Eikonoklastes* (*i. e.* Image Breaker), published in October, 1649, in answer to the famous "*Eikon Basilike* (*i. e.* Royal Image) or Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his solitudes and sufferings," professing to be meditations and prayers written by Charles I. in his last years. The "King's Book," as it was called, then all but universally believed to be really by Charles, though the evidence that it was a fabrication in his interest, has long been regarded as conclusive, had appeared immediately after Charles' death, had circulated in different forms and in thousands of copies, and had become a kind of Bible with the Royalists. Milton's answer to it, in which he criticised both the book and the dead King with merciless severity, was received, therefore, as a signal service to the Commonwealth. More momentous still was his Latin "*Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*" ("Defence for the People of England"), published in April, 1651, in reply to the defence of Charles I. and attack upon the English Commonwealth, which had been published in Holland more than a year before by the great Leyden Professor, Salmasius, at the instance and at the expense of Charles II. (see Introduction to the Latin Epigrams on Salmasius). Never in the world had

one human being inflicted on another a more ruthless or appalling castigation than Milton here inflicted on perhaps the most renowned scholar of his day in all Europe, the veteran whom his learned contemporaries called "The Wonderful," and for the honour of possessing whom Princes and Courts contended; and just in proportion to the celebrity of the victim so murdered, trampled on, and gashed, was the amazement over the man that had done the deed. The book had been out a little more than two months when the Council of State, after offering a money reward to Milton, which he declined, passed and inserted in their Minutes (June 17, 1651) this vote of thanks to him: "The Council, taking "notice of the many good services performed by Mr. John Milton, their Secre- "tary for Foreign Tongues, to this State and Commonwealth, particularly of "his Book in vindication of the Parliament and the People of England against "the calumnies and invectives of Salmasius, have thought fit to declare their "resentment and good acceptance of the same, and that the thanks of the "Council be returned to Mr. Milton, and their sense represented in that "behalf." But it was abroad, and among foreigners in London, that the Reply to Salmasius excited the most lively interest. From all the embassies in London Milton received formal calls or speedy messages of compliment expressly on account of the book; and in Holland, France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and elsewhere, copies were in extraordinary demand, and a topic of talk among scholars for months was the mangling which the great Salmasius had received from one of "the English mastiffs." It is not too much to say, that before the end of the year 1651, in consequence of this one book, Milton's name was more widely known on the Continent than that of any other Englishman then living, except Oliver Cromwell.

Though Cromwell had been, of course, a member of the Council of State from the first, *his* labours through the greater part of the years 1649-1651 had been elsewhere than at Whitehall. From August, 1649, to June, 1650, he had been in Ireland, as Lord Lieutenant for the Commonwealth, crushing the Royalist confederacy there, and reconquering the country after its eight years of Rebellion. From July, 1650, to August, 1651, he had been in Scotland, where Charles II. had meanwhile been received as King, and whence the Scots threatened to bring him into England. The battle of Dunbar (Sept. 3, 1650), and subsequent successes, had already made Cromwell master of all the South of Scotland, when, by a sudden movement, Charles and the Scottish Army escaped his vigilance and burst into England, obliging him to follow in pursuit. Having beaten them in the great battle of Worcester (Sept. 3, 1651), he was back at Whitehall at last, the acknowledged saviour of the Commonwealth and supreme chief of England. The young King was again in exile, and the Commonwealth, now including Scotland, Ireland, and the English colonies and dominions, was to all appearance one of the most stable, as it was certainly one of the most powerful, of the European States. Such foreign Princes and Governments as had hitherto stood aloof, hastened to send their embassies and apologies, and Milton's duties in the special work of his Secretaryship for Foreign Tongues were likely to be more burdensome than they had been.

It is significant that the only pieces of verse known to have come from Milton's pen during the three years of his life just sketched are these:—

Scrap of Verse from Seneca, inculcating Tyrannicide, translated in *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* (now appended to Minor English Poems). 1649.

In Salmasii Hundredam: Scrap of Latin parody in *Defensio Prima* (now annexed to the *Sylvæ*).

PETTY FRANCE, WESTMINSTER.

1652—1660: *ætat.* 44—52.

In the beginning of 1652, for some reason or other, Milton removed from the official rooms in Whitehall into a house which he had taken close at hand. It was "a pretty garden-house in Petty France, Westminster, next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park." It still exists, and is, I believe, the only one of Milton's many London houses now left. No one looking now at No. 19 York Street, Westminster, a dingy old house, let out in apartments, in a dense and dingy street of poor houses and shops, can imagine without difficulty that it was once the pretty garden-house, opening into St. James's Park, which Milton occupied. That is the house, however; and any one can go and see it. Jeremy Bentham, whose residence was in the neighbourhood, was afterwards its proprietor: and William Hazlitt lived in it from 1811 onwards. Milton was to inhabit it for eight years, the longest term in which we have found him in any one house yet since he left his native Bread Street. This term of eight years, however, subdivides itself biographically into three portions:

LAST FIFTEEN MONTHS OF THE COMMONWEALTH (*Jan.*, 1651-2—*April*, 1653):—As the Council of State was itself elected annually by the Parliament, with changes of its *personnel* every year, Milton's Latin Secretaryship, it will be understood, had also been renewed from year to year by express appointment of each Council. In 1652 he entered on his fourth year of office. There was more to do this year in the way of drafting foreign despatches and attending at meetings with ambassadors than there had been previously; and, accordingly, Milton's preserved Latin despatches of the year, as given in his printed works, are about as numerous as those for the three preceding years put together. Yet it was precisely in the midst of this increase of work that Milton became incapable, as one would suppose, of Secretarial work of any kind. The blindness which had been gradually coming on for some years (one eye having failed before the other), and which had been accelerated by his persistence in his book against Salmasius in spite of the warnings of his physicians, had become serious before his removal to Petty France, and was total about the middle of 1652. With such a calamity added to his almost constant ill health otherwise, one would have expected the resignation of his Secretaryship. But the Commonwealth had no disposition to part with its literary champion; and arrangements were made for continuing him in office. Mr. Walter Frost, senior, having died in March, 1652, Mr. John Thurloe had been appointed his successor in the

General Secretaryship to the Council, with a salary of 600*l.* a year (worth about 2000*l.* a year now); a naturalized German, Mr. Weckherlin, formerly in the service of Charles I. and of Parliament, was brought in to assist Milton in the Foreign department; and for occasional service in translating documents Mr. Thurloe found other persons as they were wanted. Milton was distinctly retained with his full rank and title as Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council; and there is positive evidence that he went on performing some portion of his old duties. What one sees, in fact, from the middle of 1652 onwards, is the blind Milton led across the Park every other day, when his health permitted, from his house in Petty France to Whitehall, sitting in the Council as before when he had to catch the substance of any resolution that had to be embodied in a Latin letter, or perhaps sometimes only receiving the necessary information from Mr. Thurloe, and then either dictating the required document on the spot, or returning home to compose it more at leisure. Whatever Weckherlin and others did to help, all the more important despatches were still expected from Milton himself, and at receptions of ambassadors and other foreign agents he was still the proper official.

Salmasius, who had been in Sweden when Milton's Answer to him appeared, had returned to Holland in no enviable state of mind. He had been vowing revenge, and was even rumoured to have a reply ready for the press; but none was forthcoming. Meanwhile several attacks on Milton in his behalf by other persons were published abroad anonymously and in Latin. One of these, a very poor thing, attributed at the time to the Irish ex-Bishop Bramhall, but really by a refugee English preacher named Rowland, was handed over by Milton for answer to his younger nephew, John Phillips. The result was "*Joannis Philippi Angli Responsio ad Apologiam anonymi cujusdam tenebrionis*" (1652), a pamphlet so revised and touched by Milton that it may be accounted partly his. He reserved wholly for himself the task of replying to a far more formidable and able attack made upon him by an anonymous friend of Salmasius under the title "*Regii Clamor ad Cœlum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*" ("Cry of the King's Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides"). Published at the Hague late in 1652, this book contained such charges against Milton's personal character that he could not let it pass; but the Answer was deferred. For the rest, the literary relics of the last fifteen months of his Secretaryship to the Commonwealth consist only of three Latin Familiar Epistles, two of them to foreigners, and the following two Sonnets:—

Sonnet, "To the Lord General Cromwell." May, 1652.
Sonnet, "To Sir Henry Vane the younger." Put into Vane's hands July 3, 1652.

CROMWELL'S DICTATORSHIP AND PROTECTORATE (*April*, 1653—*Sept.*, 1658):—The Sonnets to Cromwell and Vane were written just at the time when these two chiefs of the Republic were coming to an irreconcileable difference. Cromwell, and the whole Army at his back, had made up their minds that the time had come for a more regular Government of the Commonwealth than the

anomalous makeshift by the Rump of the Long Parliament, consisting of about a hundred and twenty persons at the utmost, surviving out of a House of five hundred that had been returned by English constituencies as far back as 1640. The question of a dissolution and the election of a new and complete Parliament on a reformed system of popular suffrage, including all that would be faithful to the Commonwealth, had again and again been discussed, and a rather distant day for a dissolution at last fixed. There were, however, misunderstandings on the subject, with signs that Vane and others were bent on a policy antagonistic to the views of Cromwell and the Army. On the 20th of April, 1653, Cromwell concluded the business by going to the House with a company of musketeers, turning out Vane and the other fifty-two members who were then sitting, locking the doors, and giving the key and the mace into the keeping of one of his colonels. He dissolved the Council of State the same day. The Commonwealth proper being thus at an end, there ensued the five years and four months of Cromwell's supremacy. It was divided into (1) what may be called his *Interim Dictatorship* (April—Dec., 1653), when he governed, still as "Lord General Cromwell," by the aid of a Council of his officers, waiting the issue of the special Parliament of select persons from England, Scotland and Ireland, which he had summoned for the emergency; and (2) his *Protectorate* (Dec., 1653—Sept., 1658), when he ruled with the title of "Lord Protector." The Protectorate itself passed through two phases. Till May, 1657, Cromwell was still in a manner but the elected head of a Republic; but thence to his death, Sept. 3, 1658, he was virtually King.

Though all England, Scotland, and Ireland were obliged to acquiesce in Cromwell's supremacy, and though in the course of his powerful rule, he succeeded in winning general respect, and especially in making the entire population of the British Islands proud of the position asserted for them in Europe by his magnanimous foreign policy, yet the *Oliverians*, as his more express and thorough adherents were called, were but a section of the former Army-men and Republicans. Milton, whose admiration for Cromwell had all along been immense, was decidedly one of those Oliverians. He had approved even of Cromwell's forcible dissolution of the Parliament and the Council of State which he himself served; and he regarded Cromwell's Dictatorship and Protectorate as the best possible embodiment for the time of the principles of real Republicanism. It need be no matter for surprise, therefore, that Milton was continued in his Latin Secretaryship. There was conjoined with him, indeed, in 1653, a Philip Meadows, entitled also "Latin Secretary;" Milton's friend, Andrew Marvell, was brought in at a later time to give some assistance; and there was some fluctuation of Milton's salary in the course of the Protectorate. In 1655, on a general reduction of official salaries, it was ordered that Milton's should be reduced to 150*l.* *per annum*, but that the same should be settled on him for his life. Actually, however, this sum seems to have been raised to 200*l.* a year (worth about 700*l.* a year now); with which salary, and with Meadows as his coadjutor, doing all the routine work, Milton remained the Latin Secretary Extraordinary.

Among his preserved Latin State Letters, besides about half a dozen written in the latter part of 1653 for Cromwell's Council of Officers or the special Parliament he had called in his Dictatorship, there are as many as eighty belonging to the Protectorate itself, and despatched as Cromwell's own letters, with his signature, "OLIVERIUS, *Angliæ, Scotiæ, Hiberniæ, &c., Protector.*" Most famous, perhaps, among these now are the Letters written in 1655 on the subject of the massacre of the Vaudois Protestants. All in all, though Milton's secretarial services under the Protectorate must have been confined mainly to such eloquent expression in Latin of the Protector's more important messages to Foreign Powers, it is a memorable fact in the history of England, that he was one of Cromwell's faithful officials to the last, often in colloquy with him, and sometimes in ceremonial attendance at his Court. For any colloquy, Milton, with his clear, vague eyes, would be led into the room where Cromwell was; and at any Court Concert, or the like, Milton, if he came, would be conducted gently to a seat.

In 1653 or 1654 Milton's wife died, still a very young woman, leaving him, at the age of forty-five, a widower with three daughters, Anne, Mary and Deborah. The eldest, who was somewhat deformed, was but in her eighth year; the second was in her sixth; the youngest was a mere infant. A son, born in Scotland Yard, between the second daughter and the third, had not survived. How the motherless little creatures were brought up in the house in Petty France, under the charge of their blind father, no one knows. It may have been a happy change for them when he married again, Nov. 12, 1656. But the second wife, known merely as Catherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock of Hackney, died in childbirth Feb. 10, 1657–8, only fifteen months after the marriage, the child dying also; and thus, in the last year of Cromwell's Protectorate, Milton, in his fiftieth year, was again a widower, with his three motherless girls, the eldest not twelve years old. Fancy, in the house in Petty France, the blind father, a kind of stern King Lear, mostly by himself, and the three young things pattering about, as noiselessly as possible, at their own will or in the charge of some servant! It was to be tragic in the end both for him and them.

What of Milton's independent literary activity through the five years of Cromwell's Protectorate? For a blind man it was considerable.——Besides fourteen of his Latin Familiar Epistles, most of them to foreign friends, there belong to the period of the Protectorate two of Milton's most substantial Latin pamphlets. The first, which appeared in 1654, was his Reply to that attack upon him, already mentioned, which had been published at the Hague in 1652 by some anonymous friend of Salmasius. While defending his own character in this Reply, Milton made it also a new defence of the English nation; and hence it was entitled "*Joannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio Secunda*" ("Second Defence of John Milton, Englishman, for the English People"). Both historically and autobiographically it is one of the most interesting of Milton's pamphlets. It contains a splendid panegyric on Cromwell, with notices of Fairfax, Bradshaw, Fleetwood, Lambert, Whalley, Overton,

and others. Milton assumes throughout that the author of the book to which he was replying was a certain Alexander More, and the license he gives himself in his personal abuse of this More is something frightful. More, who had only had a hand in the publication of the book that had given the offence (the real author of which was Peter Du Moulin, afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury), replied to Milton's attack, and so drew from him in 1655 another pamphlet, entitled "*Joannis Miltoni Angli pro se Defensio contra Alexandrum Morum*" ("Defence of John Milton, Englishman, for Himself, against Alexander More"), to which was annexed "*Authoris ad Alexandri Mori Supplementum Responsio*" ("The Author's Reply to Alexander More's Supplement"). This closed the controversy.——In the shape of Verse we have from Milton, through the time of Cromwell's rule, the following:—

Eight of the Psalms (Psalms I.—VIII.) done into Verse. Aug., 1653.
The Fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I., translated.
De Moro (Scrap from the *Defensio Secunda*, now appended to *Elegiarum Liber*). 1654.
In Salmasium (another scrap from the *Defensio Secunda*, now appended to the *Sylvæ*). 1654.
Ad Christinam, Suecorum Reginam, nomine Cromwelli (appended to the *Elegiarum Liber*, as attributed to Milton). 1654.
Sonnet, "On the late Massacre in Piedmont." 1655.
Sonnet on his Blindness.
Sonnet to Mr. Lawrence.
Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner.
Sonnet to the Same. 1655.
Sonnet to the Memory of his Second Wife. 1658.

A fact of special interest, for which there is very good authority, is that the actual composition of *Paradise Lost* was begun in the last year of Cromwell's Protectorate, *i. e.* in 1658, about the date of the last of Milton's Sonnets. In resuming the subject, first projected in 1639 or 1640, Milton abandoned the Dramatic form then contemplated, and settled on the Epic.

PROTECTORATE OF RICHARD CROMWELL, AND ANARCHY PRECEDING THE RESTORATION (*Sept.*, 1658—*May*, 1660):—Eleven printed Letters by Milton in the name of the Protector Richard, and two written by him for the restored Rump Parliament after Richard's abdication (April, 1659), attest the continuance of Milton's Secretaryship into this wretched period. Indeed as late as October, 1659, he and Andrew Marvell are found in receipt of their salaries of 200*l.* a year each as colleagues in the office. But "a little before the King's coming over," Phillips informs us, he was sequestered from his office and "the salary thereunto belonging." O how Milton struggled to the last to avert that catastrophe, as he regarded it, of "the King's coming over"! "*A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*"; "*Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove Hirelings out of the Church*"; "*A*

Letter to a Friend concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth"; such are the titles of three short pamphlets addressed by Milton in 1659 to his perplexed and bewildered countrymen. They were followed in the beginning of 1660 by three more —"*The Present Means and Brief Delineation of a Free Commonwealth, easy to be put in practice and without delay: in a Letter to General Monk*"; "*The Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*"; "*Brief Notes upon a late Sermon* [a Royalist Sermon] *preached and since published by Matthew Griffith, D. D.*" All in vain! "*No Blind Guides,*" was the title of a Reply by the Royalist, Roger L'Estrange, to the last pamphlet. The Restoration of Charles II. had come to be generally desired throughout England, Scotland and Ireland, as the only escape from anarchy; Monk managed it; and on the 29th of May, 1660, Charles made his triumphant entry into London.——No piece of verse came from Milton in this period; but it contains three of his Latin Familiar Letters.

IN HIDING AND IN CUSTODY.

1660: *ætat.* 52.

The wonder is that, at the Restoration, Milton was not hanged. At a time when they brought to the scaffold all the chief living Regicides and their accomplices that were within reach, including even Hugh Peters, and when they dug up Cromwell's body and hanged it at Tyburn, and tore also from the earth at Westminster the body of Cromwell's mother and other "Cromwellian bodies" that had been buried there with honour, the escape of Milton, the supreme defender of the Regicide through the press, the man who had attacked the memory of Charles I. with a ferocity which even some of the actual Regicides must have thought unnecessary and outrageous, is all but inexplicable. He *was* for some time in real danger. Quitting his house in Petty France, his nephew tells us, he lay concealed in "a friend's house in Bartholomew Close," near Smithfield, till the Act of general Oblivion and Indemnity came forth (August, 1660); and there is a story, on mere vague authority, that his friends, while he was in hiding, spread a report that he was dead, and even arranged a mock-funeral, to stop search for him. Meanwhile his *Eikonoklastes* and his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* had been condemned by Parliament and burnt by the hands of the hangman. Even after the Act of Indemnity Milton was not safe. He was in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms for some time, but was finally released December 15. There had been, doubtless, powerful intercession in his behalf; and the tradition is, that among those who exerted themselves for him was Sir William Davenant, now the restored Poet-laureate of the new reign, for whom Milton had done a like good service under the Commonwealth. However his pardon was effected, the spirit in which it was granted was exactly as if, in some meeting of Charles's Council, when the propriety of bringing Milton to trial was discussed, the conclusion had been, "It is not worth while: let the blind blackguard live."

HOLBORN AGAIN (NEAR RED LION FIELDS): JEWIN STREET.

1660—1664: *ætat.* 52—56.

For some little time after Milton's release and pardon he lived in Holborn, near what is now Red Lion Square, on the opposite side of the great Holborn thoroughfare from that which contained his former house in that neighbourhood. As soon as possible, however, he removed to his old and favourite Aldersgate Street vicinity, having taken a house in Jewin Street, which goes off from Aldersgate Street on the same side as Barbican, but nearer to St. Martin's-le-Grand than either Barbican or the site of Milton's former Aldersgate Street house. If this Jewin Street house exists, it has not been identified.

It was from those two houses, in Holborn and in Jewin Street, that Milton witnessed, or rather heard of, all those miscellaneous events and proceedings which were to undo, as far as was possible, the achievements of the preceding twenty years, and which are comprised now in English Histories in the single phrase *The Restoration*. What had been the united Commonwealth was again broken into its three parts, England, Scotland and Ireland; and in each the partisans of the late system found themselves disgraced and degraded, and the regulation of affairs passed into the hands of Cavaliers returned from exile, and of such renegades or new men as these drew in their train. In England Episcopacy was restored, with the Liturgy, and all else that belonged to the old Anglican Church; two thousand Presbyterian ministers were ejected from their livings by the Act of Uniformity; and by other Acts civil penalties and disadvantages were attached to every profession of Dissent. In Scotland all Acts passed since 1633 were repealed; the Kirk was forced back into Prelacy, with Archbishop Sharp at its head; and there began, under a ministry who were generally drunk, the ruthless barbarities against the Presbyterians still remembered as "the Persecutions." In Ireland there were measures to correspond. And, with this universal political reaction, what a change in public morals and manners! Round a Court which set an example of shamelessness, London and the general English world were whirled, by a rebound from the extreme Puritan strictness that had been in fashion, into an ostentatious revelry in Anti-Puritanism. Swearing, swaggering, and an affectation of profligacy, were the proofs of a proper abhorrence of the cant of the lately ruling Saints, and a proper loyalty to the existing powers. In the new Literature that sprang up, as well as in other forms of mental activity, the new social spirit was faithfully represented. Veterans like Hobbes and Izaak Walton, with Browne of Norwich, Clarendon, Jeremy Taylor, and others among the graver prose-writers who had survived from the reign of Charles I., and Shirley, Herrick, Waller, Davenant, Denham, Cowley, and others, surviving from among the poets of the same reign, were very much their former selves, only rejoicing in the restored Royalty; the specific tendency to mathematical and physical science which had already grouped together such men as Wilkins, Wallis, Petty, Boyle and Hooke, through the Commonwealth and Protectorate, now only displayed itself more signally

in the institution of the Royal Society; but the literature belonging properly to the Restoration itself had all the characteristics of its origin. To the core it was Anti-Puritan, reactionary and unearnest. Never in English literary history had there been such a run of talent to the comic, the jocose, the witty. The revived drama of the re-opened theatres, to which people rushed now with an avidity all the keener for the disuse of that amusement for eighteen years, consisted chiefly of Comedies and Farces, in which wit was desirable, but indecency indispensable. New things called Tragedies there were, but of such a texture that Time has refused to remember them. For what of Tragedy was wanted, reproduction of Elizabethan pieces was best; in the age itself, on the stage as elsewhere, the comic faculty was paramount. Off the stage it showed itself in songs, stories, satires, essays, character-sketches and burlesques. Even the forms and mechanisms of English literature were changed. The cavaliers and courtiers had brought back from their exile acquired French tastes in literature, as in other matters. Experiments were made in the Tragedy of Rhymed Declamation; the syntax of English prose was to be neater and easier than it had been; and the English metrical ear was to be tuned to stricter and more regular rhythms. Over this rising popular literature of the Restoration the nominal president was Davenant, the reinstated Laureate; but the robust Dryden was making his way to the chief place in the drama and in other departments, with Buckinghams, Dorsets and Howards about him, and Ethereges, Wycherlys and Shadwells appearing on the horizon. Butler's *Hudibras* was out, and Charles and his courtiers were laughing over it.

On the verge of this new world of the Restoration, disowned by it, and disdaining it, the blind Milton lived—

> "On evil days now fallen, and evil tongues,
> In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
> And solitude."

Such friends as did still come about him were chiefly Nonconformists of the more devout and extreme sects, Independents, Baptists, or Quakers. One was Alderman Isaac Pennington, once Lord Mayor of London, and recently, as member of the Long Parliament and of the Council of State, a prominent man in the Commonwealth. Andrew Marvell, young Lawrence, Marchamount Needham, Cyriack Skinner, and the high-minded Lady Ranelagh, sister of Robert Boyle, who had been among his most frequent visitors in the house in Petty France, would find their way occasionally as far as Jewin Street. Dr. Paget, a physician of that neighbourhood, was very intimate with him; and his old friend Hartlib would appear sometimes, bringing some foreigner who desired to be introduced. Such visits to Milton by foreigners, it seems, had become customary; they did not like to leave London without having seen him, and even the house in Bread Street where he had been born. Still "solitude," the word which Milton himself uses, describes his condition too truly. The house in Jewin Street must have been a small one; and, as Milton had now no official income, and had lost by the Restoration several thousands of pounds, invested in Commonwealth securities,

or others as bad, the economy of his household must have been very frugal. He had always a man or a boy to read to him, write to his dictation, and lead him about in his walks; one or other of his two nephews, now shifting for themselves in or near London by tutorship and literary hackwork, would sometimes drop in, and yield him superior help; and there were young men ready to volunteer their occasional services as amanuenses for the privilege of his conversation or of lessons from him. The young Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, recommended to him by Alderman Pennington and Dr. Paget, made his acquaintance this way in Jewin Street, in 1662, valuing the privilege much, and taking a lodging near on purpose. For the management of his house and of his daily life, however, Milton had to depend on his daughters, and the dependence was a sad one. The poor girls, the eldest in her seventeenth year in 1662, the next in her fifteenth, and the youngest in her eleventh, had been growing up ill looked-after, and, though one does hear of a governess, but slenderly educated. The eldest, the deformed one, could not write; the other two could write but indifferently But, though he can therefore hardly have employed them as amanuenses, he did exact from them attendance which they found irksome. When no one else was at hand, he would make them, or at least the two younger, read to him; and by some extraordinary ingenuity in his method, or by sheer practice on their part, they came at last to be able to read sufficiently well for his purpose in Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, and even Hebrew, without themselves understanding a word. This drill, as far as the youngest daughter was concerned, can have been little more than begun in the Jewin Street house; but there all three were already in rebellion. They "made nothing of deserting him;" "they did combine together and counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in her marketings;" they "had made away with some of his books, and would have sold the rest to the dunghill-women." Things had at last come to such a pass that, on the recommendation of Dr. Paget, Milton, Feb. 12, 1662–3, married a third wife. She was an Elizabeth Minshull, from Cheshire, a relation of Dr. Paget's, and not more than twenty-five years of age, Milton being fifty-four. A very excellent and careful wife she was to prove to him through the rest of his life. When Mary, the second daughter, heard of the intended marriage, she said "that that was no news, to hear of his wedding, but, if she could hear of his death, that *was* something." This, which is certified on oath, is almost too horrible for belief.

A small elementary Latin Grammar, published in 1661, under the title of "*Accedence Commenced Grammar*," is all of a literary kind that came from Milton while he was in Holborn or Jewin Street. It had doubtless been long lying by him. Other works, however, had been in progress, especially *Paradise Lost*.

ARTILLERY WALK, BUNHILL FIELDS.

1664—1674: *ætat.* 56—66.

Not long after his third marriage (possibly in 1663, though I make it 1664), Milton left Jewin Street for what was to be the last of all his London houses.

It was in "Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields," *i. e.*, as has been ascertained with some trouble, in that part of the present Bunhill Row where there is now a clump of newer houses "to the left of the passenger who turns northward from Chiswell Street towards St. Luke's Hospital and Peerless Pool." It was close to the Artillery Ground, or exercising-place of the old London Trained Bands; and hence the name. Bunhill Fields Burying Ground, long the place of sepulture for London Dissenters, and where Bunyan and Defoe are buried, did not exist when Milton went to the neighbourhood. On the whole, the remove, though it did not take him far from his former residence, was into greater privacy and obscurity. The three daughters still accompanied him, better managers now that the third wife had the charge of the housekeeping, but naturally in warfare with her.

Of Milton's habits, in his house near Bunhill Fields, through the last ten years of his life, we have pretty distinct accounts from various persons, as follows:—He used to get up very early, generally at four o'clock in summer and five in winter. After having a chapter or two of the Hebrew Bible read to him, he worked, first in meditation by himself, and then, after breakfast, by dictation to his amanuensis for the time being, interspersed with farther readings to him from the books he wanted to consult, till near his mid-day dinner. A good part of the afternoon was then given to walking in the garden (and a garden of some kind had been always a requisite with him), or to playing on the organ, and singing, or hearing his wife sing, within doors. His wife, he said, had a good voice, but no ear. Later in the afternoon he resumed work; but about six o'clock he was ready to receive evening visitors, and to talk with them till about eight, when there was a supper of "olives or some light thing." He was very temperate at meals, drinking very little "wine or strong liquors of any kind"; but his conversation at dinner and supper was very pleasant and cheerful, with a tendency to the satirical. This humour for satire was connected by some of his hearers with his strong way of pronouncing the letter *r*: "*litera canina*, the dog-letter, the certain sign of a satirical wit," as Dryden said to Aubrey when they were talking of this personal trait of Milton. After supper, when left to himself, he smoked his pipe and drank a glass of water before going to bed; which was usually at nine o'clock. "He was visited by the learned," said Aubrey, "much more than he did desire," Aubrey himself and Dryden being latterly among those who went sometimes to see him. He attended no church, nor belonged to no communion; nor had he any regular prayers in his family, having some principle of his own on that subject which his friends did not understand. His favourite attitude in dictating was sitting somewhat aslant in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over one of the arms. He would dictate his verses, thirty or forty at a time, to any one that happened to be at hand; but his two younger daughters, Mary and Deborah, whom he had by this time perfected in the art of reading to him in all languages without understanding what they read, had more than their share in such daily drudgery with him over his books. His poetical vein, Phillips tells us, flowed most happily "from

the autumnal equinox to the vernal," *i. e.*, from the end of September to the end of March, so that, with all his exertions through the other half of the year, he was never so well satisfied with the results. His poor health, and frequent headaches and other pains, were another interference with his work, but less than might have been supposed. Gout was his most confirmed ailment, and it begun to stiffen his hands.

And so at last, before Milton had been two years in the house in Artillery Walk, *Paradise Lost* had been completed. For, when the Great Plague broke out in London in 1665, and Milton (perhaps driven from his house by the fact that Bunhill Fields had been chosen as a "pest-field" where the dead could be buried in pits) went to spend the summer in a cottage which Ellwood had taken for him at Chalfont-St.-Giles, Buckinghamshire, he took the finished manuscript with him. That country-cottage, therefore, has to be remembered, in this exact place, and with this interesting association, as one of Milton's residences. It still exists, a very small cottage, indeed, with a very small garden, standing on the slope of the public road at one end of the quiet old village of Chalfont; and, when it was in good tending and there were honeysuckles about it, the summer air in its tiny rooms, with the lattices open, may have been pleasant. The old lattices, with their lozenges of glass set in lead, still remained when I was there; but the cottage was empty and to let. A few pounds, I suppose, would buy it altogether.

Back in London in 1666, Milton may have been prevented from publishing his *Paradise Lost* in that "Annus Mirabilis" by the Great Fire. It did not reach, indeed, to his neighbourhood; but it left a vast space of the city in ruins, with his native Bread Street in the very heart of the space. From that date there could be no more visits of admiring foreigners to the old "Spread Eagle," where he had been born; but all his other London residences remained. In 1667, the year after the Fire, the due licence having been obtained and other arrangements made, the epic was published. The publication must have been an event of some consequence to Milton personally. It threw between him and all that past part of his life which lay under public obloquy the atonement of a great Poem. Whatever he had been, was he not now the author of *Paradise Lost?* Gradually, as the poem was read, though here and there some of the poorer creatures put in their sarcasms, this was the feeling among all the abler leaders of the Restoration Literature itself. "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too," is reported to have been Dryden's immediate criticism; and it was probably after Dryden had read the poem, and said this, that he first sought out Milton. Indeed, it was probably after the fame of *Paradise Lost* was established that the straggling of admiring visitors, especially foreigners, to Milton's house, which had followed him ever since the Restoration, swelled into that conflux of the learned about him, "much more than he did desire," of which Aubrey speaks. Certain it is that Dryden, not nearly yet at his best in the world, but the manliest and greatest figure already in the whole society of the Restoration wits, had contracted a profound reverence for the blind Repub-

lican, from which he never swerved, and to which on every possible occasion he gave the most generous expression. As Dryden was appointed to the Laureateship in 1670, in succession to Davenant, who had died in 1668, it was an odd fact, at which Dryden would have smiled to think, that he could count Milton for a time among his literary colleagues. The last four or five years of Milton's life were the first four or five of Dryden's Laureateship, and they include the following interesting series of publications by Milton: his *History of Britain to the Conquest*, with his portrait by Faithorne prefixed, 1670; his *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* together, 1671; his Latin treatise on Logic, according to the system of Ramus, entitled "*Artis Logicæ Plenior Institutio, ad Petri Rami Methodum Concinnata*," 1672 (probably an old performance lying among his MSS.); his English tract "*Of true Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery*," 1673; the Second Edition of his *Minor Poems*, 1673; the Second Edition of *Paradise Lost*, 1674; a translation of *Letters Patent for the Election of John III. to be King of Poland*, 1674: his *Epistolæ Familiares*, with his juvenile *Prolusiones Oratoriæ* at Cambridge added, 1674. There is evidence in the number of these publications, and in the nature of some of them, that Milton's name prefixed to a book was again of some value.

To complete our formal chronology of the Poems we have now only to extricate from among the productions of the ten years in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, the following separately :—

PARADISE LOST. 1667. Re-edited 1674.
Two Scraps of translated Verse from Geoffrey of Monmouth, in *History of Britain* (annexed now to the Minor English Poems). 1670.
PARADISE REGAINED. 1671.
SAMSON AGONISTES. 1671.

During the last four or five years of Milton's life his three daughters had ceased to reside with him. In or about 1669, the eldest being then twenty-three years of age and the youngest seventeen, they had all, by what seems to have been a really judicious arrangement of their step-mother, been sent out, at their father's expense, "to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are "proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold and silver." From that time, therefore, Milton and his wife Elizabeth had been by themselves in the house near Bunhill Fields, with one maid-servant. It was probably the calmest time in Milton's life for many a day. Our best glimpse of him in those closing years is from the Notes of the painter Richardson. "An aged "clergyman of Dorsetshire," he says, "found John Milton in a small chamber "hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black; "pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. "He used also to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat at the door of his house near "Bunhill Fields in warm, sunny weather; and so, as well as in his house,

"received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality." A day soon came when the slight figure in coarse grey was no more to be seen by the inhabitants of the obscure neighbourhood. He died peacefully, of what was called "gout struck in," on Sunday, Nov. 8, 1674, aged sixty-five years and eleven months; and he was buried, Nov. 12, beside his father, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, attended to the grave by "all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar." Andrew Marvell, who may have been among the mourners, promised Aubrey to write some account of Milton to be sent to Anthony Wood for his *Fasti Oxonienses*; but, Marvell having died in 1678, without having fulfilled the promise, Aubrey himself collected what information he could from Milton's widow, his brother, the elder Phillips and others.

POSTHUMOUS DETAILS.

Milton, before his death, estimated his estate at about 1,000*l.* in money, besides household goods. Actually about 900*l.* in money (worth about 2,700*l.* now) was the sum at once realized. It was the subject of litigation between the widow and the three daughters. A few months before his death, Milton, in a conversation with his brother Christopher, then a bencher of the Inner Temple, had signified his intentions as to the disposition of his property thus: "The portion due to me from Mr. Powell, my former [first] wife's "father, I leave to the unkind children I had by her, having received no part of "it; but my meaning is that they shall have no other benefit of my estate than "the said portion and what I have besides done for them, they having been very "undutiful to me. All the rest of my estate I leave to the disposal of Eliza-"beth, my loving wife." For the right understanding of this, it is to be explained that there was due to Milton's estate a promised marriage-portion of 1,000*l.* with his first wife, and arrears of interest on the same since 1643, and that, though there had been little prospect of a recovery of the money at Mr. Powell's death in 1647, the Powell family were now in circumstances to bear the debt, and were under obligations to do so by Mr. Powell's will. Milton's meaning, therefore, was that his daughters should have a claim on their relatives, the Powells, for the 1,000*l.* and arrears of their grandfather's money, while his widow should have the whole of his own actual estate. The daughters, however, probably with the Powells urging them (their grandmother, Mrs. Powell, was still alive), disputed the "nuncupative" or word-of-mouth will of their father, alleging that they had been and were "great frequenters of the church and good livers;" and insinuating that their uncle Christopher had an interest in upholding the will, inasmuch as there was a private understanding that the widow should hand over to *his* children, according to a desire which the deceased had expressed, any overplus that the estate might yield above 1,000*l.* The result was that, though there was perfect evidence of the facts, it was decided (Feb., 1674-5) on technical grounds, that the widow should have two-thirds and the daughters one-third among them. The widow acquiesced,

and punctually paid to the three daughters about 100*l.* each, having about 600*l.* left for herself. She was then thirty-seven years of age, and the money would yield her a meagre annuity.

The widow, after remaining in London for some years, retired to Nantwich, in her native Cheshire, where she lived to as late as 1727, a pious member of a Baptist congregation, having survived her husband nearly fifty-three years. The inventory of her effects at her death has been recovered, and shows that she retained to the last some trinkets that had belonged to Milton, and two juvenile portraits of him.——Milton's eldest daughter, Anne, "lame, and with a defect in her speech, but with a very handsome face," married "a master-builder," and died in her first childbirth, the child dying also. Mary, the second daughter, never married, and was dead before 1694. Deborah, the youngest and the best, and "very like her father," had gone to Dublin, as companion to a lady, before her father's death, and married there an Abraham Clarke, described as a weaver or silk-mercer. They came to London about 1687, and settled in the weaving business in Spitalfields. She lived till 1727, and was visited in her later years by Addison and others, who were much pleased with her, and whom she surprised by repeating stray lines she remembered from Homer, Euripides and Ovid. The Princess Caroline of Wales sent her fifty guineas. Of her ten children, only two survived to have issue. A son, Caleb Clarke, had gone to Madras before 1703, and had died as "parish-clerk of Fort George" in 1719, leaving progeny who are supposed to have all died out in India. The last trace of them is the registration at Madras, April 2, 1727, of the birth of a daughter of Abraham Clarke, the son of Caleb (*i. e.*, a great-great-granddaughter of Milton, actually born while Milton's widow was still alive at Nantwich); but there is just a possibility that there was other and farther descent from Milton in these Indian Clarkes. Otherwise, the direct descent from Milton ended in his granddaughter, Elizabeth Clarke, the youngest daughter of Deborah. She married a Thomas Foster, a Spitalfields weaver; she afterwards kept "a small chandler's shop" in Holloway; she removed thence to Shoreditch, where she and her husband had some little dispute in 1750 as to the investment of about 130*l.*, the proceeds of a performance of *Comus*, which Dr. Johnson and others had got up for her benefit; and she died in Islington in 1754. She struck those who visited her as "a good, plain, sensible woman," in very infirm health. Seven children of hers had all died in infancy.——Christopher Milton, the poet's lawyer-brother, but who had always been opposite to him in politics, was not only a bencher of the Inner Temple at the time of his brother's death, but also Deputy-Recorder of Ipswich. In the reign of James II., having pushed his compliance so far as to turn Roman Catholic, he became Sir Christopher Milton, Knt., and a Judge. At the Revolution he retired into private life at or near Ipswich, where he died in 1692, in his seventy-seventh year. He left a son, Thomas Milton, and two or three daughters, who are traced some way into the eighteenth century. ——So far as is known, the Milton pedigree was transmitted farthest and most respectably in the descent from Milton's sister Anne, who was first Mrs. Phillips and

afterwards Mrs. Agar, and who seems to have died some years before the poet, leaving Mr. Agar still alive. Her two sons by the first marriage, Edward and John Phillips, Milton's two nephews, and educated by him (John wholly, but with two years at Oxford added in Edward's case), can hardly, indeed, be reckoned among fortunate men. They struggled on cleverly and industriously, but never very prosperously, in private tutorship, schoolmastering, and hack authorship; and their numerous publications in prose and verse, lists of which have been made out, are among the curiosities of the minor literature of England in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Edward died not long after 1694, in which year he had published his brief, but valuable, "Life of Milton," prefixed to an English translation of Milton's State Letters; John, who seems to have been the less reputable in his life and the more reckless in the spirit and style of his writings, was alive till 1706. Their families have not been traced. Meanwhile, their half sister, Ann Agar, their mother's only surviving child by her second marriage, had carried the pedigree, in more flourishing circumstances, into another line, with another change of name. Her father, Mr. Thomas Agar, resuming his post of Deputy Clerk of the Crown at the Restoration, had come to be a man of some wealth; and, before his death in 1673 (when he was succeeded in his office by Thomas Milton, the son of Christopher), she had married a David Moore, of Sayes House, Chertsey, in the county of Surrey, Esq. From this marriage came a Thomas Moore, of Sayes House, who was knighted in 1715; and from him have descended, branching out by intermarriages, a great many *Moores* and *Fitzmoores*, traceable in the squirearchy, the church, or the public service of England, to the present day. All these are related to Milton in so far as they are descended from his sister, the mother of the "Fair Infant" of his early Elegy.

In 1682, eight years after Milton's death, there was published from his manuscript a compilation called "*A Brief History of Moscovia, and of other less known countries lying eastward of Russia as far as Cathay.*" The collections he had made towards a Latin Dictionary went into the hands of Edward Phillips, were used by Phillips in some compilations of his own, and have been embodied in subsequent Dictionaries. Two packets of manuscript left by Milton, about the fate of which he was somewhat anxious, were his Latin System of Divinity drawn direct from the Bible, and his Latin Letters of State to Foreign Powers, written in his Secretaryship to the Commonwealth and Protectorate. These packets he had entrusted to one of his latest amanuenses, a young Cambridge man, Daniel Skinner, a relative of his friend Cyriack. They were conveyed by Skinner to Amsterdam for publication by Daniel Elzevir; but, the English Government having heard of them, the publication was stopped, and they were sent back to London in a brown-paper parcel, which was thrown aside in the State Paper Office. This was in 1676; in which year, however, a London bookseller, who had somehow obtained imperfect copies of the Latin State Letters, published a surreptitious edition of them, entitled *Literæ Pseudo-Senatus Anglicani, necnon Cromwelli, nomine et jussu Conscriptæ.* A better

edition was printed at Leipsic in 1690, and Phillips' English translation appeared in 1694. Quite different from these Milton State Letters, though sometimes called *The Milton Papers*, is a thin folio edited in 1743 by John Nickolls, and consisting of Letters and Addresses to Cromwell, and other public and private documents, from 1650 onwards, which had somehow been in Milton's keeping, and which were afterwards in possession of the Quaker Ellwood. Finally, in 1825, attention having been at last called to the brown-paper parcel that had been lying in the State Paper Office since 1676, Milton's long lost treatise *De Doctrinâ Christianâ*, part of the contents of the parcel, was published by Dr. Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, with the addition of an English translation in the same year. It is from this treatise that Milton's theological opinions, so far as they could be expressed in formal and systematic language, are to be most authentically learnt. The original manuscript of the treatise in the hands of several of Milton's amanuenses, and the transcript for press of his State Letters in the hand of Daniel Skinner, are still in the State Paper Office.

PARADISE LOST.

THE VERSE OF "PARADISE LOST."

"The measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime," as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have exprest them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note, have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also, long since, our best English Tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing."

From Milton's own Edition, 1669.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed. Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre, for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed, but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; they rise;

their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandæmonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd,[1] who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook[2] that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount,[3] while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,[4]
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,

[1] Moses.
[2] A small brook that flowed near the Temple of Jerusalem.
[3] A mountain in Bœotia. In mythology, the Muses were said to dwell on it.
[4] Gen. i. 2.

And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell—say first, what cause
Moved our grand Parents in that happy state,
Favour'd of heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,[1]
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken, he views

[1] Isaiah xiv. 13–15.

The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,[1]
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and welt'ring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub:[2] To whom th' arch-enemy,
And thence in heav'n call'd Satan,[3] with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.
If thou beest he—But O how fall'n! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope

[1] "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' intrate," was the inscription placed by Dante over the gates of his "Inferno."

[2] The god of flies, worshipped by the Philistines (2 Kings i. 2). The Jews considered Beelzebub the greatest of the devils. See their accusation of our Lord, St. Matt. xii. 24–27; where it appears that with them Beelzebub and "Satan" were synonymous names. Milton makes them two different fallen angels.

[3] Satan is a Hebrew word, signifying "enemy." *The* enemy both of God and man.

And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder; and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign; and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heav'n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me: to bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power.
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.
O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd Powers,
That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy;
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqueror, whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours,
Has left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep:
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend replied.
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight;

As being the contrary to his high will,
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n received us falling, and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbor there,
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair.
Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge

As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,[1]
Briareus, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream;
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays[2]
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
On man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd

[1] The Titans were monstrous giants, said to have made war against the gods. Briareus had a hundred hands. Typhon was the same as Typhœus, who was imprisoned by Jupiter in a cave near Tarsus, in Cilicia.

[2] The whale is evidently here intended.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature.

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With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus,[1] or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom, all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unbless'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood,
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
Is this the region, this the soil, the clime
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? be it so, since he,
Who now is Sov'reign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors; hail
Infernal world; and thou profoundest hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.[2]
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:

[1] Capo di Faro, in Sicily.

[2] "There 's nothing either good or bad, but Thinking makes it so."— SHAKESPEARE.

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell?
So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Grov'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.[1]
He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist[2] views
At ev'ning, from the top of Fesole
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,

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[1] Height.

[2] Galileo. Milton became acquainted with the great astronomer when travelling in Italy Optic-glass was the name given then and some time after to the telescope.

Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood and call'd
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa,[1] where th' Etrurian shades
High overarch'd embower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd[2]
Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris[3] and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror? who now beholds

[1] In Tuscany.

[2] Orion is the constellation representing an armed warrior. "It was supposed to be attended with stormy weather. 'Assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion.' VIR. *Æn.* I. 539."—NEWTON.

[3] The Pharaoh of Exodus xiv.

Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.
They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's Son, in Ægypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:[1]
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, th' uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude like which the populous north[2]
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass

---

[1] Exodus x. 15.

[2] The "populous north," as the northern parts of the world are observed to be more fruitful of people than the hotter countries. Sir William Temple calls it "the northern hive." "Poured never;" a very proper word to express the inundations of these northern nations. "From her frozen loins;" it is the Scripture expression of children and descendants "coming out of the loins," as Gen. xxxv. 11, "Kings shall come out of thy loins;" and these are called *frozen loins* only on account of the coldness of the climate.—NEWTON.

They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung.

Page 12.

Rhene or the Danaw,[1] when her barbarous sons[2]
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great Commander; God-like shapes and forms
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
And powers, that erst in heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and razed
By their rebellion from the books of life.[3]
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mánkind they corrupted to forsake
God their creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:[4]
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,

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1 "To pass Rhene or the Danaw." He might have said, consistently with his verse, the Rhine or Danube, but he chose the more uncommon names, Rhene, of the Latin, and Danaw, of the German, both which words are used too, in Spenser.—NEWTON.

2 "When her barbarous sons," &c. They were truly barbarous; for besides exercising several cruelties, they destroyed all the monuments of learning and politeness wherever they came. "Came like a deluge." Spenser, describing the same people, has the same simile, "Faërie Queen, B. II. cant. 1st. 15:—

"And overflowed all countries far away,
Like Noye's great flood, with their importune sway."

They were the Goths and Huns, and Vandals, who overran all the southern provinces of Europe, and, crossing the Mediterranean beneath Gibraltar, landed in Africa, and spread themselves as far as Libya. *Beneath* Gibraltar means more southward.—NEWTON.

3 Psalm ix. 5, 6. Rev. iii. 5.

4 Levit. xvii. 7. Psalm cvi. 37.

Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch
At their great Emp'ror's call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?
The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations;[1] and with cursèd things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid King,[2] besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that past through fire[3]
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her wat'ry plain,
In Argob, and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill,[4] and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd,[5] the type of hell.[6]

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[1] Ezek. viii. 15, 16.

[2] The word *Moloch* means *King*. He is styled *horrid* on account of the awful human sacrifices offered to him.

[3] Moloch was represented by an idol of brass sitting on a throne, crowned. Before him was a furnace. His extended arms sloped down to it. Infants placed in his arms fell into the furnace and were consumed.

[4] 1 Kings xi. 7.

[5] It was called *Tophet* from *toph*, a drum, the noise of drums being employed to drown the cries of the poor babes offered to the idol.

[6] So used by our Lord.

Next Chemos,[1] th' óbscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Heronaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleale, to the Asphaltic pool:
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah[2] drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who, from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Ægypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth,[3] those male,
These feminine: for spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Nor tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop

---

[1] 1 Kings xi. 7. [2] 2 Kings xxiii.

[3] Frequently named together in Scripture. They were the sun, Baal; the moon, Astaroth; and the stars; *im* being the plural termination of the name Baal.

Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king,[1] whose heart though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz[2] came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw,[3] when by the vision led
His eyes survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel[4] edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:
Dagon his name;[5] sea monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high

---

[1] Solomon; who built a temple to Astoreth, the moon, on the Mount of Olives.

[2] Adonis. See Maundrell's "Travels," p. 34. "We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river (the Adonis; called by the Turks, Ibrahim Bassa), viz., that this stream, at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody color; which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis. Something like this, we saw, actually came to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness, and, as we observed in travelling had discolored the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned, doubtless, by a sort of minium, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from Adonis' blood."

[3] Ezek. viii. 12.

[4] Threshold, *groundsel.*

[5] 1 Sam. v. 4.

Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon,[1] whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of GOD was bold
A leper once he lost,[2] and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
GOD's altar to disparage,[3] and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious off'rings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus,[4] and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Ægypt and her priests, to seek
Their wand'ring Gods disguised in brutish forms,[5]
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
The calf in Oreb;[6] and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Lik'ning his Maker to the grazèd ox,[7]
Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
From Ægypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial[8] came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd

---

1 A Syrian god. 2 Naaman. See 2 Kings v. 17. 3 2 Kings xvi. 10. 2 Chron. xxviii. 23.
4 Orus was the son of Osiris (the sun) and Isis (the moon.)
5 The sacred calf, the ram, &c. 6 Exod. xxxii. 7 1 Kings xii. 28.
8 The god of lewdness and luxury.

With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury, and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd
Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue,[1] held
Gods, yet confess'd later than heav'n and earth,
Their boasted parents. Titan, heav'n's first-born,[2]
With his enormous brood and birthright seized
By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known:[3] thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff[4]
Or in Dodona,[5] and through all the bounds
Of Doric land;[6] or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields,[7]
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.[8]

---

[1] Javan, the fourth son of Japhet, was supposed to have settled Ionia, in the south-west part of Asia Minor. The gods of the Greek mythology are here meant.

[2] Titan, supposed to be the son of Heaven and Earth, was the father of the giants. Saturn, his younger brother, seized his empire, and was, in his turn, deposed by his son Jupiter.

[3] Jupiter was said to have been born on Mount Ida, in the island of Crete (now Candia). He and the other Greek gods then passed to Greece, and Jupiter reigned on Mount Olympus, in Thessaly.

[4] Mount Parnassus, where the city of Delphi, famous for its Oracle, was situated.

[5] A city and wood sacred to Jupiter, famous also for its Oracle.

[6] "Doric land," Greece. [7] Italy.

[8] France, the abode of the Celts. "Utmost isles," Great Britain, &c., &c.: *Ultima Thule.*

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently raised
Their fainted courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honor claim'd
Azazel [1] as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colors waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood [2]
Of flutes and soft recorders;[3] such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old

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[1] This name is used for some demon or devil by several ancient authors, Jewish and Christian.—NEWTON.

[2] A solemn style of music, exciting to cool and deliberate courage.—NEWTON. The ancients had three different styles of music: the Lydian, soft and languishing; the Phrygian, gay and animated; the Dorian, solemn and majestic.

[3] A species of flute or flageolet.

Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm, and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armèd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole batallion views; their order due,
Their visages and stature as of Gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories; for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry[1]
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra[2] with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes[3] and Ilium,[4] on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,[5]
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;

[1] The Pigmies. See "Basilides Athenæi," IX. 43.

[2] Phlegra, a city of Macedonia, where the Titans, or giants, dwelt who made war against the gods.

[3] Thebes, a city of Bœotia, famous for the war between the sons of Œdipus, Eteocles and Polynices. The subject of Statius's "Thebaïd."

[4] Troy, the siege of which is the subject of Homer's "Iliad." The gods took different sides in this war.

[5] Arthur. Armoric knights were knights of Armorica, or Brittany.

And all who since, baptized or infidel
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,[1]
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Arch angel ruin'd, and th excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs:[2] darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced[3]
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire

[1] Romantic names of places mentioned in Ariosto's poem, "Orlando Furioso," and in the old romances.

[2] Alluding to the superstition that an eclipse or comet foretold the disturbance of nations.

[3] Deprived of by forfeiture. See Quarles's "Divine Poems," p. 18.

Hath scath'd the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.
O myriads of immortal spirits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heav'n,[1] shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heav'n,
If counsels different or danger shunn'd
By me have lost our hopes: but he, who reigns
Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,

[1] Rev. xii. 4.

What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;
For who can think submission? war then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved.

He spake: and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell: highly they raged
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
A numerous brigade hasten'd; as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon[1] led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n; for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts

[1] The word Mammon is Syriac for riches (Matt. vi. 24); personified also by Spenser.

Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame
And strength and art are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross.
A third as soon had formed within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures graven;

The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo[1] such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat
Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth, and straight the doors
Op'ning their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the archèd roof,
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heav'n by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptered angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber;[2] and how he fell
From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle; thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heav'n high towers; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent

[1] Cairo, in Egypt.

[2] Vulcan. See Homer, "Iliad," 1–590.

With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Meanwhile the wingèd heralds by command
Of sov'reign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandæmonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squarèd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall,
Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or career with lance,
Thick swarm'd both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state affairs: So thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! they, but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or Fairy Elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress,[1] and nearer to the earth

[1] Spectatress.—HOR. *Ep.* V. 49.

Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honored and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven: with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus[1] and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,[2]
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd.
  Powers and dominions, Deities of heav'n,[3]
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not heav'n for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,

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[1] In the Persian Gulf.

[2] It was the Eastern custom for the princes of the blood royal and the emirs to sprinkle gold dust and seed pearl on the head of the monarch at his coronation. See "Vie de Tamerlane" (translated by M. Petit de la Croix), B. II. c. 1.

[3] Colos. i. 16.

And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right and the fix'd laws of heav'n
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.
He ceased; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake:
My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those

Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heav'n's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire

Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus
We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being.
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:[1]
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd
For dignity composed and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropp'd Manna, and could make the worse apppear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.
I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast

[1] Upheld by fate.—NEWTON.

Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the towers of heav'n are filled
With armèd watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more: sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves

To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war;—We are decreed.
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?—Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires[1]
Awaked should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all
Her stores were open'd and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
War therefore open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heav'n's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might,

[1] Isaiah xxx. 33.

Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, th' race of heav'n
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far removed
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd: whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or enured not feel;
Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:
Besides what hope the never ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.
Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb
Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to disenthrone the King of heav'n
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's Lord supreme
We overpower? suppose He should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place so e'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling Sire

Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne;[1] from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we His light
Imitate when we please? this desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heav'n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'er watch'd, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to heav'n.

[1] Psalm xviii. 11–13; xcvii. 2.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean[1] shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.
  Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of heav'n,
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire. Doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule,[2]
Us here, as with his golden those in heav'n.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be giv'n

1 Atlas was fabled to have held the heavens on his shoulders.

2 Psalm ii. 9.

To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n
Err not,) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favor'd more
Of Him who rules above; so was His will
Pronounced among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtilty. Though heav'n be shut,
And heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven
The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God

May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.—Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? but their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighboring arms
And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter heav'n: or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heav'n's fair light,
Secure, and at the brigt'ning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet

The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive[1]
The happy isle?[2] what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others' count'nance read his own dismay
Astonish'd; none among the choice and prime
Of those heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake.
O Progeny of heav'n, empyreal Thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.

[1] An old English idiom.—See Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* Part iii. Act v.
[2] The earth surrounded by air.

These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential[1] night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honor'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of heav'n though fall'n! intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None shall partake with me. Thus saying
Rose the monarch and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they fear'd;
And so refused might in opinion stand

[1] Void of being.

His rivals, winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in heav'n:
Nor failed they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own; for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heav'n's cheerful face, the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace; and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:[1]
As if, which might induce us to accord,
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

[1] An allusion to the age of civil strife and controversies in which Milton's lot was cast.

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers;
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone the antagonist of heav'n, nor less
Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme
And God like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed
With bright emblazonry and horrent[1] arms
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,[2]
By heralds' voice explain'd: the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deaf'ning shout returned them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd Powers
Disband, and wand'ring each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part, on the plain or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games, or Pythian fields:
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Waged in the troubled sky,[3] and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms

[1] Bristling. [2] Gold or silver trumpets. Herald's alchemy would be "or and argent."
[3] These appearances in the clouds have been frequently recorded. On the Mont d'Or, the night before the battle in which Philip von Arteveldt was killed, an armed host was seen contending in the sky.

From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind:[1] hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides[2] from Œchalia crown'd
With conquest felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that fate
Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony,
What could it less when spirits immortal sing?
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet,
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite

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[1] Alluding to the war of the Titans.

[2] Hercules, named Alcides after his grandfather, Alceus. On his return from the conquest of Œchalia, a city of Bœotia, he received from his wife the envenomed robe of the Centaur. It clung to him and could only be removed with the flesh. In his agony the demigod tore up pines by the roots, and threw Lichas, the messenger who had brought him the robe, from the top of Mount Œta into the Eubean Sea.

Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps,
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorrèd Styx,[1] the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail; which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice;
A gulf profound as that Serbonian[2] bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore,[3] and cold performs th' effect of fire,
Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,

[1] The names and qualities of these rivers are all taken from the Greek mythology.

[2] Serbonis was a huge bog in Egypt, sometimes so covered with sand as to be indistinguishable from the land. It was 200 furlongs long, and 1,000 round. Damietta was a city on one of the eastern mouths of the Nile.

[3] Frostily. See Ecclus. xlii. 20, 21.

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink:
But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
Medusa,[1] with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands,
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras[2] dire.
Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell

[1] Medusa was a Gorgon of horrid beauty, who had the power of turning those who gazed on her into stone. Forgetfulness could never be permitted to the lost spirits.
[2] Monsters of the heathen mythology.

Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore,[1] whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Æthiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof;
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;[2]
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean[3] mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peel: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:[4]

[1] Two of the Molucca islands.

[2] Here begins the famous allegory of Milton, which is a sort of paraphrase of St. James i. 15: "Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

[3] Like those of Cerberus, the dog with three heads, supposed to keep the gate of hell.

[4] Trinacria was the ancient name for Sicily. Scylla Charybdis were the whirlpools between it and Italy.

Nor uglier follow the Night-hag, when call'd
In secret riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the laboring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired;
Admired, not fear'd; GOD and his SON except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assured without leave ask'd of thee.
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heav'n.

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied,
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons
Conjured[1] against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from GOD, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?

[1] Conspired.

And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform: on the other side
Incensed with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus[1] huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian;[2] then stand front to front
Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;
For never but once more[3] was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

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[1] Serpentarius, a northern constellation. Its length would be about forty degrees. Comets were supposed to threaten "pestilence and war."

[2] The Caspian is a remarkably tempestuous sea.

[3] Jesus Christ is here intimated, who was to destroy death, and him that has the power of death (Heb. ii. 14).

O father, what intends thy hand, she cried,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
For Him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee ordained His drudge, to execute
Whate'er His wrath, which He calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd:
So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double form'd, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.
To whom thus the portress of hell gate replied.
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
In heav'n? when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combined
In bold conspiracy against heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprized thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung:[1] amazement seized
All the host of heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid

[1] The allegory here follows the Greek fable of the birth of Minerva—*Wisdom*—said to have sprung from the head of Jupiter; as *Sin* is here figured to have sprung from the head of Satan.

At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me: but familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burthen. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in heaven; wherein remain'd,
(For what could else?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the empyrean: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy:[1] I fled, and cried out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursued, though more, it seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage, and swifter far
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
And, in embraces forcible and foul,

[1] St. James i. 15.

Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounced.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of spirits that, in our just pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense

To search with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created, vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of heaven, and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
Lest heav'n surcharged with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now designed, I haste
To know, and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odors; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heav'n's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office, here confined,
Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly-born,
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey

But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers
Could once have moved; then in the keyhole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature,[1] hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,

[1] All the ancients believed that Night (or darkness) existed from the beginning, and that Chaos (or confusion) was the origin of all things.

Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's[1] torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more imbroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous, to compare
Great things with small, than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of heav'n were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league
As in a clouded chair ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares

[1] A city and province of Libya.

Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quenched in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh foundered on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon[1] through the wilderness
With wingèd course o'er hill or moory dale
Pursues the Arimaspian,[2] who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep: with him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades,[3] and the dreaded name

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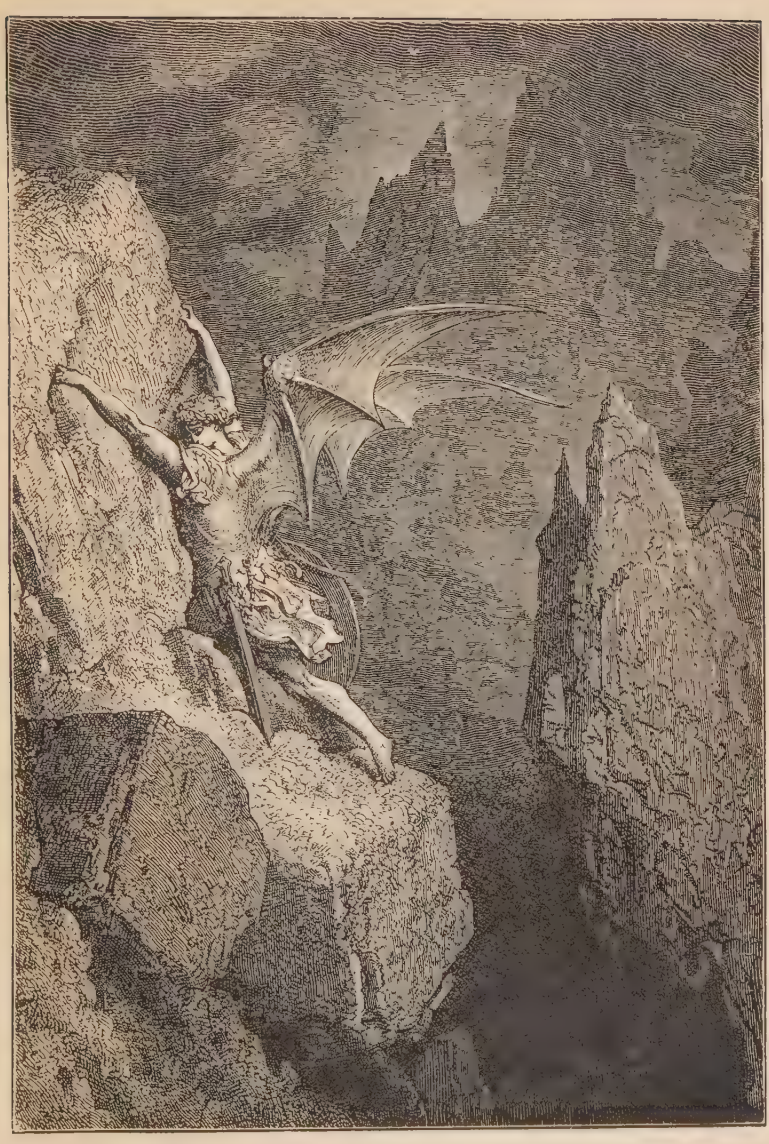
[1] Gryphon, a fabulous creature; a lion with an eagle's head, said to guard gold mines.

[2] The Arimaspians were a one-eyed people of Scythia, who took gold, when they could get it, from the gryphons who guarded it. See Pliny's "Natural History," lib. vii. c. 2.

[3] Orchus, Pluto; Ades, a personification, any dark place.—RICHARDSON.



With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

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Of Demogorgon ;[1] Rumor next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all imbroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan turning boldly, thus.—Ye Powers,
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm ; but by constraint,
Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heav'n ; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course ;
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway,
Which is my present journey, and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night ;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan ; and him thus the Anarch old,
With falt'ring speech and visage incomposed,
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heav'n's King, though overthrown,
I saw and heard ; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here

[1] A fiend, whose very name the heathen feared to pronounce.

Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night: first hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heaven and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger: go and speed;
Havock, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.
He ceased; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo[1] pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd,
So he with difficulty and labor hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labor he;
But he once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wond'rous length,
From hell continued, reaching th' utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro

[1] The ship in which Jason and his companions sailed to fetch the golden fleece from Colchis, in the Black Sea.

To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heav'n
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendant world,[1] in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accursed, and in a cursèd hour, he hies.

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[1] See *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man; the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and, hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb; but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since GOD is light,[1]
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell?[2] before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of GOD, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

[1] 1 St. John i. 5. 1 Tim. vi. 16.

[2] Job xxxviii. 19.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes, than to th' Orphean lyre,[1]
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene[2] hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris[3] and blind Mæonides,[4]
And Tiresias[5] and Phineus[6] prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note: thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

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1 Orpheus wrote a hymn to Night, addressing her as "Mother of gods and men."
2 Milton's blindness was caused by *gutta serena*.
3 A Thracian who invented the Doric measure.—NEWTON. 4 Homer.
5 A blind Theban prophet.—NEWTON. 6 King of Arcadia.—NEWTON.

Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou celestial Light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High throned above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view.
About him all the sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son: on earth He first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
In blissful solitude: He then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him GOD beholding from His prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, He beholds,
Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our adversary, whom no bounds
Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, not yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold, so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created world,
And man there placed, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of me
All he could have: I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd:
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only, what they needs must do, appear'd,
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice,)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had served necessity,
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate;
As if predestination over-ruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree

Or high foreknowledge: they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all,
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree,
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-depraved: man falls deceived
By the other first: man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel;
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.
Thus while GOD spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the blessèd spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.
Beyond compare the Son of GOD was seen
Most glorious, in him all his father shone
Substantially express'd,[1] and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace;
Which uttering thus he to his father spake.
O Father, gracious was that word which closed
Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace;
For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.

[1] Heb. i. 3.—HUME.

For should man finally be lost, should man
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence.
To whom the great Creator thus replied.
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsafed: once more I will renew
His lapsèd powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires:
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd

Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incensèd Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark.
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts[1]
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due.
Though but endeavor'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well used they shall attain,
And to the end persisting safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; man disobeying
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of heav'n,
Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote.
He with his whole posterity must die;
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of you will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?[2]
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd, but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,
And silence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,

[1] Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

[2] 1 Peter iii. 18.

Much lest that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of GOD,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is pass'd, man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy wing'd messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
Happy for man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold me then, me for him, life for life,
I offer, on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever, by thee I live,[1]
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell:[2]
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.

[1] John v. 26.

[2] Psalm xvi. 10.

I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive[1] maugre hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave:[2]
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter heaven long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconcilement: wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seized
All heav'n, what this might mean and whither tend
Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:
O thou in heav'n and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor man the least,
Though last created, that for him I spar
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,

[1] Psalm lxviii. 18. Col. ii. 15.

[2] 1 Cor. xv. 26.

As from a second root, shall be restored,[1]
As many as are restored, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die;
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem;
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
Man's nature lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss
Equal to GOD, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of GOD,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both GOD and Man, SON both of GOD and Man,
Anointed universal king; all power
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee as head supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide[2]

[1] 1 Cor. xv. 22.

[2] Phil. ii. 10

In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell;
When thou attended gloriously from heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heav'n and earth,[1] wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth:
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,[2]
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
GOD shall be all in all.[3] But all ye Gods
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels with a shout,
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast[4]
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold
Immortal amarant,[5] a flow'r which once

[1] 2 Peter iii. 12, 13. [2] Heb. i. 6. [3] 1 Cor. xv. 24. [4] Rev. iv. 10.
[5] A flower of a purple velvet color. It was supposed not to die when gathered, but recovered its lustre when sprinkled with water. The name is Greek for "unfading."—HUME.

In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence
To heav'n removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of heav'n
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off; the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then crown'd again their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n.
Thee Father first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; Thee author of all being,
Fountain of light, Thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where Thou sitt'st
Throned inaccessible, but when Thou shad'st
The full blaze of Thy beams, and through a cloud
Draw round about Thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright Thy skirts appear;
Yet dazzle heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on Thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of His glory abides;
Transfused on Thee his ample Spirit rests.

He heav'n of heavens and all the powers therein
By Thee created, and by Thee threw down
Th' aspiring Dominations. Thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit Thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of Thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes;
Not so on man; him thro' their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy and grace, Thou didst not doom
So strictly; but much more to pity incline.
No sooner did Thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
He to appease Thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in Thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein He sat
Second to Thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of men, Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.
Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, inclosed
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
Starless exposed, and ever-threat'ning storms

Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of heav'n
Though distant far some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaus[1] bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies towards the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana,[2] where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light:
So on this windy sea of land the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other creature in this place[3]
Living or lifeless to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aërial vapors flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

[1] A mountain in Asia. Its name signifies snowy. It is the eastern boundary of Western Tartary.

[2] Serica lies between China on the east and Imaus on the west.—NEWTON. [3] Limbo.

Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;[1]
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind:
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born[2]
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A God leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles,[3] and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus,[4] and many more too long,
Embryoes and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey,[5] with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heav'n;
And they who to be sure of paradise
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised;[6]
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd,[7] and that first moved:
And now St. Peter at heav'n's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot

[1] Ariosto, in the "Orlando Furioso."

[2] The sons of God "ill-joined" with the daughters of "men." See Gen. vi. 4. Subject of Moore's "Loves of the Angels," and Byron's "Heaven and Earth."

[3] A Pythagorean philosopher. His attempt at disappearing in an extraordinary manner from the earth was defeated by the volcano throwing back his iron pattens.

[4] An Epirot.

[5] Carmelites, Dominicans, and Franciscans.

[6] In the dark ages, a ridiculous superstition prevailed that a dying sinner who put on the habit of a religious order was sure of salvation. It was frequently done.

[7] Milton speaks here according to Ptolemy's astronomy.—*From* NEWTON.

Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air: then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the back side of the world far off,
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
His travelled steps; far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heav'n a structure high,
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Imbellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw [1]
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, *This is the gate of heav'n.*
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to heav'n sometimes
Viewless, and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon

[1] Gen. xxviii. 12, 13.

Who after came from earth sailing arrived
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake,
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of paradise,
A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promised Land to GOD so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore:
So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence now on the lower stair,
That scaled by steps of gold to heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First-seen, or some renown'd metropolis,
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,
The spirit malign; but much more envy seized
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood

So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade, from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star[1] that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds,
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens[2] famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to enquire: above them all
The golden sun in splendor likest heaven
Allured his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament; but up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude, where the great luminary,
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
So wond'rously was set his station bright.

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[1] Aries, *i.e.*, from one half of the ecliptic to the other, from east to west. The constellation Andromeda is immediately above or over Aries.—NEWTON.

[2] The Cape Verde Islands; the "Fortunate Islands."

There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomers in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate,[1] and a stone[2] besides
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes,[3] and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbeck to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Portable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic sun so far from us remote
Produces with terrestrial humor mix'd
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of color glorious and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazzled, far and wide his eye commands,
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sun-shine; as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' Equator, as they now

[1] Exod. xxviii. 15–21.

[2] The philosopher's stone, supposed to have the power (if found) of turning the baser metals into gold.

[3] Quicksilver, called Hermes by the alchemists. The names of heathen gods were applied to the materials of the alchemist's laboratory. Proteus was a sea-god capable of transforming himself into various shapes.

Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the air,
Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun :[1]
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid ;
Of beaming sunny rays, a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round ; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To paradise the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay :
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd ;
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume sprinkled with gold ;
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the angel bright,
E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
Th' arch-angel Uriel,[2] one of the sev'n
Who in GOD'S presence nearest to his throne

[1] Rev. xix. 17.

[2] Uriel is derived from two Hebrew words, signifying *God is my light*.—NEWTON. See mention made of him in Apocrypha, 2 Esdras, 4, 5.

Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.
Uriel, for thou of those sev'n spirits that stand
In sight of GOD'S high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honor to obtain, and as His eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favor, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixèd seat, or fixèd seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and, with secret gaze
Or open admiration, him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways.
So spake the false dissembler unperceived;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to GOD alone,
By His permissive will through heav'n and earth:

And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems; which now for once beguiled
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heav'n:
Who to the fraudulent imposter foul
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.
Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of GOD, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report hear only in heav'n:
For wonderful indeed are all His works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight:
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw, when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire,
And this ethereal quintessence of heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course,
The rest in circuit walls this universe.

Look downward on that globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected shines;
That place is earth the seat of man, that light
His day, which else as th' other hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighboring moon,
So call that opposite fair star, her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower:
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.
Thus said, he turn'd, and Satan bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honor due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top[1] he lights.

[1] A mountain bordering on Mesopotamia, near which the earthly paradise is supposed to have been placed.—*From* HUME.

Towards the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aëry wheel.

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BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against GOD and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of life, as the highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall: overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to paradise, discovered afterwards by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of nightwatch to walk the round of paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance; but hindered by a sign from heaven flies out of paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he,[1] who saw
Th' Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon,[2] put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
"Woe to the inhabitants on earth!" that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,
Happily so 'scaped his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss

[1] St. John. Rev. xii. 10. "And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, . . . " and at verse 12, "Woe to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you. . . . ." [2] Devil.

Of that first battle, and his flight to hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which, nigh the birth
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him, for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be,
Worse; of worse deeds worse suffering must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards heav'n and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,[1]
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads, to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore! He deserved no such return
From me, whom He created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with His good

[1] Milton originally designed to write a tragedy on the Fall, and this grand speech was intended to begin it. This is asserted by Porson on the authority of Milton's nephew, Edward Philips.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?

Upbraided none; nor was His service hard.
What could be less than to afford Him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay Him thanks,
How due! yet all His good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I sdein'd[1] subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from Him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing, owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspired, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then His love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe:
Nay cursed be thou since against His thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.

[1] Disdained.

O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but my submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan;
While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanced
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting He, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long and this new world shall know.
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face

Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair,
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
His counterfeit, if any eye beheld:
For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
Yet not enough had practised to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigured, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanor, then alone,
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and over head up grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighboring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colors mixt:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,

Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odors from the spicy shore [1]
Of Araby the blest, with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course and many a league
Cheer'd with the greatful smell old Ocean smiles:
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleased
Than Asmodeus [2] with the fishy fume,
That drove him, though enamor'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.
Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill

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[1] The perfumes from the shores of India and its islands can be perceived far out at sea, when the wind blows off the land—

"The spicy breezes
Blow soft from Ceylon's isle,"

says Bishop Heber in his fine Missionary Hymn; and every one who has lived in the East will remember how oppressive *on shore* the scent-ladened air, heavy with perfume, is. How constantly it recalls to one's mind Byron's exquisite lines in the "Bride of Abydos"—

"The light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;"

but coming on the briny sea breezes this fragrance is delightful to the mariner. It is in spring, when the wind blows off the shore, that the air thus becomes the harbinger of a near haven. Milton is said to have taken his description from *Diodorus Siculus*, B. III. 40.—*Notes on* GRAY.

[2] An evil spirit, who, loving Sarah, the daughter of Raguel, would not suffer any of the young men who espoused her to live. He was exorcised by the fumes arising from the heart and liver of a fish, which Tobit, by the instruction of an angel, burnt on the evening of his wedding. See Apocrypha, Tobit, viii.

Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwined
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling brushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that past that way.
One gate there only was, and that looked east
On th' other side: which when th' arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leads o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into GOD'S fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest[1] there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life giving plant, but only used
For prospect, what well used had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but GOD alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human sense exposed

[1] Gen. ii. 9.

In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heav'n on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of GOD the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran[1] eastward to the royal tow'rs
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar.[2] In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit,
Of vegetable gold, and next to life
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And now divided into four main streams
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades

[1] Haran.—*From* Newton.

[2] Isaiah xxxvii. 12. A province of the children of Eden, placed by Ptolemy in Babylonia.—*From* NEWTON.

Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringèd bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,[1]
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flow'rs,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis[2]

[1] Pan was a symbol of Nature. The Graces symbolized Spring, Summer, and Autumn. The Hours, the time requisite for the production and perfection of things.—RICHARDSON.

[2] Pluto. All the loveliest dreams of mythology, and the places remarkable for natural beauty—the Plains of Enna, in Sicily; the laurel-grove of Daphne, by the River Orontes; the Castalian Spring, haunted by the Muses; the Greek Isle, where Bacchus was nursed; the

Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes and the inspired
Castalian spring might with this paradise
Of Eden strive: nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son
Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara,[1] though this by some supposed
True paradise, under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad,
In native majesty, seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal, seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.[2]
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks

Happy Valley where the Princes of Abyssinia were nursed—are here named to exalt the wondrous beauty of the earthly Paradise by comparison.

[1] High hills in Ethiopia, under the equator; within their circuit lay the guarded valley where the royal children of Abyssinia dwelt.—MASSEY. Our readers will be reminded of *Rasselas*.

[2] 1 Cor. xi. 7–9.

The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream.

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Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty shame; dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade, that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labor than sufficed
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs.
The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose nor endearing smiles

Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gamboll'd before them; th' unwieldly elephant
To make them mirth used all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Couch'd and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating: for the sun
Declined was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles and in th' ascending scale
Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold,
Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd!
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:
Happy, but for so happy ill secured
Long to continue; and this high seat your heav'n
Ill fenced for heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd: yet no purposed foe

To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so straight, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept, your Maker's work; He gave it me.
Which I as freely give: hell shall unfold[1]
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings: there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for Him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honor and empire with revenge enlarged,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.
So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those fourfooted kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespied
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare,
Then as a tiger, who by chance had spied
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft,
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both

[1] Isaiah xiv. 9.

Griped in each paw: when Adam first of men,
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.
Sole partner and sole part of all those joys,
Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of His good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That raised us from the dust and placed us here
In all this happiness, who at His hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof He hath need, He who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life;
So near grows death to life; whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers;
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve replied. O thou, for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right:

For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as th' expanse of heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon return'd,
Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantain; yet, methought, less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

Than that smooth wat'ry image; back I turn'd,
Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve,
Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother, and, with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreproved
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he, in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers, and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it seems;
One fatal tree there stands of Knowledge call'd
Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden?

Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring spirit of heav'n, by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heav'n
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of paradise
Levell'd his ev'ning rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel[1] sat,

[1] The angel sent to Daniel (Dan. ix. 21), and to the Virgin Mary and to Zacharias (see Luke i. 19 and 26).

Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercised heroic games
Th' unarmèd youth of heav'n; but nigh at hand
Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fired
Impress the air, and show the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in:
This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man
God's latest image: I descried his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait:
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from heav'n, with passions foul obscured:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him; one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the wingèd warrior thus return'd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come
Well known from heav'n; and since meridian hour
No creature thence. If spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.

But if within the circuit of these walks
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.
So promised he, and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now raised
Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had hither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volubil earth,
By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there,
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve: Fair consort, the hour
Of night and all things now retired to rest
Mind us of like repose, since GOD hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest:
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,

And of their doings GOD takes no account.
To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest.
To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey, so GOD ordains;
GOD is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change, all please alike:
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ning with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
To whom our general ancestor replied.
Daughter of GOD and man, accomplish'd Eve,
Those have their course to finish, round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none
That heav'n would want spectators, GOD want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower; it was a place
Chosen by the sov'reign planter, when he framed
All things to man's delightful use: the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,

Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall, each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept; nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espousèd Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly choirs the Hymenæn sung,
What day the genial angel to our sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora,[1] whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes she ensnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n

[1] Pandora was a most beautiful woman on whom the gods bestowed all their gifts. Jupiter, enraged with Prometheus, the son of Japhet, for having stolen fire from heaven, sent Pandora, with a box of supposed treasures, to him, to punish him; but he refused to receive her. Hermes (or Mercury) then led her to Prometheus's "unwiser" brother Epimetheus, who received her, and was persuaded by her to open the box she brought as her dowry. It contained all the ills which have since afflicted humanity, but *Hope* remained at the bottom. It is very probable that this fable originated in the true story of Eve's disobedience, and her enticing Adam to share her sin.

Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole. Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.
This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which GOD likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and, eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse; nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what GOD declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to GOD and man?
Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities[1]

[1] Affections.

Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair, and O! yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.
Now had night measured with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour stood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade,
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.
Uzziel,[1] half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon,[2] with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;

[1] This angels name signifies the strength of God.

[2] The name of Ithuriel signifies the discovery of God; of Zephon, a secret, or searcher of secrets.—*From* HUME.

But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arrived,
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent, who could have thought? escaped
The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they found,
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms, and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surprized. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffused inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back stepp'd those two fair angels, half amazed
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon.
Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to hell
Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and transformed,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,

Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then, said Satan fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar;
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same
Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known
As when thou stood'st in heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee, and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.
So spake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pined
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.
The fiend replied not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud steed rein'd went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh

The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanor seems the prince of hell,
Nor likely to part hence without contest:
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgression, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place,
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling GOD hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee: but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though hither doom'd? thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou migh'st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought:
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object
His will who bound us? Let Him surer bar

His iron gates, if He intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true; they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,
Disdainfully, half smiling, thus replied.
O loss of one in heav'n to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed:
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? courageous chief,
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.
To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern.
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain
Insulting angel, well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all

Through ways of danger by himself untried.
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practised distances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warrior angel soon replied.
To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head:
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to th' acknowledged Power supreme?
And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely adored
Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now; Avaunt;
Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so,[1] as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd.

[1] Rev. xx. 3.

So threaten'd he: but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied.
Then, when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub; but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm; though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings,[1] and thou with thy compeers,
Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heav'n star-paved.
While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn' fiery red, sharp'ning in moonèd horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales,[2] yet seen

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[1] Ezek. i. x. and xi. 22.

[2] The constellation Libra. This image of the Deity weighing the fates of the combatants is found both in Homer—XXII, "Iliad"—and in Virgil, who represents Jupiter as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas.—ADDISON. "In Homer and Virgil the combatants are weighed one against another, but here Satan only is weighed; in one scale the consequence of his retreating, in the other of his fighting. And there is this further improvement, that,

Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanced air
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battles, and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew and kick'd the beam:
Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the fiend.
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine:
Neither our own but given; what folly then
To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire? for proof look up
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd,[1] and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

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as in Homer and Virgil the fates are weighed to satisfy Jupiter himself, it is here done to satisfy only the contending parties—for Satan to read his own destiny!—NEWTON.

[1] Dan. v. 27.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day-labors: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to paradise; his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table; Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him; persuading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd for his sleep
Was aery light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough: so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamor'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field

Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamoured.

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Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.
Such whisp'ring waked her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.
O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face and morn returned; for I this night,
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day pass'd, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night: methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heav'n
By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd

Ambrosia; on that tree he also gazed;
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharged,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor man; is knowledge so despised?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?
This said he paused not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold.
But he thus overjoy'd: O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropp'd,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of men:
And why not Gods of men since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honor'd more
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confined,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to heav'n, by merit thine, and see
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth, of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savory smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation, suddenly
My guide was gone, and I methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep: but O how glad I waked

To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.
Best image of myself and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear:
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbor none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties that serve
Reason as chief: among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
Which Reason joining, or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad:
Evil into the mind of GOD or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
And let us to our fresh employments rise,
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flow'rs,
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair:
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
And pious awe that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of dayspring and the sun, who, scarce uprisen
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness: and they thus began.
These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol

Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song,[1] resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise:
Join voices, all ye living souls, ye birds,
That singing up to heaven gate ascend,

[1] Alluding to the Pythagorean idea of the music of the spheres.

Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;[1]
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm,
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dews and flowers, where any row
Of fruit-trees over woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd[2] boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she spoused about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity heav'n's high King, and to Him called
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secured
His marriage with the seventimes-wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on earth
Satan, from hell scap'd through the darksome gulf,
Hath raised in paradise, and how disturb'd
This night the human pair, how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind:
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired,
To respite his day-labor with repast,

[1] See Psalm cxlviii.

[2] Unrestrained.

Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not too secure; tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy
Late fall'n himself from heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence? no; for that shall be withstood,
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.
So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the wingèd saint
After his charge received; but from among
Thousand celestial ardors, where he stood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
Flew through the midst of heav'n; th' angelic choirs,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all the empyreal road; till at the gate
Of heav'n arrived, the gate itself open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov'reign Architect had framed.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth and the garden of GOD, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills: as when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades[1]
Delos, or Samos, first appearing kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight

[1] Islands of the Archipelago.

He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till within soar
Of tow'ring eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A phœnix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.[1]
At once on th' eastern cliff of paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A seraph wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipp'd in heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son[2] he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honor rise;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he pass'd and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets; for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,

[1] The phœnix was a fabled bird, of which one only was said to exist at a time. It was exquisitely beautiful; and lived many hundred years. At the end of its life it made a pile of aromatic woods, which it kindled, and, fanning the flames with its wings, perished in the blaze. From its ashes sprang another phœnix. The phœnix made his funeral pyre in the sun's temple at Thebes.

[2] "The feathered Mercury."—SHAKESPEARE. Mercury had wings on his feet as well as his shoulders

Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.
Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs;
And Eve within, due at her hour prepared
For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry, or grape, to whom thus Adam call'd.
Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving, seems another morn
Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive
Our heavenly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful; which instructs us not to spare.
To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of GOD inspired, small store will serve, where store
All seasons ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
GOD hath dispensed his bounties as in heav'n.
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent

What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change;
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India east or west, or middle shore
In Pontus, or the Punic coast,[1] or where
Alcinous reign'd,[2] fruit of all kinds, in coat,
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand: for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must,[3] and meaths[4]
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
With rose and odors from the shrub unfumed.
Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet
His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led and grooms besmear'd with gold
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam, though not awed,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior nature, bowing low,
Thus said. Native of heav'n, for other place
None can than heav'n such glorious shape contain,
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us

[1] Carthage.
[2] Phœacia, an island in the Ionian Sea.
[3] Grape juice, unfermented.
[4] Mead.

Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.
Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though spirits of heav'n,
To visit thee: lead on then where thy bower
O'ershades: for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise,
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbor smiled,
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells: but Eve
Undeck'd, save with herself, more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,[1]
Stood to entertain her guest from heav'n; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail
Bestow'd, the holy salutation used
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.
Hail, mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of GOD
Have heap'd this table. Raised of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All autumn piled, though spring and autumn here
Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they hold,
No fear lest dinner cool, when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom

[1] Alluding to the judgment of Paris, when Juno, Minerva, and Venus contended for the apple inscribed, "To the fairest."

All perfect good unmeasured out descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caused
The earth to yield; unsavory food, perhaps,
To spiritual natures: only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all.
To whom the angel. Therefore what He gives,
Whose praise be ever sung, to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created needs
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements
The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea;
Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires
Ethereal; and as lowest first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged
Vapors not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompence
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the ocean. Though in heav'n the trees[1]
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; tho' from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain;[2] yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights,

[1] Psalm lxxviii. 25; cv. 40.
[2] "The bread of Heaven," *i.e.* manna. Rev. xxii. 2. Matt. xxvi. 29.

As may compare with heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the empyric alchymist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossest ore to perfect gold
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence
Deserving paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of GOD excuse to have been
Enamor'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy,
Was understood, the injured lover's hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass,
Given him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far; whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to th' empyreal minister he framed.
Inhabitant with GOD, now know I well
Thy favor, in this honor done to man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou could'st not seem
At heav'n's high feast to have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the wingèd Hierarch replied.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not depraved from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life:
But more refined, more spirituous, and pure,
As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, last the bright consummate flow'r
Spirits odorous breathes; flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding, whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive or intuitive; discourse
Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not then, what GOD for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance: time may come, when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare:
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm His love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy

To whom the wingèd Hierarch replied:
O Adam, one Almighty is.

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Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the patriarch of mankind replied.
O favorable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to GOD. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust, and placed us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?
To whom the angel. Son of heav'n and earth
Attend: that thou art happy, owe to GOD;
That thou continu'st such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution given thee; be advised.
GOD made thee perfect, not immutable:
And good He made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
Inextricable or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated, such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand
In sight of GOD enthroned, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will

To love or not; in this we stand or fall.
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from heaven to deepest hell: O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighboring hills
Aereal music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey Him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assured me, and still assure: though what thou tell'st
Hath past in heav'n, some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of heav'n.
Thus Adam made request, and Raphael,
After short pause, assenting thus began.
High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits
Of warring spirits? how without remorse
The ruin of so many, glorious once
And perfect while they stood? how last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good,
This is dispensed, and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best: though what if earth
Be but the shadow of heav'n; and things therein

Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these heav'ns now roll, where earth now rests
Upon her centre poised, when on a day,
For time, though in eternity, applied
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future; on such day
As heav'n's great year[1] brings forth, th' empyreal host[2]
Of angels, by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
Forthwith from all the ends of heav'n appear'd:
Under their hierarchs in orders bright
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees:
Or in their glittering tissues bear imblazed
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.
Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Hear my decree,[3] which unrevoked shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow

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1 Plato's great year was probably in Milton's mind. It was a revolution of all the spheres. "Everything returns to where it set out when their motion first began."—RICHARDSON.

2 Job i. 6. Dan. vii. 10.

3 See Psalm ii. Heb. i. 5.

All knees in heav'n, and shall confess him Lord.
Under his great vice-gerent reign abide
United, as one individual soul,
For ever happy: him who disobeys
Me disobeys, breaks union, and, that day
Cast out from GOD and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.
So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All seemed well pleased; all seem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill,
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular,
Then most, when most irregular they seem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that GOD's own ear
Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd,
For we have also our ev'ning and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need,
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous, all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows,
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold;
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n.
On flow'rs reposed and with fresh flowerets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who shower'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled
From that high mount of GOD, whence light and shade

Spring both, the face of brightest heav'n had changed
To grateful twilight, for night comes not there
In darker veil, and roseate dews disposed
All but the unsleeping eyes of GOD to rest,[1]
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
Such are the courts of GOD, th' angelic throng
Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,[2]
Pavilions numberless and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann'd with cool winds, save those who in their course
Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne
Alternate all night long. But not so waked
Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heav'n; he of the first
If not the first arch-angel, great in power,
In favor and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of GOD, that day
Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear
Thro' pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme,
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close
Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday so late hath past the lips
Of heav'n's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart:

[1] Psalm cxxi. 4: "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." [2] Rev. xxii.

Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? new laws thou see'st imposed;
New laws from Him who reigns new minds may raise
In us who serve, new counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue; more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief:
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north,[1] there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King
The great Messiah, and his new commands;
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.
So spake the false arch-angel, and infused
Bad influence into th' unwary breast
Of his associate; he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent Powers,
Under him regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd heav'n,
The great hierarchial standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity; but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed

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[1] "How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning. . . . For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation *in the sides of the north*."—Isaiah xiv. part of 12 and 13 vs. In Shakespeare, 1st Part of *Henry VI.*, Act V. Sc. 3, Joan of Arc, addressing the fiends, calls them,— ' substitutes

"Unto the lordly *monarch of the north*."

i.e., the devil. This was probably in accordance with popular superstition, which actually gave an ill name to the *north* side of even a churchyard.

His name, and high was his degree in heav'n ;
His count'nance, as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's host.[1]
Meanwhile th' eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth His holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps[2] that burn
Nightly before Him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of morn,[3] what multitudes
Where banded to oppose His high decree ;
And smiling to His only Son thus said.
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire ; such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north ;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battle what our power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear
Light'ning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mighty Father, Thou Thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,[4]
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event

[1] Rev. xii. 3, 4. [2] Rev. iv. 5. [3] Isaiah xiv. 12. [4] Psalm ii. 4.

Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heav'n.
So spake the Son: but Satan with his powers
Far was advanced on wingèd speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dewdrops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones
In their triple degrees, regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd,
At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great Lucifer; so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted, which not long after he,
Affecting all equality with GOD,
In imitation of that mount[1] whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of heav'n;
The mountain of the congregation call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree

[1] Psalm ii. 6.

Another now hath to himself ingross'd
All power, and us eclipsed under the name
Of king anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult how we may best
With what may be devised of honors new
Receive him, coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endured,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of heav'n, possest before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendor less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to th' abuse
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?
  Thus far his bold discourse without control
Had audience, when among the seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus opposed.
  O argument blasphemous, false and proud,
Words which no ear ever to hear in heav'n

Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of GOD, pronounced and sworn,
That to His only Son, by right endued
With regal sceptre, every soul in heav'n
Shall bend the knee,[1] and in that honor due
Confess him rightful king? unjust thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to GOD?[2] shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of heav'n
Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good, and of our dignity
How provident He is; how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
As by His word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee, and all the spirits of heav'n
By him created in their bright degrees,[3]
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory named
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
Essential powers; nor by his reign obscured,
But more illustrious made, since he the head
One of our number thus reduced becomes;
His laws our laws, all honor to him done

[1] Philip. ii. 9, 10, 11. [2] Rom. ix. 20. [3] Colos. i. 15, 16, 17.

Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
Th' incensèd Father, and th' incensèd Son,[1]
While pardon may be found in time besought.
So spake the fervent angel; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judged
Or singular and rash; whereat rejoiced
The Apostate, and more haughty thus replied.
That we were form'd then say'st thou? and the work
Of secondary hands by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who saw
When this creation was? remember'st thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native heav'n, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begird th' Almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carry to th' anointed king;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host; nor less for that
The flaming seraph fearless, though alone
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.
O alienate from GOD, O spirit accurst,
Forsaken of all good, I see thy fall

[1] Psalm ii.

Determined, and thy hapless crew involved
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment. Henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsafed, other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden sceptre which thou didst reject
Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise;
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
Impendent raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not; for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.
So spake the seraph Abdiel faithful found,
Among the faithless faithful only he:
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal,
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm both the force and machines of Satan; yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

ALL night the dreadless angel unpursued
Through heav'n's wide champaign held his way, till morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of GOD, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through heav'n
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night:
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heav'n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the morn
Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal, from before her vanish'd night,
Shot through with orient beams: when all the plain
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceived, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly powers, who him received

With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n yet one
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.
Servant of GOD, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence: for this was all thy care,
To stand approved in sight of GOD, though worlds
Judged thee perverse. The easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael of celestial armies prince,
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armèd Saints
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight;
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault, and to the brow of heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from GOD and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.
So spake the sovereign voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign

Of wrath awaked: nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow:
At which command the powers militant
That stood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, moved on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds,
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
Of GOD and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm: nor obvious hill,
Nor straight'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds in orderly array on wing
Came summon'd over Eden to receive
Their names of thee: so over many a tract
Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last
Far in the horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,[1]
The banded powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day, by fight or by surprize,
To win the mount of GOD, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer; but their thoughts proved fond and vain
In the mid way. Though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that angel should with angel war,

[1] Here is an allusion to the designs and mottoes on shields.

And in fierce hosting[1] meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning th' eternal Father; but the shout
Of battle now began,[2] and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God
Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol[3] of Majesty divine, enclosed
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields:
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold:
Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and reälty[4]
Remain not; wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid.
I mean to try, whose reason I have tried
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he, who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike

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[1] Mustering of *hosts* or armies.

[2] "There was war in heaven, Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels and prevailed not," &c. See Rev. xii. 7, 8, 9.

[3] For Counterfeit—false deity.

[4] Reality.

Victor: though brutish that contest and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.
So pondering, and, from his armèd peers
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incensed, and thus securely him defied.
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The highth of thy aspiring unopposed,
The throne of GOD unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have raised incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or, with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest
All are not of thy train; there be, who faith
Prefer and piety to GOD; though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.
Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st
From flight, seditious angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue
Inspired with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigor divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st

Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between,
Unanswer'd lest thou boast, to let thee know,
At first I thought that liberty and heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied.
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of servitude to serve whom GOD ordains,
Or Nature; GOD and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in hell thy kingdom, let me serve
In heav'n GOD ever bless'd, and His divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd;
Yet chains in hell, not realms expect: meanwhile
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.
So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth

This greeting on thy impious crest receive. Page 146.

Winds under ground or waters, forcing way
Side-long had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat Michael bid sound
The arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of heav'n
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamor, such as heard in heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all heav'n
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not the eternal King omnipotent
From his strong hold of heav'n high overruled
And limited their might; though number'd such,
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host; in strength each armèd hand

A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight: then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting: such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
Surceased; and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch-foe subdued
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflamed, first thus began.
Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnamed in heav'n; now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought

Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now proved false! But think not here
To trouble holy rest; heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines: heav'n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell;
Thou and thy wicked crew: there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from GOD
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
  So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversary. Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious and with threats
To chase me hence? err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory: which we mean to win,
Or turn this heav'n itself into the hell
Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join Him named Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.
  They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth
Of Godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n.

Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to Almighty arm,
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention; but the sword
Of Michael from the armory of GOD
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
All his right side; then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd thro' him, but th' ethereal substance closed,
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,[1]
And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interposed

[1] Homer calls the blood of the gods *ichor*, and describes it as differing from human blood, as Milton does that of Satan the Archangel.

Then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro.

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Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot; where it stood retired
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense, and as they please
They limb themselves, and color, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
Of Moloch furious king, who him defied,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon,
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphael, his vaunting foe
Though huge and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd, Adrameleck[1] and Asmadai,[2]
Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds thro' plate and mail
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy.

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[1] One of the idols of Sepharvaim. 2 Kings xvii. 31.
[2] The same as Asmodeus, the persecutor of Sara in Tobit.

The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel, and Arioc, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancell'd from heav'n and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided and from just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominy; yet to glory aspires
Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.
And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerved,
With many an inroad gored; deformed rout
Enter'd and foul disorder: all the ground
With shiver'd armor strown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
O'erwearied, through the faint Satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprized,
Then first with fear surprized and sense of pain
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise th' inviolable saints
In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd:
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, tho' from their place by violence moved.

Now night her course began, and, over heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
And silence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retired,
Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughten field
Michael and his angels prevalent
Encamping placed in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodged, and void of rest
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger tried, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honor, dominion, glory, and, renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day why not eternal days?)
What heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send
Against us from about His throne, and judged
Sufficient to subdue us to His will
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem Him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endured and pain,
Till now not known, but known, as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierced with wound
Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes:
Or equal what between us made the odds,

In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.
He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
Nisroch,[1] of principalities the prime;
As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havock hewn;
And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake.
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue, for what avails
Valor or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain,
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hand
Of mightiest? sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto with look composed Satan replied.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring:
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious heav'n, adorn'd

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[1] Nisroch was worshipped by the Assyrians. It was in his temple that Sennacherib was slain by his two sons. See 2 Kings xix. 37.

With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems, and gold,
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spirituous and fiery spume, till touch'd
With heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
These in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
Which into hollow engines long and round
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far with thund'ring noise among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labor; yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.
He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived.
Th' invention all admired, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miss'd, so easy it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible: yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspired
With dev'lish machination, might devise
Like instrument, to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew,
None arguing stood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath

Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception: sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art
Concocted and adusted they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.
Part hidden veins digg'd up, nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike, of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night
Secret, they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespied.
Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armèd scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion: back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried.
Arm warriors, arm for fight, the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day. Fear not his flight, so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbèd shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward move embattell'd; when behold
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impaled
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
Awhile; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan; and thus was heard commanding loud.
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see, who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
But that I doubt; however witness heaven,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part: ye who appointed stand
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retired:
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars, laid
On wheels, for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir
With branches lopp'd, in wood or mountain fell'd,
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipp'd with fire; while we suspense
Collected stood within our thoughts amused;
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds

Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke all heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes, which on the victor host
Levell'd with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks; but down they fell
By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd,
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have easily as spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove: but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forced rout:
Nor served it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
And to their foes a laughter: for in view
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder; back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.
O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,

We should compel them to a quick result.
To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood.
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home;
Such as we might perceive amused them all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might
To match with their inventions they presumed
So easy, and of His thunder made a scorn,
And all His host derided, while they stood
Awhile in trouble; but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith, behold the excellence, the power
Which GOD hath in his mighty angels placed!
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills,
For earth hath this variety from heav'n
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale,
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew:
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines triple-row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air

Came shadowing, and opprest whole legions arm'd;
Their armor help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruised
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighboring hills uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose: and now all heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrined in his sanctuary of heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advised:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honor his anointed Son avenged
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' assessor of his throne he thus began.
  Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient; sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,

Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in heav'n and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfused, that all may know
In heav'n and hell thy power above compare,
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be heir
Of all things, to be heir and to be king
By sacred unction,[1] thy deserved right.
Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;[2]
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed king.
He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full, He all his Father full exprest
Ineffably into His face receivèd,
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.
O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st

[1] Psalm xlv. 7. [2] Psalm xlv. 3, 4.

To glorify thy Son,[1] I always thee,
As is most just; this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleased declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfill is all my bliss.
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all,[2] and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:[3]
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,
To their prepared ill mansion driven down
To chains of darkness,[4] and th' undying worm;[5]
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount
Unfainèd hallelujahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat,
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous, as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl,[6] and careering fires between;[7]
Over their heads a crystal firmament,

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[1] John xvii. 4, 5. [2] 1 Cor. xv. 28. [3] John xvii. 21, 23. [4] 2 Peter ii. 4. [5] Mark ix. 44.
[6] A beryl is a precious stone of sea-green color.—NEWTON. [7] See Ezek. i.

Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the show'ry arch.
He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim[1] work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sate eagle-winged, beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored,
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke,[2] and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints[3]
He onward came, far off his coming shone,
And twenty thousand,[4] I their number heard,
Chariots of GOD, half on each hand were seen.
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime.[5]
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned.
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen, them unexpected joy surprised,
When the great ensign of Messiah blazed,
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heav'n:[6]
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
His army, circumfused on either wing,
Under their Head[7] embodied all in one.
Before him power divine his way prepared:
At his command the uprooted hills retired
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obsequious: Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smiled.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair:
In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?

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[1] Exod. xxviii. 2. [2] Psalm xviii. 8; 1. 3. [3] Jude 14. [4] Psalm lxviii. 17.
[5] Psalm xviii. 10. [6] Matt. xxiv. 30. [7] Rom. xii. 5.

They harden'd more by what might most reclaim;
Grieving to see His glory, at the sight
Took envy, and, aspiring to His highth,
Stood reimbattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of GOD
To all his hosts on either hand thus spake.
Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of GOD
Accepted, fearless in His righteous cause,
And as ye have received, so have ye done
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is His,[1] or whose He sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude, stand only and behold
GOD's indignation on these godless pour'd
By Me; not you, but me they have despised,
Yet envied: against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in heav'n supreme
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,
Hath honor'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them; since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who then excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.
So spake the Son, and into terror changed

[1] Deut. xxxii. 35. Rom. xii. 19.

His count'nance, too severe to be beheld
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four[1] spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shake contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on His impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under His burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of GOD. Full soon
Among them He arrived, in His right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which He sent
Before Him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues; they astonish'd all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd;
O'er shields, and helms, and helmèd heads He rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again[2]
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold visaged Four,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
Glared light'ning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength He put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley, for He meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heav'n.
The overthrown He raised, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
Drove them before Him thunder-struck, pursued

[1] The four Cherubim. Ezek. i.

[2] Rev. vi. 16.

With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of heav'n, which op'ning wide
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward; but far worse
Urged them behind; headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of heav'n, eternal wrath
Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw
Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: hell at last
Yawning received them whole, and on them closed;
Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd heav'n rejoiced, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes
Messiah His triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet Him all His saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of His almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and Him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to Him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign: He celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid heav'n, into the courts
And temple of His mighty Father throned
On high; who into glory Him received,[1]
Where now He sits at the right hand of bliss.

[1] 1 Tim. iii. 16. Heb. i. 3.

Hell at last,
Yawning, received them whole.

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Thus measuring things in heav'n by things on earth,
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human race been hid:
The discord which befell, and war in heav'n
Among th' angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan, he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereaved of happiness thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery,
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker, let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible example the reward
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell: remember, and fear to transgress.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how, and wherefore, this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of creation in six days; the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into heaven.

DESCEND from heav'n, Urania,[1] by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.[2]
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine,[3] nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of th' almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air
Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down
Return me to my native element:
Least from this flying steed unrein'd, as once
Bellerophon,[4] though from a lower clime,

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[1] The word "Urania" signifies heavenly. Here the Poet means *Heavenly Muse.*

[2] The winged horse, Pegasus, said to belong to the Muses, was emblematical of flights of imagination.

[3] Urania, amongst the Muses, was the patroness of Astronomy.

[4] Bellerophon, the son of Glaucus, was a beautiful youth, who was falsely accused by Sthenobœa, Queen of Argos, to her husband. Prœtus, King of Argos, sent him, in consequence, into Lycia with letters commanding that he should be exposed to destruction. He escaped from many perilous enterprises forced on him; but when he attempted to mount to heaven on the winged horse, Pegasus (incited to the trial by vain-glory), he was thrown off,

Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound,
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east. Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son.[1] So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.
Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphael,
The affable arch-angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasy, by what befell in heav'n
To those apostates, lest the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his race,
Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd, amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite

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and wandered on the Aleian plains for the remainder of his life. The Aleian plains were in Cilicia.

[1] Orpheus was torn to pieces by the Bacchanalian women of Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace; nor could his mother, the Muse Calliope, save him. Newton thinks that Milton here alludes to the dissolute Court of Charles II.

Though wand'ring. He with his consorted Eve
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in heav'n,
And war so near the peace of GOD in bliss
With such confusion: but the evil soon
Driven back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this world
Of heav'n and earth conspicuous first began,
When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within Eden, or without was done
Before his memory, as one whose drouth
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favor sent
Down from the empyrean to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to the infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and His admonishment
Receive with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably His sovereign will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed
Gently for our instruction to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known;

How first began this heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfused
Embracing round this florid earth; what cause
Moved the Creator in his holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos; and the work begun, how soon
Absolved; if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we, not to explore, the secrets, ask
Of His eternal empire, but the more
To magnify His works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the star of ev'ning and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch;
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.
Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;
And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild.
This also thy request with caution ask'd
Obtain: though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing, such commission from above
I have received, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope

Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,[1]
Only omniscient, hath suppress in night,
To none communicable in earth or heav'n:
Enough is left besides to search and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain,
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.
Know then, that after Lucifer from heav'n,
So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels, than that star the stars among,
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his saints, th' omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.
At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of deity supreme, us dispossest,
He trusted to have seized, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more:
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
Their station, heav'n yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministries due and solemn rites.
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race

[1] 1 Tim. i. 17.

Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit raised,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried;
And earth be changed to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Meanwhile inhabit lax,[1] ye powers of heav'n,
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee,
This I perform, speak thou, and be it done.
My overshadowing spirit and might with thee
I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be heav'n and earth;
Boundless the deep, because I AM who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space;
Though I uncircumscribed myself retire,
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act, or not, necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of GOD, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n,
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace;
Glory to Him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from His sight
And th' habitations of the just; to Him,
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of spirits malign a better race to bring

[1] The meaning seems to be, "Occupy the space left by the fall of the angels."

Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
So sang the Hierarchies. Meanwhile the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of Majesty divine, sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, wingèd Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the armory of GOD, where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,
Attendant on their Lord: heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heav'n's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end.
Nor stay'd; but, on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in Paternal Glory rode
Far into Chaos and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
Followed in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses,[1] prepared

[1] Prov. viii. 27.—RICHARDSON.

In GOD'S eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things.
One foot he centered, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world.
Thus GOD the heav'n created, thus the earth,
Matter unform'd and void. Darkness profound
Cover'd th' Abyss; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of GOD outspread,[1]
And vital virtue infused and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
The black, tartareous, cold infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglobed
Like things to like; the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And earth self-balanced on her centre hung.
Let there be light, said GOD, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. GOD saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the day, and darkness night,
He named. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,
Birth-day of heav'n and earth; with joy and shout[2]
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
GOD and his works, creator him they sung,

[1] Gen. i. 1, 2.

[2] Job xxxviii. 4, 7.

Both when first evening was, and when first morn.
Again GOD said, Let there be firmament[1]
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and GOD made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And heav'n He named the firmament: so ev'n
And morning chorus sung the second day.
The earth was form'd, but, in the womb as yet
Of waters embryon immature involved,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humor soft'ning all her globe
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture, when GOD said,
Be gather'd now, ye waters under heav'n,
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky.
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry:
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,

[1] Firmament signifies expansion.—NEWTON.

For haste; such flight the great command imprest
On the swift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet, for of armies thou hast heard,
Troop to their standard, so the watery throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found;
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing: nor withstood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wandering, found their way,
And on the washy oose deep channels wore,
Easy, ere GOD had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth; and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters He call'd seas;
And saw that it was good, and said, Let the earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind;
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'd
Opening their various colors, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field; and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys and each fountain side:
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though GOD had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field; which, ere it was in the earth,
GOD made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem: GOD saw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.
Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of heaven to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heav'n
To give light on the earth; and it was so.
And GOD made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern: and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heav'n,
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. GOD saw,
Surveying His great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the sun,
A mighty sphere, He framed, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the heav'n thick as a field.
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,

And God said: Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul.

And hence the morning planet gilds her horns:
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heav'n's high road: the gray
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence.[1] Less bright the moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that respect; and still that distance keeps
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolved on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries, that set and rose,
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
And GOD said, Let the waters generate[2]
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on the open firmament of heav'n.
And GOD created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;

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[1] The Pleiades are seven stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus, which, rising about the time of the vernal equinox, are called by the Latins "Vergiliæ." Milton, therefore, in saying that the Pleiades danced before the sun at his creation, implies that creation began with the spring.—*From* NEWTON. It has been a recent idea of astronomers, that the Pleiades, or seven suns—for fixed stars *are* suns—are the centre of the universe round which the heavens revolve; but this is not yet clearly ascertained. Job speaks of "the sweet influences of the Pleiades."—See Job xxxviii. 31.

[2] Gen. i. 20, 22.

And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth.
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls[1] that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single, or with mate,
Graze the seaweed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the sun their wæved coats dropt with gold;
Or in their pearly shells at ease attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal
And bended dolphins play; part huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean: there Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps, or swims
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch from the egg, that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge,
They summ'd their pens,[2] and soaring the air sublime
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect: there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:[3]
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common ranged in figure[4] wedge their way,

[1] *Schools.* We say a "school of whales" for a shoal now. Scull comes from the Saxon *sceole*, an assembly.

[2] Pens are feathers. Here the meaning is, "They used their pinions as full fledged birds."

[3] Jeremiah xxxix. 27, 28.

[4] Migratory birds fly in shape of a wedge, one bird leading alternately.

Intelligent of seasons,[1] and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays.
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breast; the swan, with archèd neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet: yet oft they quit
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons tower
The mid aërial sky. Others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other, whose gay train
Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn solemnized the fifth day.
The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With ev'ning harps and matin; when GOD said,
Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of the earth
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and straight
Op'ning her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up rose
As from his lair the wild beast where he wonns[2]
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;

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[1] Jeremiah viii. 7.

[2] *Wone* is Saxon for to dwell, to inhabit.—*See* CHAUCER, *Sompnoure's Tale*, line 7745.

The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calved; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard,[1] and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks; the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head; scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness: fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm; those waved their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These as a line their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims[2] of nature; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved
Their snaky folds and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart inclosed,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,

[1] Leopard.

[2] Something exceedingly small, a dwarf.

Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great First Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but indued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with heav'n;
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship GOD supreme, who made him chief
Of all His works: therefore the omnipotent
Eternal Father,—for where is not He
Present?—thus to his Son audibly spake.
Let us make now man in our image, man[1]
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, He form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life: in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of GOD

[1] Gen. i. 26–28.

Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of GOD,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not: in the day thou eat'st thou diest;
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
And govern well thy appetite; lest sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant death.
Here finish'd He, and all that He had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
Yet not, till the Creator from His work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the heav'n of heav'ns His high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of His empire, how it show'd
In prospect from His throne, how good, how fair,
Answering His great idea. Up He rode,
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Resounded, thou remember'st, for thou heard'st;
The heav'ns and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station list'ning stood,

While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,[1]
Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in
The great Creator, from His work return'd
Magnificent, His six days' work, a world:
Open, and henceforth oft; for GOD will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his wingèd messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending: He through heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To GOD'S eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of heaven's high seated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd forever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat Him down
With His great Father; for He also went
Invisible, yet stay'd, such privilege
Hath Omnipresence, and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all His work,
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,

[1] Psalm xxiv. 7. This Psalm was sung by the Levites when the ark of God was carried up into the sanctuary on Mount Sion, and is understood as a prophecy of our Lord's ascension.—*From* NEWTON, and Mant's "Bible."

All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense, clouds
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
Creation and the six days' acts they sung;
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy power; what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels; thee that day
Thy thunders magnified; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
Of Spirits apostate and their counsels vain
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another heav'n
From heaven gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destined habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfused,
Their pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happy men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,
Created in His image, there to dwell
And worship Him; and in reward to rule
Over His works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the empyrean rung
With Hallelujahs: thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity
Inform'd by thee might know. If else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure say.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents; and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear:
Then, as new waked, thus gratefully replied.
What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Historian? who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator: something yet of doubt remains
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
Of heav'n and earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compared
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible, for such
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal, merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual[1] spot.
One day and night, in all their vast survey

[1] Small as a point in punctuation.

Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire,
How nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentary earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Served by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.[1]
So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
Perceiving where she sat retired in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses; from his lip
Not words alone pleased her. O when meet now

[1] One is here reminded of the fact that Milton had held communion with Galileo, whose "Eppure si muove" is historical.

Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?
With Goddess-like demeanor forth she went;
Not unattended, for on her as queen
A pomp of winning graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt proposed
Benevolent and facile thus replied.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for heav'n
Is as the book of GOD before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
This to attain, whether heav'n move or earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right;[1] the rest
From man or angel the great architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they list to try
Conjecture, He his fabric of the heav'ns
Hath left to their disputes; perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive,
To save appearances; how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle,[2] orb in orb.
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest,
That bodies bright and greater should not serve

[1] The subject was then matter of discussion, and, in the Roman Church, of persecution. The Ptolemaic system made the earth the centre of the system, and the sun and stars move round it; the Copernican made the sun the centre, and the earth move, as Galileo asserted.

[2] These terms were used by Ptolemaic astronomers to explain their system. *Centric* means a sphere whose centre is the same as that of the earth; *eccentric*, a sphere whose centre is quite different to that of the earth. *Cycle* is a circle; *epicycle*, a circle *on* another circle.

The less not bright, nor heav'n such journeys run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth
Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun, that barren shines,
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth: there first received
His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.
And for the heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and His line stretch'd out so far;
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodged in a small partition, and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow,
Who since the morning hour set out from heav'n
Where GOD resides, and ere midday arrived
In Eden, distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heav'ns, to show
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
GOD, to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed heav'n from earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars,

By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest;[1] and what if sev'nth to these
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different motions[2] move?
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or save the sun his labor, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If earth industrious of herself fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
To the terrestrial moon be as a star
Enlight'ning her by day, as she by night
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
Allotted there; and other suns perhaps
With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate,

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[1] The moon and the five planets visible to Adam.

[2] Three motions were attributed by the Copernicans to the earth. The *diurnal*, round her own axis, causing day and night; the *annual*, round the sun; and the *motion of libration*, as it is called, whereby the earth so proceeds in her orbit, as that her axis is constantly parallel to the axis of the world."—NEWTON.

Only to shine, yet scarce to cóntribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the sun predominant in heav'n
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces ev'n,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to GOD above, Him serve and fear:
Of other creatures, as Him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let Him dispose: joy thou
In what He gives to thee, this paradise
And thy fair Eve; heav'n is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of earth only, but of highest heav'n.
To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied
How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
Intelligence of heav'n, angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
GOD hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,

That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
And day is not yet spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply.
For while I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labor, at the hour
Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly His gifts hath also pour'd
Inward and outward both, His image fair:
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms.
Nor less think we in heav'n of thee on earth,
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with man:

For GOD we see hath honor'd thee, and set
On man his equal love. Say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion toward the gates of hell,
Squared in full legion, such command we had,
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while GOD was in his work,
Lest He, incensed at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without His leave attempt,
But us He sends upon His high behests
For state, as Sov'reign King, and to enure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
Ere sabbath ev'ning: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleased with thy words, no less than thou with mine.
So spake the godlike Power, and thus our sire.
For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gazed a while the ample sky, till raised
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,

And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these
Creatures that lived, and moved, and walk'd, or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigor led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not: to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself, by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsèd sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And lived: one came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide

To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.
So saying, by the hand He took me raised
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat: whereat I waked, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not He, who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at His feet I fell
Submiss: He rear'd me, and, Whom thou sought'st I am,
Said mildly, author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the Tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith
Amid the garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt die;
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly He pronounced
The rigid interdiction, which resounds

Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon His clear aspect
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection; understand the same
Of fish within their wat'ry residence,
Not hither summon'd since they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two; these cow'ring low
With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I named them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge GOD indued
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what methought I wanted still;
And to the heav'nly vision thus presumed.

O by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
And all this good to man, for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things? but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied.

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures and the air

Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering. I, with leave of speech implored,
And humble deprecation, thus replied.
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due,
Given and received; but in disparity,
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined;
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.
Whereto the Almighty answer'd, not displeased.
A nice and subtle happiness I see
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possest
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know

Second to me or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
He ceased, I lowly answer'd. To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things,
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found: not so is man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Should'st propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers absolute, though one.
But man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiplied,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication; yet so pleased
Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt
Of union or communion, deified;
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom used
Permissive and acceptance found; which gain'd
This answer from the gracious Voice Divine.
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased,
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute;
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee

Good reason was thou freely should'st dislike
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for man to be alone,
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet.
What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.
He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by His heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the highth
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled, and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.[1]
Mine eyes He closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy my internal sight, by which
Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd.
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with His hands;
Under His forming hands a creature grew
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired

[1] Gen. ii. 21.

The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark, I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure.
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me; woman is her name, of man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought.
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd;
I follow'd her, she what was honor knew.
And with obsequious majesty approved
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r
I led her blushing like the morn: all heav'n,
And happy constellations on that hour

Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star
On his hill top to light the bridal lamp.
Thus I have told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmoved, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain,
Or from my side subducting took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end
Of nature her th' inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel,
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion giv'n
O'er other creatures: yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know

Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows:
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.
To whom the angel with contracted brow.
Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself;
Then value: oft times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well managed: of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows;
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honor thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsafed
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulged, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue

The soul of man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still:
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not: love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges: hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half abash'd Adam replied.
Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Though higher of the genial bed by far
And with mysterious reverence I deem,)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, for the sense
Variously representing; yet still free
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:
Love not the heav'nly spirits, and how their love
Express they? by looks only? or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st

Us happy, and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
(And pure thou wert created,) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars:
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting sun
Beyond the earth's green Cape and Verdant Isles,[1]
Hesperean[2] sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey,[3] and keep
His great command; take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
The weal or woe in thee is placed; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies;
Perfect within, no outward aid require,
And all temptation to transgress repel.
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honor'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.
So parted they, the angel up to heav'n
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

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[1] Cape de Verde and the Cape de Verde Islands.

[2] In the West, where Hesperus, the evening star, appears.—*From* NEWTON.

[3] 1 John v. 3.

So parted they: the Angel up to heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

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BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having compassed the earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into paradise, and enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labors, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each laboring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength: Adam at last yields: the serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now; the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden; the serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat: she, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam, or not; at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her, and extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both: they seek to cover their nakedness: then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where GOD or Angel guest
With man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblamed; I now must change
These notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,
And disobedience: on the part of heav'n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger, and just rebuke, and judgment giv'n,
That brought into this world a world of woe;
Sin and her shadow Death, and misery
Death's harbinger; sad task, yet argument
Not less but more heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe[1] pursued

[1] Hector. See *Iliad*.

Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused,[1]
Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek[2] and Cytherea's son:[3]
If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplored,
And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse:
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late;[4]
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect
With long and tedious havock fabled knights
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint,[5] caparisons and steeds;
Bases[6] and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament; then marshall'd feast
Served up in hall with sewers, and seneshals;
The skill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which justly gives heroic name
To person or to poem. Me of these
Nor skill'd nor studious higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depress'd, and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

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[1] See *Æneid*. [2] Ulysses. [3] Eneas.

[4] Milton is supposed to have begun his great poem in his forty-eighth year, and finished it in his fifty-seventh. It was published in 1667, when the Poet was in his sixtieth year.

[5] Devices on shields. [6] The mantles worn by knights.

In with the river sunk, and with it rose,
Satan.

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The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round:
When Satan who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
Since Uriel regent of the sun descried
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,
The space of seven continued nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times cross'd the car of night,
From pole to pole, traversing each colure;[1]
On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
From entrance or Cherubic watch by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of paradise
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life:
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan involved in rising mist, then sought
Where to lie hid: sea he had search'd, and land
From Eden over Pontus,[2] and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;[3]
Downward as far Antartic; and in length
West from Orontes[4] to the ocean barr'd

[1] The colures are two great imaginary circles encompassing the globe from north to south. Satan moved thus to keep in the shades of night.—*From* NEWTON.

[2] The Euxine, or Black Sea. [3] Oby, a river of Siberia, near the pole. [4] A river of Syria.

At Darien :[1] thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus :[2] thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.[3]
Him after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding, which in other beasts observed
Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.
O earth, how like to heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly; seat worthier of gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial heav'n, danced round by other heav'ns
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of sacred influence. As God in heav'n
Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receiv'st from all those orbs: in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,

[1] The Isthmus of Panama. [2] India. [3] Gen. iii. 1.

If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in heav'n much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no nor in heav'n
To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;
In woe then; that destruction wide may range.
To me shall be the glory sole among
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
What He, Almighty styled, six nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than since I in one night freed
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of His adorers. He to be avenged,
And to repair His numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
More angels to create, if they at least
Are His created, or to spite us more,
Determined to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original,

With heav'nly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed
He effected; man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
Him lord pronounced, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service angel wings,[1]
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapp'd in mist
Of midnight vapor, glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the highth of deity aspired;
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils:
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favorite
Of heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker raised
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.
So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found,
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles:

[1] Psalm civ. 4.

Him, fast sleeping, soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round, self-rolled,

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Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,
Fearless, unfear'd he slept. In at his mouth
The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspired
With act intelligential; but his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.
Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breathed
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator and His nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice; that done partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:
Then commune, how that day they best may ply
Their growing work; for much their work outgrew
The hands' dispatch of two, gard'ning so wide.
And Eve first to her husband thus began.
Adam, well may we labor still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,
Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labor grows,
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present;
Let us divide our labors, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I
In yonder spring[1] of roses intermix'd

[1] A spring is a small coppice or thicket.

With myrtle find what to redress till noon:
For while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on; which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd.
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.
Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear,
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
How we might best fulfil the work which here
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shall pass
Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
Labor, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food,
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: but if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envying our happiness, and of his own

Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need;[1]
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from GOD, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
  To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus replied.
  Offspring of heav'n and earth, and all earth's lord,
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flow'rs.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To GOD or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such,
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced:
Thoughts, which how found they harbor in thy breast,

[1] Eccles. iv. 9, 10.

Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?
To whom with healing words Adam replied.
Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe:
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonor foul, supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation. Thou thyself with scorn
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labor to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others' aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue, in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd,
Would utmost vigor raise, and raised unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?
So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endued

Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonor on our front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honor gain
From his surmise proved false, find peace within,
Favor from heav'n, our witness, from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combined.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus exposed.
To whom thus Adam fervently replied.
O woman, best are all things as the will
Of GOD ordain'd them; His creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that He created, much less man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But GOD left free the will, for what obeys
Reason is free, and reason He made right;
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Lest by some fair appearing good surprized
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what GOD expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet

Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely, if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; th' other who can know?
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For GOD towards thee hath done His part, do thine.
So spake the patriarch of mankind, but Eve
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, replied.
With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd,
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepared,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.
Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew; and like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's[1] train,
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with such gard'ning tools as art, yet rude,
Guiltless of fire had form'd, or angels brought,
To Pales,[2] or Pomona,[3] thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd Pomona when she fled

[1] A surname of Diana, because born in Delos. [2] Goddess of sheepfolds. [3] Goddess of fruits.

Vertumnus,[1] or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay:
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;
Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shades
Waited with hellish rancor imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bow'r and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay
Their tendance or plantation for delight,
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses brushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though gay

[1] The god of orchards, who assumed many shapes to win Pomona.

Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flow'r,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of revived Adonis,[1] or renown'd
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,[2]
Or that, not mystic, where the Sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.[3]
Much he the place admired, the person more.
As one who long in populous city pent
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass,[4] or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look sums all delight:
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone: her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture or least action, over-awed
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved

[1] At the request of Venus, he was restored to life.
[2] Ulysses. For description of the gardens of Alcinous see the "Odyssey."
[3] Gardens of Solomon. [4] Hay spread out.

His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
That space the evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heav'n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.
Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us? hate, not love, nor hope
Of paradise for hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying: other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone
The woman opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, (for I view far round,) not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;
Foe not informidable! exempt from wound,
I not: so much hath hell debased, and pain
Infeebled me, to what I was in heav'n.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love,
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
Hate stronger under show of love well feign'd;
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So spake the enemy of mankind, enclosed
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,

Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold a surging maze, his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
And lovely, never since of serpent kind
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed
Hermione and Cadmus,[1] or the God[2]
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian[3] Jove or Capitoline[4] was seen.
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a ship by skillful steersman wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not as used
To such disport before her through the field,
From every beast, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He bolder now uncall'd before her stood;
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length

[1] Cadmus, who introduced letters into Greece, and Hermione his wife. They were changed by serpents into serpents.

[2] Esculapius, the god of medicine. He is said to have taken the form of a serpent when he appeared at Rome during a pestilence.—*From* WARTON.

[3] Lybian.

[4] Roman. These lines relate to the fable of Jupiter being the father of Alexander the Great, and of Scipio also. All these images picture the magnificence of the serpent's form.

The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.
Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole wonder, much less arm
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admired: but here
In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? and what is one? who shouldst be seen
A Goddess among Gods, adored and served
By angels numberless, thy daily train.
So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned;
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling: at length
Not unamazed she thus in answer spake.
What may this mean? Language of man pronounced
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
The first at least of these I thought denied
To beasts, whom GOD on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endued;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how

To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful tempter thus replied.
Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obey'd.
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the field, I chanced
A goodly tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mixt,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savory odor blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree
All other beasts that saw with like desire,
Longing and envying, stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spared not, for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree

Of reason in my inward powers and speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,
Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or second, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee of right declared
Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame.
So talk'd the spirited sly snake; and Eve
Yet more amazed unwary thus replied.
Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved:
But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?
For many are the trees of GOD that grow
In paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
Sill hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden nature of her birth.
To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad.
Empress, the way is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of myrtles on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee hither soon.
Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift: hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest: as when a wand'ring fire
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night

Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amazed night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succor far:
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve our credulous mother to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe:
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.
  Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;
Wond'rous indeed, if cause of such effects.
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch,
God so commanded; and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.
  To whom the tempter guilefully replied.
Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declared of all in earth or air?
  To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat,
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.
  She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The tempter, but with show of zeal and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to passion moved,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renown'd
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence

Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue;
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown,
The tempter all impassion'd thus began.
O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science, now I feel thy power
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
Queen of this universe! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death; ye shall not die:[1]
How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge: by the threatener? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? or will GOD incense His ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil?
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day

[1] Gen. iii. 4.

Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
That ye should be as Gods, since I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet,
I of brute, human, ye of human, Gods.
So shall ye die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods: death to be wish'd,
Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
And what are Gods that man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I question it, for this fair earth I see,
Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who enclosed
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will if all be his?
Or is it envy; and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breasts? These, these, and many more
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.
He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savory of that fruit, which with desire,

Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused.
Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired,
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise:
Thy praise He also who forbids thy use
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste, but His forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids He but to know?
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of GOD or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,

Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve
Intent now only on her taste, naught else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,
And knew not eating death: satiate at length,
And highten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began.
O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise, of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created: but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, and due praise
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide;[1] not following thee I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire,
And I perhaps am secret: heav'n is high,

[1] The serpent.

Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent.

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High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without co-partner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if GOD have seen,
And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct:
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure; without him live no life.
So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
But first low reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant sciential sap, derived
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labors crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took

That morn when first they parted. By the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit that downy smiled,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.
To him she hasted, in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus address'd.
Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste:
And hath been tasted such. The serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond; opener mine eyes,
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Lest thou not tasting, different degree

Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.
Thus Eve, with countenance blithe, her story told,
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed:
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke.
O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all GOD's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote!
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden! some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die:
How can I live without thee? how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should GOD create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me; flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.
So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and other thoughts disturb'd
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,

Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.
Bold deed thou hast presumed, advent'rous Eve,
And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under ban to touch.
But past who can recall, or done undo?
Not GOD omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
Profaned first by the serpent, by him first
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou said'st, and gains to live as man
Higher degree of life, inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attain
Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or angels, demigods.
Nor can I think that GOD, Creator wise,
Though threat'ning, will in earnest so destroy
Us His prime creatures, dignified so high,
Set over all His works, which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependent made; so GOD shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose,
Not well conceived of GOD; who, though His power
Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
Us to abolish, lest the adversary
Triumph and say: Fickle their state whom GOD
Most favors, who can please Him long? Me first
He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?
Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.
However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom; if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel

The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.
So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied.
O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high,
Engaging me to emulate, but, short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam, from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
Rather than death or aught than death more dread
Shall separate us link'd in love so dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
Whose virtue, for of good still good proceeds.
Direct, or by occasion, hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love unequall'd; but I feel
Far otherwise the event, not death but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this and harsh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So saying, she embraced him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love

Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompence, for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits, from the bough
She gave him of that fair, enticing fruit
With liberal hand; he scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceived,[1]
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Sky lour'd, and, mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
Him with her loved society, that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the earth; but that false fruit
Far other operation first display'd,
Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn;
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
  Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of sapience no small part,
Since to each meaning savor we apply,
And palate call judicious; I the praise
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,

[1] 1 Tim. ii. 14.

For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorned
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd,
He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapor bland
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumber'd now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd: innocence, that as a veil
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honor from about them; naked left
To guilty shame; he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong
Herculean Samson from the harlot-lap
Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked

Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sate, as strucken mute,
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.
O Eve, in evil hour thou did'st give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall
False in our promised rising; since our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store,
Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad,
And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,

Nor only tears
Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise.

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There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So counsell'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose
The figtree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade [1]
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;
There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loopholes cut through thickest shade. Those leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,
And with what skill they had together sew'd,
To gird their waist, vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
To that first naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found the American so girt
With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenced, and as they thought, their shame in part
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,
They sat them down to weep, nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
For understanding ruled not, and the will
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sov'reign reason claim'd
Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast

[1] The Indian fig, called Ficus Indica by botanists, or Banyan. The largest known nearly covers an island on the Nerbudda. It is 2,000 feet round, and has 1,300 trunks.

Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.
Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn
I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then
Remain'd still happy, not, as now, despoil'd
Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable.
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.
To whom soon moved with touch of blame thus Eve.
What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe?
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps: hadst thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?
Too facile, then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.
To whom then first incensed Adam replied.
Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve, express'd
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
Who might have lived and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?

And am I now upbraided, as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait: beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
The error now, which is become my crime,
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman overtrusting
Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.
Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning.
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian angels forsake paradise, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors; who descends, and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy, feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man: to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway, or bridge, over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man; instead of applause, is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed, with himself also, suddenly into serpents, according to his doom, given in Paradise; then, deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolement of Eve, she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despiteful act
Of Satan done in paradise, and how
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in heav'n; for what can scape the eye
Of GOD all seeing, or deceive His heart
Omniscient, who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with strength entire, and freewill arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repulsed
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend!
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,

Whoever tempted; which they not obeying
Incurr'd, what could they less? the penalty,
And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.
Up into heav'n from paradise in haste
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For man; for of his state by this they knew.
Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stol'n
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
From earth arrived at heaven gate, displeased
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet mix'd
With pity violated not their bliss.
About the new-arrived in multitudes
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they towards the throne supreme
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,
And easily approved; when the most high
Eternal Father from his secret cloud
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.
Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed
On his bad errand; man should be seduced
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, death denounced that day,

Which he presumes already vain and void,
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son; to thee I have transferr'd[1]
All judgment, whether in heav'n, or earth, or hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice,[2] sending thee
Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
And destined Man himself to judge man fall'n.
So spake the Father, and, unfolding bright
Toward the right hand His glory, on the Son
Blazed forth unclouded Deity; He full
Resplendent all His Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.
Father eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in heav'n and earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd
May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,
Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be; for so I undertook
Before thee, and not repenting this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me derived; yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law,

[1] St. John v. 22.

[2] Psalm lxxxv. 10.

Conviction to the serpent none belongs.
Thus saying, from His radiant seat He rose
Of high collateral glory: Him thrones and powers,
Princedoms and dominations ministrant
Accompanied to heaven gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Down He descended straight; the speed of gods
Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the sun in western cadence low[1]
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the earth now waked, and usher in
The ev'ning cool, when He from wrath more cool
Came, the mild Judge and Intercessor both,
To sentence man: the voice of GOD they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declined, they heard,
And from His presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till GOD
Approaching thus to Adam call'd aloud.
Where art thou Adam,[2] wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here;
Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first
To offend, discountenanced both, and discomposed.
Love was not in their looks, either to GOD
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile,
Whence Adam, faltʼring long, thus answer'd brief.
I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom

[1] Gen. iii. 8. [2] Gen. iii. 9 and following verses.

The gracious Judge without revile replied.
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoiced; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?
To whom thus Adam sore beset replied.
O heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint; but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolved: though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This woman whom thou madest to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
To whom the sov'reign Presence thus replied.
Was she thy GOD, that her thou didst obey
Before His voice? or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein GOD set thee above her, made of thee
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts

Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.
So having said, He thus to Eve in few:
Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?
To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied.
The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat.
Which when the Lord GOD heard, without delay
To judgment He proceeded on th' accused
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; justly then accursed,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not man, since he no further knew,
Nor alter'd his offence: yet GOD at last
To Satan first in sin his doom applied,
Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best:
And on the serpent thus His curse let fall.
Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.
So spake this oracle, then verified
When Jesus, Son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,[1]
Prince of the air;[2] then rising from His grave
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
In open show, and with ascension bright

[1] Luke x. 18. [2] Ephes. ii. 2; iv. 8. Colos. ii. 15.

Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,
Whom He shall tread at last under our feet;
Ev'n He who now foretold His fatal bruise;
And to the woman thus His sentence turn'd.
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.
On Adam last thus judgment He pronounced.
Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charged thee, saying: Thou shalt not eat thereof,
Cursed is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
Out of the ground wast taken; know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.
So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent;
And th' instant stroke of death denounced that day
Removed far off; then pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant[1] to assume,
As when he wash'd his servants' feet,[2] so now
As father of his family he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe His enemies.
Nor He their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more

[1] Philip. ii. 7. [2] John xiii. 5.

Opprobrious, with His robe of righteousness,
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To Him with swift ascent He up return'd,
Into His blissful bosom reassumed
In glory as of old; to Him appeased
All, though all-knowing, what had past with man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judged on earth,
Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.
O son, why sit we here, each other viewing
Idly, while Satan our great author thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven
By his avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind
By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade
Inseparable must with me along;
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Advent'rous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world

Where Satan now prevails, a monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way so strongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and instinct.
Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon.
Go whither fate and inclination strong
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err,
The way thou leading, such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savor of death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured
With scent of living carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:
So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out hell gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew diverse; and with power, their power was great,
Hovering upon the waters; what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell.
As when the two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea,[1] together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagined way[2]

[1] Northern frozen sea. —NEWTON. [2] The north-east passage to China, *i.e.*, Cathay.

Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor[1] not to move,
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious joining to the wall
Immovable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell.
So, if great things to small may be compared,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the Sea, and over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And scourged with many a stroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wond'rous art
Pontifical,[2] a ridge of pendent rock
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
Of Satan, to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space
The confines met of empyrean heav'n
And of this world, and on the left hand hell
With long reach interposed; three sev'ral ways

[1] Alluding to Medusa's power of turning people into stone.

[2] Pontifical, *i.e.*, the art of making bridges. The high priest of Rome derived his title, *Pontifex*, from *pons*, a bridge, and *facere*, to make; perhaps because religious rites of great importance inaugurated these highly-valued works, which he always superintended.

In sight to each of these three places led.
And now their way to earth they had descried;
To paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an angel bright
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering[1]
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
Disguised he came, but those his children dear
Their parents soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He, after Eve seduced unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by, and, changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures: but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrified
He fled; not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing, guilty, what His wrath
Might suddenly inflict: that past, return'd,
By night, and listening where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time with joy
And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontfice,[2] unhoped
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.
O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;
Thou art their author and prime architect:

[1] To avoid being seen by Uriel. Centaur and Scorpion are constellations in a different part of the heavens to Aries on the equator.—NEWTON. [2] Bridge.

For I no sooner in my heart divined,
My heart which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy son,
Such fatal consequence unites us three.
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
Within hell gates till now ; thou us empower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay
With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world, thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost, and fully avenged
Our foil in heav'n ; here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not ; there let Him still victor sway,
As battle hath adjudged, from this new world
Retiring, by His own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things, parted by th' empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or try thee now more dang'rous to his throne.
Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad.
Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race
Of Satan, for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of heav'n's almighty King,
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that so near heav'n's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent

Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I
Descend through darkness on your road with ease
To my associate powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, among these numerous orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth
Dominion exercise and in the air,
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared;
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me: on your joint vigor now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, th' affairs of hell
No detriment need fear; go and be strong.
So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan,
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The causey to hell gate: on either side
Disparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation. Through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to the inland retired, about the walls
Of Pandæmonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd,
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance

Might intercept their emperor sent; so he
Departing gave command, and they observed.
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
By Astracan over the snowy plains
Retires, or Bactrian Sophy[1] from the horns
Of Turkish crescent[2] leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule[3] in his retreat
To Tauris or Casbeen: so these, the late
Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost hell
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search
Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmark'd,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall invisible
Ascended his high throne, which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
Was placed in regal lustre. Down awhile
He sat, and round about him saw unseen:
At last as from a cloud his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim.
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy,

[1] The Persian monarch, thus named from Bactria, one of the greatest provinces of Persia.

[2] The ensign or emblem of Turkey.

[3] "Aladule," the greater Armenia, called by the Turks (under whom the greatest part of it is) Aladule, of its last King, Aladule, slain by Selymus I.; "in his retreat to Tauris," a great city in the kingdom of Persia, now called Ecbatana, sometime in the hands of the Turks, but in 1603 retaken by Abas, King of Persia; "or Casbeen," one of the greatest cities of Persia, where the Persian monarchs made their residence after the loss of Tauris, from which it is distant sixty-five German miles to the south-east.—HUME.

Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention, won.
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
For in possession such, not only of right,
I call ye and declare ye now, return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to our native heav'n
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achieved. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
Voyaged th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved
To expedite your glorious march: but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forced to ride
Th' untractable abyss, plunged in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That jealous of their secrets fiercely opposed
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting fate supreme; thence how I found
The new created world, which fame in heav'n
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein man
Placed in a paradise, by our exile
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduced
From his Creator, and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple; He thereat
Offended, worth your laughter! hath giv'n up
Both His belovèd man and all His world
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labor, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all He should have ruled.

True is, me also he hath judged, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape
Man I deceived: that which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind: I am to bruise his heel;
His seed (when is not set)[1] shall bruise my head.
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss?
So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more:
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power
Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom. He would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forkèd tongue
To forkèd tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike, to serpents all as accessories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters head and tail,
Scorpion, and asp, and amphisbæna[2] dire,
Cerastes[3] horn'd, hydrus,[4] and elop[5] drear,
And dipsas;[6] not so thick swarm'd once the soil

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[1] The time (when) is not declared.
[2] A serpent said to have a head at both ends of its body. [3] A horned snake.
[4] A water snake. [5] A water serpent. [6] A snake the bite of which produces feverish thirst.

Bedropp'd with blood of Gorgon[1] or the isle
Ophiusa;[2] but still greatest he the midst,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
Huge Python,[3] and his power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain. They all
Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout
Heav'n-fall'n in station stood or just array,
Sublime with expectation when to see,
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief:
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw,
They felt themselves now changing: down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame,
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Used by the tempter: on that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame:
Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,

[1] Lybia, where the blood which dropped from Medusa's head produced serpents.

[2] An island in the Mediterranean, which was deserted on account of its serpents, from which it derived its name.—NEWTON.

[3] A huge serpent, sprung from the slime left after the Deucalion deluge. It was slain by Apollo.

But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curl'd Megæra :[1] greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake[2] where Sodom flamed;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugg'd as oft,
With hatefullest disrelish writhed their jaws
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
Into the same illusion, not as man
Whom they triumph'd once lapsed. Thus were they plagued
And worn with famine long and ceaseless hiss,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed;
Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days
To dash their pride and joy for man seduced.
However, some tradition they dispersed
Among the heathen of their purchase got,
And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd
Ophion with Eurynome, (the wide
Encroaching Eve perhaps,) had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Meanwhile in paradise the hellish pair
Too soon arrived, Sin there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse; to whom Sin thus began.

[1] One of the Furies.

[2] Lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea. Milton alludes to Josephus's account of the apples of Sodom, said to have a lovely exterior, but within to be full of ashes. It is not true.

Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,
What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd
With travail difficult, not better far
Than still at hell's dark threshold to have sate watch,
Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half starved?
Whom thus the sin-born monster answer'd soon.
To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is hell, or paradise, or heaven,
There best, where most with ravine I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems[1]
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.
To whom th' incestuous mother thus replied.
Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;
No homely morsels; and whatever thing
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspared,
Till I in man residing through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect;
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.
This said, they both betook them several ways,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the saints among,
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice.
See with what heat these dogs of hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me; so doth the prince of hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heavenly, and conniving seem

[1] Prov. xxvii. 20.

This said, they both betook them several ways.

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To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I called and drew them thither
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth,
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure; till cramm'd and gorged, nigh burst
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave, at last
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.[1]
Then heav'n and earth renew'd shall be made pure
To sanctify that shall receive no stain:
Till then the curse pronounced on both precedes.
He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,[2]
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Destined restorer of mankind, by whom
New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from heav'n descend. Such was their song,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mighty angels gave them several charge,
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter; from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon[3]
Her office they prescribed, to th' other five
Their planetary motions and aspects

[1] See Dante's *Inferno*, cant. xxiii.
[2] Rev. xv. 3; xvi. 7.
[3] Some editions printed blanc moon, *i. e.*, *white*.

In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,[1]
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign, and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to show'r,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aëreal hall.
Some say, he bid his angels turn askance
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle; they with labor push'd
Oblique the centric globe: some say, the sun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the sev'n
Atlantic sisters,[2] and the Spartan twins,[3]
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flow'rs,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day

[1] Terms made use of by the astrologers, and signifying the positions or aspects of the five (then known) planets. Sextile means a planet situated at a distance of two signs (the sixth of twelve) from another planet. Square, separated by four signs. Trine, separated by three signs. *Opposite* was considered a position of noxious efficacy. The period in which Milton lived explains the fact of his countenancing these superstitions, as they were universally believed. After the great Fire of London, the House of Commons called the astrologer Lilly before them, to examine him as to his foreknowledge of that calamity, and gravely received his explanation of how he obtained his foresight from the art he practised. He had foretold the fire in a hieroglyphic resembling those formerly published in Old Moore's Almanack, which might be interpreted in any manner the reader pleased. "Did you foresee the year?" asked one of the Committee. "I did not," replied Lilly, "nor was desirous: of that I made no scrutiny." The astrologer then told them, very wisely, that the fire was not of man, but of God. It was believed to have been caused by incendiaries.

[2] The Pleiades, daughters of Atlas. This constellation is in the neck of Taurus.

[3] Castor and Pollux, the Gemini.

Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun
To recompense his distance in their sight
Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland,[1] and south as far
Beneath Magellan.[2] At that tasted fruit
The sun, as from Thyestean banquet,[3] turn'd
His course intended; else how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the heav'ns, though slow, produced
Like change on sea and land, sideral blast,
Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north
Of Norumbega[4] and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias[5] rend the woods, and seas upturn;
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus, and Afer black with thund'rous clouds
From Serraliona,[6] thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Eurus and Zephyr[7] with their lateral noise
Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,

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[1] A tract of land north of America, near the Arctic Ocean and Hudson's Bay.—HUME.

[2] Extreme south of South America.

[3] Atreus, to avenge an injury, invited his brother Thyestes to a banquet, and served up for his food the flesh of his murdered children. This horrid revenge was visited on the family of Atreus for generations.

[4] A province of the northern Armenia. Samoieda, in the northeast of Muscovy, upon the Frozen Sea.—HUME.

[5] Names of the winds. Boreas, the north; Cæcias, northwest; Argestes, northeast. Thrascias, from Threce. Notus, the south wind. Afer, from Africa.—*From* RICHARDSON.

[6] The Lion Mountains, southwest of Africa, famous for storms.

[7] Levant and Ponent are Italian names for the east and west winds, called by the Greeks Eurus and Zephyr. Sirocco and Libecchio are the southeast and southwest winds.

Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational
Death introduced through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glared on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries, which Adam saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,
And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.
O miserable of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accursed of blessèd? Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness: yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserved it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, Encrease and multiply,
Now death to hear! for what can I encrease
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me, as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay

To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I received, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest: then should have been refused
These terms, whatever, when they were proposed.
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions?[1] and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient, and reproved retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what His decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down

[1] Job ii. 10.

As in my mother's lap? there I should rest
And sleep secure; His dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man[1]
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
And sin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die; let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is His wrath also? be it, man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can He exercise
Wrath without end on man whom death must end?
Can He make deathless death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God Himself
Impossible is held, as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will He draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigor,
Satisfied never? that were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
By which all causes else, according still
To the reception of their matter, act,
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say,
That death be not one stroke as I supposed,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward, which I feel begun

[1] Gen. ii. 7.

Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity:—ay me! that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head; both death and I
Are found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part single, in me all
Posterity stands cursed; fair patrimony
That I must leave ye sons! O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would ye bless
Me, now your curse! Ah! why should all mankind
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will depraved,
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,
Forced I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st,
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future:
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O Conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driv'n me, out of which
I find no way from deep to deeper plunged!
  Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night; not now, as ere man fell
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air

Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Cursed his creation, death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence. Why comes not death,
Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
Justice divine not hasten to be just?
But death comes not at call, justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs,
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song.
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.
Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best
Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and color serpentine may show
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the devil himself, him overweening
To over-reach; but with the serpent meeting,
Fool'd and beguiled, by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a show

Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister from me drawn;
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness heav'n
What love sincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,

Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent. On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable; both have sinn'd, but thou
Against God only, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune heaven, that all
The sentence from thy head removed, may light
On me, soul cause to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only, just object of his ire.
She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress;
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid;
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon.
Unwary and too desirous as before,
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself; alas,
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,

Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiv'n,
To me committed, and by me exposed.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed, O hapless seed! derived.
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied.
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
By Death at last, and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring,
Into this cursed world a woful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster, in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two
Be forced to satisfy his rav'nous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,

Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be misery,
And torment less than none of what we dread,
Then both ourselves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short;
Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves:
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
That show no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy?
  She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dyed her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Laboring had raised, and thus to Eve replied.
  Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But self-destruction therefore sought refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so
To be forestall'd: much more I fear lest death
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay: rather such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live: then let us seek

Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The serpent's head: piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
Satan, who in the serpent hath contrived
Against us this deceit. To crush his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolved, as thou proposest; so our foe
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savors only
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and His just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper He both heard and judged
Without wrath or reviling; we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day, when, lo! to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth; soon recompensed with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground, with labor I must earn
My bread; what harm? idleness had been worse;
My labor will sustain me; and lest cold
Or heat should injure us, His timely care
Hath unbesought provided, and His hands
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while He judged.
How much more, if we pray Him, will His ear
Be open, and His heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow,
Which now the sky with various face begins

To show us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees, which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night; how we his gather'd beams
Reflected may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodies grind
The air attrite[1] to fire, as late the clouds
Justling or push'd with winds rude in their shock
Tine[2] the slant lightning whose thwart flame driv'n down
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the sun. Such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought;
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching Him, so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By Him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
What better can we do, than, to the place
Repairing where He judged us, prostrate fall
Before Him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly He will relent and turn
From His displeasure, in whose look serene,
When angry most He seem'd and most severe,
What else but favor, grace, and mercy shone?
So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place

[1] Worn by rubbing or friction. [2] To kindle.

Repairing where He judged them prostrate fell
Before Him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting,[1] sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd and humiliation meek.

[1] Beating the air.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in paradise; sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him: the angel denounces their approaching departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood,
Praying, for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed
Unutterable,[1] which the spirit of prayer
Inspired, and wing'd for heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout.[2] To heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors; then clad
With incense,[3] where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne; them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began.

[1] Romans viii. 26.

[2] Themis, the goddess of justice. The fable of Deucalion and Pyrrha, evidently founded on a heathen tradition of Noah's flood, is told by Ovid, *Met.* I. fab. 8. [3] Psalm cxli. 2.

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleasing savor from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of paradise could have produced, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication, hear his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate [1]
And propitiation; all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft, my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind, let him live
Before thee reconciled, at least his days
Number'd, though sad, till death his doom, (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss;
Made one with me as I with thee am one.[2]

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene;
All thy request for man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell
The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper gross, to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first

[1] 1 John ii. 1, 2. [2] 2 John xvii. 21, 22.

Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happiness
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe,
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Waked in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the blest
Through heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgment; how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they saw;
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.
He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. The angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bow'rs
Of Amaranthine shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where e'er they sat
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats; till from His throne supreme
The Almighty thus pronounced His sov'reign will.
O Sons, like one of us man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended[1] fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
Happier, had it sufficed him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.

[1] Forbidden.

He sorrows now, repents and prays contrite,
My motions in him, longer than they move,
His heart I know how variable and vain
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of GOD
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,
From hallow'd ground the unholy, and denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urged,
For I behold them soften'd and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My cov'nant in the woman's seed renew'd;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame
Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
Lest paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude.

He ceased; and the archangelic pow'r prepared
For swift descent, with him the cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus;[1] all their shape
Spangled with eyes more numerous than those
Of Argus,[2] and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe, the pastoral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
To resalute the world with sacred light
Leucothea[3] waked, and with fresh dews imbalm'd
The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy from heav'n descends;
But that from us aught should ascend to heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-bless'd, or to incline His will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought
By prayer th' offended Deity to appease,
Kneel'd and before Him humbled all my heart,
Methought I saw Him placable and mild,
Bending His ear: persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favor; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now

[1] Ezek. x. 12, 14.

[2] Argus, the spy of Juno, who had a hundred eyes, was lulled to sleep and killed by Mercury (or Hermes), by the command of Jupiter. The Caduceus of Mercury is called an "opiate rod," because with it he could charm sleep on any eyelids he pleased.

[3] "The white goddess," or Dawn. The same with Matuta, or early morning, in Latin. She preceded Aurora.—NEWTON.

Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve[1] rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for man.
To whom thus Eve with sad demeanor meek.
Ill worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare: to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced
The source of life; next favorable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labor calls us now with sweat imposed,
Though after sleepless night; for see, the morn,
All unconcern'd, with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.
So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve; but fate
Subscribed not; nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air; air suddenly eclipsed
After short blush of morn: nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tow'r,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove:
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight.

[1] Eve signifies Life.

Adam observed, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmoved to Eve thus spake.
O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which heav'n by these mute signs in nature shows
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death released
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more?
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,
One way the selfsame hour? Why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim,[1] where he saw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,[2]
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man assassin-like had levy'd war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely hierarch
In their bright stand there left his powers to seize
Possession of the garden; he alone,

[1] Gen. xxxii. 1, 2.

[2] Alluding to the King of Syria's attempt to take the prophet Elisha captive, and to the vision the prophet vouchsafed to obtain for his servant of the angel-guards which defended him. 2 Kings vi. 17.

The heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise.

To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceived of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observed; for I descry
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill
One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait
None of the meanest: some great potentate,
Or of the thrones above, such majesty
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide;
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th' archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan,[1] or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris[2] had dipp'd the woof;
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side
As in a glistering zodiac hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear
Adam bow'd low, he kingly from his state
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.
Adam, heav'n's high behest no preface needs.
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent

[1] Melibea, a city of Thessaly, was famous for dyeing the noblest purple. Sarra, the dye of Tyre.—HUME. Sar was the name of the fish from which the Tyrian purple dye was extracted. [2] The rainbow hues are meant.

And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord appeased
Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not: to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.
He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.
O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r! by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound;

Where he abides, think there thy native soil.
Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd.
Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound.
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known; and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries.
But prayer against His absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to His great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from His face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place, where he vouchsafed
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines His voice
I heard, here with Him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs:

In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd
To life prolong'd and promised race, I now
Gladly behold though but His utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off His steps adore.
To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
Adam, thou know'st heav'n His, and all the earth,
Not this rock only; His omnipresence fills
Land, sea and air, and every kind that lives,[1]
Fomented by His virtual power and warm'd:
All the earth He gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confined
Of Paradise or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike
Present, and of His presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, His face
Express, and of His steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know, I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy off-spring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear

[1] Jeremiah xxiii. 24.

And pious sorrow, equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill; let Eve, for I have drench'd her eyes,
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st,
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd.
To whom thus Adam gratefully replied.
Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of heav'n submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labor won,
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the visions of God. It was a hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the tempter set
Our second Adam[1] in the wilderness,
To show him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu,[2] seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,[3]
To Paquin of Sinæan kings,[4] and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese,[5] or where

[1] 1 Cor. xv. 45. Matt. iv. 8. [2] The principal city of Cathay.
[3] The chief city of Zagathian Tartary. It was the royal residence of the great conqueror Tamerlane, or "Temir."
[4] Paquin, or Pekin, in China, the country of the ancient Sinæ.—NEWTON.
[5] The golden Chersonese is Malacca.

The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Czar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,[1]
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus[2] to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,[3]
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Almansor,[4] Fez, and Sus,
Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
Or Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico the seat of Motezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa,[5] and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons[6]
Call El Dorado; but to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight
Had bred; then purged with euphrasy[7] and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,
Ev'n to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,

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[1] Byzantium, or Constantinople. The Turks came from Turkestan, in Tartary.

[2] Upper Ethiopia, or Abyssinia, whose king is still styled the *Negus*. Ercoco, or Erquièo, on the Red Sea. [3] All on the eastern coast of Africa.

[4] Almansor was King of Barbary, where these states lie.

[5] Atahuallpa, the last native Emperor or Inca, subdued by Pizarro.

[6] The Spaniards, so called from Geryon, an ancient King of Spain. El Dorado revives the memory of the explorers and navigators of Elizabeth's days. The whole inhabited world is summed up in this sweeping and glorious description of the vision of our Lord on the Mount.

[7] The herb called in English eyebright. Both it and rue were thought to have great medicinal power.

Sunk down, and all his spirits became intranced:
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd.
Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
The excepted tree, nor with the snake conspired,
Nor sinn'd thy sin; yet from that sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.
His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
New reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds:
I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,
Rustic, of grassy sord;[1] thither anon
A sweaty reaper[2] from his tillage brought
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
Uncull'd as came to hand; a shepherd next
More meek came with the firstlings of his flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strew'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
His off'ring soon propitious fire from heav'n
Consumed with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
The other's not, for his was not sincere:
Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effused.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the angel cried.
O teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrificed;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?
To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied.

[1] Sward. See green-sord for green-sward in early editions of Shakespeare. [2] Gen. iv. 2.

These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; the unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be avenged, and the other's faith approved
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our sire:
Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen death? is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at the entrance than within.
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know
What misery th' inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased, all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone, and ulcer, colic pangs,
Dæmoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; despair

Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!
Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
The image of God in man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debased
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?
Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then
Forsook them, when themselves they villified
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His image whom they served, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is their punishment,
Disfiguring not GOD'S likeness, but their own,
Or if His likeness, by themselves defaced,
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
To loathesome sickness, worthily, since they
GOD'S image did not reverence in themselves.

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?
There is, said Michael, if thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight;
Till many years over thy head return,
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
This is old age; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray: thy senses then
Obtuse all taste of pleasure must forego
To what thou hast, and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor:
Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael replied.
Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another sight.
He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of cattle grazing:[1] others, whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime

[1] Jabal. See Gen. iv. 20.

Was heard, of harp and organ; and who moved
Their stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue,[1]
In other part stood one who, at the forge[2]
Laboring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted, whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From underground; the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit moulds prepared; from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neighboring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended: by their guise
Just men they seem'd,[3] and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know His works
Not hid, nor those things last, which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till, in the amorous net
Fast caught, they liked, and each his liking chose:
And now of love they treat, till the ev'ning star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked;
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event

[1] Jubal. See Gen. iv. 21. [2] Tubal-cain. Gen. iv. 22. [3] The descendants of Seth.

Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,
And charming symphonies attach'd the heart
Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,
The bent of nature, which he thus express'd.
True opener of mine eyes, prime angel bless'd,
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past;
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.
To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler ends
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents, thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledged none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troup thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honor and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists; and now swim in joy
(Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for which
The world erelong a world of tears must weep.
To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft;
O pity and shame, that they, who to live well

Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!
But still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin.
From man's effeminate slackness it begins,
Said the angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdom and superior gifts received.
But now prepare thee for another scene.
He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and tow'rs,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single, or in array of battle ranged
Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring stood:
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies
With carcasses and arms th' ensanguin'd field,
Deserted. Others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamp'd, by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the sceptered heralds call
To council in the city gates: anon
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon
In factious opposition; till at last

Of middle age one rising,[1] eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong
Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full sad; O! what are these,
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand-fold the sin of him who slew
His brother; for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
But who was that just man, whom had not heav'n
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?
To whom thus Michael. These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be admired,
And valor and heroic virtue call'd:
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,

[1] Enoch, said to be of middle age, because he was translated when he was only 365 years old, a middle age then. Gen. v. 23.—RICHARDSON.

Began to build a vessel of huge bulk.

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And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st
The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his saints; him the most High
Wrapt in a balmy cloud with wingèd steeds
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death: to show thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment:
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold:
He look'd, and saw the face of things quite changed,
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting as befell,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire[1] among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declared,
And testified against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met
Triumphs, or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceased
Contending, and removed his tents far off:[2]
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door

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1 Noah. See 1 Peter iii. 19.
2 Noah's removal to another land is taken from Josephus. *Antiq. Jud.* lib. i. c. 3.

Contrived, and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast: when lo, a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: last the sire and his three sons
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heav'n; the hills to their supply
Vapor, and exhalation dusk and moist
Sent up amain: and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen; the floating vessel swum
Uplifted; and secure with beakèd prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves, all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore, and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left in one small bottom swum embark'd.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation! thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd
By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy'd at once;
And scarce to the angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.
  O visions ill foreseen! better had I
Lived ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear; those now, that were dispensed
The burden of many ages, on me light

At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel,
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn; those few escaped
Famine and anguish will at last consume
Wand'ring that wat'ry desert. I had hope
When violence was ceased, and war on earth,
All would have then gone well; peace would have crown'd
With length of happy days the race of man;
But I was far deceived; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide,
And whether here the race of man will end.
To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who having spill'd much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquered also and enslaved by war
Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contest of battle found no aid
Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,
Worldly, or dissolute, on what their lords

Shall leave them to enjoy, for the earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be tried:
So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,
Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot;
One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observed
The one just man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,
To save himself and household from amidst
A world devote to universal wreck.
No sooner he with them of man and beast
Select for life shall in the ark be lodged
And sheltered round, but all the cataracts
Of heav'n set open on the earth shall pour
Rain day and night, all fountains of the deep
Broke up shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be moved
Out of his place, push'd by the hornèd flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
And there take root, an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang;
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated, for the clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry glass
Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopp'd
His sluices, as the heav'n his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With clamor thence the rapid currents drive
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him the surer messenger,
A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends with all his train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colors gay,
Betok'ning peace from GOD, and cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
Greatly rejoiced, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou, who future things canst represent
As present, heav'nly instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assured that man shall live
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice

For one man found so perfect and so just,
That GOD vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those color'd streaks in heav'n,
Distended as the brow of GOD appeased?
Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud
Lest it again dissolve and show'r the earth?
To whom the archangel. Dext'rously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth GOD remit His ire,
Though late repenting Him of man depraved,
Grieved at His heart, when looking down He saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet, those removed,
Such grace shall one just man find in His sight,
That He relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
With man therein or beast; but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his cov'nant: day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that seed of the woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied, and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed, so here th' archangel paused
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored;
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.
  Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
And man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail: objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
  This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Laboring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd, or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell
Long time in peace by families and tribes
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise

Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth;
Hunting, and men not beasts shall be his game,
With war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous.
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled [1]
Before the Lord, as in despite of heav'n,
Or from heav'n claiming second sov'reignty;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,[2]
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west,[3] shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell:
Of brick and of that stuff they cast to build
A city and tow'r, whose top may reach to heav'n,
And get themselves a name, lest far disperst
In foreign lands their memory be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But GOD, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks,
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct Heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase
Quite out their native language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.

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[1] Nimrod, who is supposed to have been the first who introduced kingly power. See Gen. x. 9.

[2] The name Nimrod is derived from a Hebrew word that signifies to rebel.

[3] "And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar." Gen. xi. 2, &c.

Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders, each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in heav'n,
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion[1] named.
Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeased.
O execrable son! so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd, from GOD not giv'n.
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By His donation; such title to Himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to GOD his tower intends
Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain
Himself and his rash army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?
To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits

[1] Babel signifies *confusion*, in Hebrew.

Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, GOD in judgment just
Subjects him from without to violent lords
Who oft as undeservedly enthral
His outward freedom. Tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward lost: witness the irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race,[1]
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse, till GOD at last,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,
A nation from one faithful man[2] to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing
Bred up in idol-worship:[3] O that men,
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch lived, who scaped the flood,
As to forsake the living GOD, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For Gods; yet him GOD the most high vouchsafes
To call by vision from his father's house,
His kindred, and false Gods, into a land

[1] Gen. ix. 22-25.

[2] Abraham.

[3] Terah, Abraham's father, was an idolater. See Josh. xxiv. 2. Jewish tradition represents the father and grandfather of Abraham to have been carvers of idols. Terah was born in Noah's lifetime.

Which He will show him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him show'r
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be bless'd; he straight obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds, and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With GOD, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighboring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land;
From Hamath northward to the desert south,
Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed,
From Hermon east to the great western sea,
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be blessed; by that seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch bless'd,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths

Into the sea. To sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son
In time of dearth; a son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation; and now grown
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron), sent from GOD to claim
His people from enthralment, they return
With glory and spoil back to their promised land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their GOD, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire;
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Blotches and blains must all his flesh imboss,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
This river-dragon[1] tamed at length submits

[1] An allusion to the crocodile, the Egyptian animal. Ezekiel also styles Pharoah "the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers."

To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice
More harden'd after thaw, till, in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls,
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore:
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
Though present in His angel, who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues:
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their imbattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war. The race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
Through the wild Desert; not the readiest way,
Lest ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness, there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top

Shall tremble, He descending, will Himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound
Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain
To civil justice; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them by types
And shadows of that destined seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means He shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech
That Moses might report to them His will
And terror cease; He grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell;
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to His will, that He vouchsafes
Among them to set up His tabernacle,
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.
By His prescript a sanctuary is framed
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein
An ark, and in the ark His testimony,
The records of His cov'nant, over these
A mercy-seat of gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim; before Him burn
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing
The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come
Conducted by His angel to the land
Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won;
Or how the sun shall in mid heav'n stand still

A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding,—Sun in Gibeon stand,
And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,
Till Israel overcome;—so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.
Here Adam interposed. O sent from heav'n,
Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eased,
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind; but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be bless'd;
Favor unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom GOD will deign to dwell on earth
So many and so various laws are giv'n:
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can GOD with such reside?
To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law given them to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by faith imputed they may find
Justification towards GOD, and peace
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.

So law appears imperfect, and but giv'n
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better covenant, disciplined
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of GOD
Highly beloved, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan led;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man
Safe to eternal paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan placed
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking GOD to raise them enemies,
From whom as oft He saves them penitent,
By judges first, then under kings; of whom
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
Forever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophesy, that of the royal stock
Of David, so I name this king, shall rise
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end.
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,
The clouded ark of GOD, till then in tents
Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him, as shall be register'd

Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll;
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
GOD, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, His temple, and His Holy ark,
With all His sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity He lets them dwell
The space of seventy years, then brings them back,
Rememb'ring mercy and His cov'nant sworn
To David stablish'd as the days of heav'n.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom GOD disposed, the house of GOD
They first re-edify, and for awhile
In mean estate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But first among the priests dissension springs,[1]
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavor peace: their strife pollution brings
Upon the temple itself: at last they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;[2]
Then lose it to a stranger,[3] that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star
Unseen before in heav'n proclaims him come;
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire

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[1] The murder of Jesus, or Joshua, in the Temple by his brother John, the high priest, is perhaps alluded to here. Bagoas, the general of Artaxerxes' army, had promised to procure Jesus the high priesthood. In confidence of the Persian's support, Jesus insulted his brother in the temple, and so provoked him that the latter slew him. Thus the Temple was polluted by fratricide, committed by the high priest himself. The old commentators suppose, however, that the passage alludes to the quarrels between Jason and Menelaus for the high priesthood, which led to the profanation of the Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes.

[2] Aristobulus, a Maccabee, or Asmonean, erected the theocratic republic of the Jews into a kingdom 481 years after the return from the Babylonian captivity.

[3] Herod, an Idumean or Edomite.

His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:
His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of the Most High; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'ns.[1]
He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breathed.
O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain,
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of woman: Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of GOD most high; so GOD with man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain: say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel.
To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhood, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound;
Which He, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,

[1] Psalm ii. 8. Isaiah ix. 7. Zech. ix. 9.

Obedience to the law of GOD, imposed
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high justice rest appaid.
The law of GOD exact He shall fulfil,
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life and cursèd death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption; and that His obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith; His merits
To save them, not their own (though legal) works.
For this He shall live hated, be blasphemed,
Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross
By His own nation, slain for bringing life:
But to the cross He nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with Him there crucified,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this His satisfaction: so He dies,
But soon revives, death over Him no power
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see Him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This godlike act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,
In sin forever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength
Defeating sin and death, his two main arms,
And fix far deeper in his head their stings,

Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom He redeems, a death, like sleep
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after resurrection shall He stay
Longer on earth than certain times to appear
To His disciples, men who in His life
Still follow'd Him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of Him they learn'd
And His salvation; them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,
For death, like that which the redeemer died.
All nations they shall teach; for from that day
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world:
So in his seed all nations shall be bless'd.
Then to the heav'n of heav'ns He shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over His foes and thine; there shall surprise
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at GOD'S right hand, exalted high
Above all names in heav'n; and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in heav'n or earth; for then the earth
Shall all be paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.
So spake the Archangel Michael, then paused,
As at the world's great period; and our sire
Replete with joy and wonder thus replied.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring.
To GOD more glory, more good will to men
From GOD, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to heav'n
Must reascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth; who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worse with His followers than with Him they dealt?
Be sure they will, said the angel; but from heav'n
He to His own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His spirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arm
With spiritual armor, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompensed,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit
Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts indue,
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from heav'n: at length

Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike and giv'n
To all believers; and from that pretence
Spiritual laws by carnal powers shall force
On every conscience; laws which none shall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind
His consort Liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's? for on earth
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will presume:
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied; truth shall retire
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning till the day
Appear of restoration to the just,

And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of Him so lately promised to thy aid,
The woman's seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
New heav'ns, new earth, ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,
To bring forth fruits joy and eternal bliss.
He ended; and thus Adam last replied.
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer bless'd,
Measured this transient world, the race of time
Till time stand fix'd! beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach:
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only GOD, to walk
As in His presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on Him sole depend,
Merciful over all His works, with good
Still overcoming evil; and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bless'd.
To whom thus also th' angel last replied.
This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum

Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,
Or works of GOD in heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now, therefore, from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the guards,
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard.
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come,
For by the woman's seed, on all mankind.
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad
With cause for evils past; yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill:
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;

For GOD is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which He hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore.
So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish[1] glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced
The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They looking back all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate

[1] An old word for marsh.

With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

I, WHO erewhile the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated, and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness.
Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremite
Into the desert, His victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st Him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of GOD, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd[1] to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.
Now had the great Proclaimer,[2] with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance, and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptized: to his great baptism flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the Son of Joseph deem'd

[1] Full feathered, a term used in falconry.

[2] John the Baptist.

To the flood Jordan, came, as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown; but Him the Baptist soon
Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heavenly office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd: on Him baptized
Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From heav'n pronounced Him His belovèd Son.
That heard the adversary, who, roving still
About the world, at that assembly famed
Would not be last, and, with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted Man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
With wonder, then, with envy fraught and rage,
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers,
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involved,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake.
O ancient Powers of air[1] and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention air,
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation; well we know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possest, and ruled
In manner at our will th' affairs of earth,
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise deceived by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
Upon my head; long the decrees of heav'n
Delay, for longest time to Him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours

[1] See Ephes. ii. 2; vi. 12.

This dreaded time have compast, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infringed, our freedom, and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air:
For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed,
Destined to this, is late of woman born;
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet to proclaim
His coming is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive Him pure, or rather
To do Him honor as their king: all come,
And He Himself among them was baptized,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of heav'n, that who He is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw
The prophet do him reverence, on Him, rising
Out of the water, heav'n above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors, thence on His head
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,
And out of heav'n the sovereign voice I hear,
—This is my Son beloved, in Him am pleased.
His mother then is mortal, but His sire
He who obtains the monarchy of heav'n;
And what will He not do to advance His Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When His fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we must learn,[1] for man He seems

[1] Milton's idea that Satan did not know that the wondrous Man baptized was the Messiah,

In all His lineaments, though in His face
The glimpses of His Father's glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be opposed,
Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven snares,
Ere in the head of nations He appear
Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd
Successfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once
Induces best to hope of like success.

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief.
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprise
To him their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thrived
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,[1]
Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on Him to try;

originated probably by the opinions of Ignatius, Bezu, etc., who believed that the devil did not recognize in mortal form the Son of God.—*From* NEWTON.

[1] Alluding to the habits of pretended sorcerers, who wore a girdle of snake's skin.—NEWTON. Milton also alluded to the temptation of Eve.

So to subvert whom he suspected raised
To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purposed counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt
Of the most High, who, in full frequence bright
Of angels, thus to Gabriel[1] smiling spake.
Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
Thou and all angels conversant on earth
With man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a son
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of GOD;
Thou told'st her, doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
O'ershadow her: this man born, and now up-grown,
To show him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his apostasy; he might have learnt
Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a man
Of female seed, far abler to resist
All his solicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to hell,
Winning by conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surprised. But first I mean
To exercise him in the wilderness;
There he shall first lay down the rudiments

[1] The rabbis say that Gabriel was the angel of mercy; Michael, of justice.—*From* NEWTON.

Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes
By humiliation and strong sufferance.
His weakness shall o'ercome satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the angels and ethereal powers,
They now, and men hereafter, may discern,
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect man, by merit called my son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father, and all heav'n
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
Now ent'ring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures His filial virtue, though untried,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of hell,
And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tuned:
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptized,
Musing and much revolving in his breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his god-like office now mature,
One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,

He enter'd now the bordering desert wild,[1]
And, with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursued.
O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel my self, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compared.
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore, above my years,
The law of GOD I read, and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that, ere yet my age
Had measured twice six years, at our great feast
I went into the temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own,
And was admired by all; yet this not all
To which my spirit aspired, victorious deeds
Flamed in my heart, heroic acts; one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannic pow'r,
Till truth were freed, and equity restored:
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
Not wilfully misdoing, but unware
Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.

[1] The Wilderness of Judea, or Ziph. It extended from the Jordan along the western side of the Dead Sea.

These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
And said to me apart. High are thy thoughts
O son, but nourish them, and let them soar
To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, thou above example high;
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know, thou art no son of mortal man,
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,
Thy father is the eternal King who rules
All heav'n and earth, angels and sons of men:
A messenger from GOD foretold thy birth
Conceived in me a virgin;[1] he foretold
Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne,
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.
At thy nativity a glorious quire
Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
To shepherds watching at their folds by night,[2]
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him; and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
For in the inn was left no better room.
A star, not seen before, in heav'n appearing
Guided the wise men thither from the east,[3]
To honor thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy star new grav'n in heav'n,
By which they knew the king of Israel born.
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,
Before the altar and the vested Priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.
This having heard, straight I again revolved
The law and prophets, searching what was writ

[1] Luke i. 30-35. [2] Luke ii. 8 and following vs. [3] Matt. ii.

Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay, even to the death,
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet, neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
The time prefixt I waited, when, behold!
The Baptist, of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight,[1] now come, who was to come
Before Messiah and his way prepare.
I, as all others, to his baptism came,
Which I believed was from above; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me Him (for it was shown him so from heav'n),
Me Him whose harbinger he was; and first
Refused on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I rose out of the laving stream,
Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a dove;
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from heav'n pronounced me His,
Me His belovèd Son, in whom alone
He was well pleased; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The authority which I derived from heav'n.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps, I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

[1] St. John was brought up in a different part of the country from Jesus, and first saw his divine cousin at his baptism. John i. 31, 32. "I knew him not."

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the cover of some ancient oak
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbor'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
But now an agèd man in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake.
Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan, for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcass, pined with hunger and with drought.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
Our new baptizing prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honor'd so, and call'd thee Son

Of GOD; I saw and heard, for we sometimes,
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,)
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out.
  To whom the Son of GOD. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.
  By miracle he may, replied the swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
More than the camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born.
But if thou be the Son of GOD, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,
So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.
  He ended, and the Son of GOD replied.
Think'st thou such force in bread? is it not written,
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st,)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of GOD, who fed
Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat, nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waste, the same I now.
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
  Whom thus answer'd the arch fiend now undisguised.
'Tis true, I am that spirit unfortunate,
Who leagued with millions more in rash revolt,
Kept not my happy station, but was driv'n
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep;
Yet to that hideous place not so confined
By rigor unconniving, but that oft,
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty, to round this globe of earth,

Or range in the air, nor from the heav'n of heav'ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the sons of GOD, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
And when to all his angels he proposed
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies[1]
To his destruction, as I had in charge;
For what He bids I do. Though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be beloved of GOD, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire,
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declared the Son of GOD, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell,
Copartner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages, and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.[2]

[1] 1 Kings xxii. 19 and following vs.

[2] The following passage of Cicero reflects so much light on these lines as would incline one to think that Milton had it in his mind. "Multa cernunt haruspices; multa augures provident, multa oraculis declarantur, multa vaticinationibus, multa somniis, multa portentis: quibus cognitis, multæ sæpe res hominum sententia atque utilitate partæ" (or, as Lambinus

Envy they say excites me thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.
At first it may be; but long since with woe.
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most, what can it less? that man,
Man fall'n shall be restored, I never more.
To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied.
Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end,
Who boast release from hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns. Thou com'st indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendor, now deposed,
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
To all the host of heav'n. The happy place
Imports to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss to thee no more communicable,
So never more in hell than when in heav'n.
But thou art serviceable to heaven's King.
Wilt thou impute t' obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.

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reads, "ex animi sententia atque utilitate partæ"); "multa etiam pericula depulsa sunt." —*De Nat. Deor.* II. 65.—NEWTON.

Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confest more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers? what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who asked have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly given the nations up
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous. But when His purpose is
Among them to declare His providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from Him or His angels president
In every province? who, themselves disdaining
T' approach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,[1]
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere,
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.[2]

[1] Ceased. *Juv. Sat.* VI. 554. "Delphis oracula cessant."

[2] Thus the priestess tells Appius when he wishes to consult the oracle at Delphi, and finds it dumb:

"Muto Parnassus hiatu
Conticuit pressitque Deum; seu spiritus istas
Destituit fauces mundique in devia versum.
Duxit iter."— LUCAN, quoted by DUNSTER.

God hath now sent His living oracle
Into the world to teach His final will,
And sends His Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, and inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.
So spake our Saviour; but the subtle fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.
Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urged me hard with doings, which not will
But misery, hath wrested from me; where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not enforced ofttimes to part from truth;
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can, and must, submiss endure
Check or reproof, and glad to escape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to th' ear,
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come, since no man comes,
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsafed his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspired; disdain not such access to me.
To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st

Permission from above; thou canst not more.
He added not; and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin air diffused:[1] for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
And now wild beasts come forth the woods to roam.

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[1] "These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into *thin air*."—
SHAKSPEARE, *Tempest*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

BOOK II.

MEANWHILE the new-baptized, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus, Messiah, Son of GOD declared,
And on that high authority had believed,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodged,[1] I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others though in holy writ not named,
Now missing him their joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And, as the days increased, increased their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
And for a time caught up to GOD, as once
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long;
And the great Thisbite,[2] who on fiery wheels
Rode up to heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah,[3] so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho
The city of palms,[4] Ænon, and Salem old.
Machærus,[5] and each town or city wall'd
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,
Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,

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[1] See John i. 35-40. [2] Elijah. [3] 2 Kings ii. 17.
[4] Jericho is called the city of palm trees in Deut. xxxiv. 3.
[5] A stronghold fortified by Herod Antipas.

Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed.
Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth:
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom shall to Israel be restored:
Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath wrapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come,
Behold the kings of the earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what highth their power unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee. Arise and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far He hath perform'd,
Sent His Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By His great prophet pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have conversed;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on His providence; He will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall;
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.
Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought:
But to his mother Mary, when she saw
Others return'd from baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,

Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.
O what avails me now that honor high
To have conceived of GOD, or that salute,
Hail, highly favor'd, among women blest!
While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air! a stable was our warmth,
A manger his: yet soon enforced to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king; but now
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
Son own'd from heav'n by his Father's voice;
I look'd for some great change: to honor? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce. This is my favor'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? some great intent
Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His father's business. What he meant I mused,

Since understand. Much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inured;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.
Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,
Sole but with holiest meditations fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on earth, and mission high:
For Satan, with sly preface to return,
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat;
There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began.
Princes, heav'n's ancient sons, ethereal thrones,
Demonian spirits now from the element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place, and these mild seats
Without new trouble; such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens, than our expulsion down to hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him,[1] but find
Far other labor to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,

[1] A Grecism. See also Psalm xxxiv. 8: "O taste and see how gracious the Lord is!"

Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell,
However to this man inferior far,
If he be man by mother's side at least,
With more than human gifts from heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence
Of my success with Eve in paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion oversure
Of like succeeding here: I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst
Thought none my equal, now be overmatch'd.
So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamor was assured their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutest spirit that fell,
The sensualest, and after Asmodai[1]
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advised.
Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found;
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky; more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to soften and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest breast,

[1] Or Asmodeus, the angel who persecuted Sara, the daughter of Raguel, and slew her husbands. See Tobit.

As the magnetic[1] hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.
To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself; because of old
Thou thyself doat'dst on woman-kind, admiring
Their shape, their color, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
False titled sons of god, roaming the earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,[2]
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names adored,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satyr, or fawn, or sylvan ? but these haunts
Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that Pellean conqueror,[3]
A youth, how all the beauties of the east
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he surnamed of Africa[4] dismiss'd

[1] The loadstone, or magnet.

[2] Women beloved by the heathen deities. Ovid relates these fables. Calisto, Semele, and Antiopa were the loves of Jupiter; Clymene and Daphne, of Apollo; Syrinx, of Pan.

[3] Alexander the Great. He was born at Pella, in Macedonia.

[4] Scipio Africanus. His generous treatment of his Spanish captive is well-known.

In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full
Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed:
But He whom we attempt is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire? or should she confident,
As sitting queen adored on beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;
How would one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
Discount'nance her despised, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe? for beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive. Cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more show
Of worth, of honor, glory, and popular praise;
Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness;
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.
He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim:

Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of spirits, likest to himself in guile,
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons each to know his part;
Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
Where still from shade to shade the Son of GOD
After forty days' fasting had remain'd,
Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said.
Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food
Nor tasted, nor had appetite: that fast
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,
Or GOD support nature without repast
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet GOD
Can satisfy that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain: so it remain
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will.
It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet:
Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks[1]
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:

[1] 1 Kings xvii. 5, 6.

He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper: then how, awaked,
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.[1]
Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw,
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determined there
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seem'd, nature taught art,
And to a superstitious eye the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it round,
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.
With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of GOD

[1] Daniel i. 12.

In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
The fugitive bond-woman with her son
Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel;[1] all the race
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from heav'n manna; and that prophet bold
Native of Thebez[2] wand'ring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.[3]
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed.
To whom thus Jesus. What conclud'st thou hence?
They all had need, I, as thou seest, have none.
How hast thou hunger then? Satan replied.
Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal? said the subtle fiend.
Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
Would scruple that with want oppress? behold
Nature ashamed, or, better to express,

---

[1] Hagar and Ishmael. See Gen. xxi. 14-21. Nebaioth was Ishmael's eldest son, who gave their name to the nation descended from him, the Nebatheans.

[2] Thisbe was the birthplace of Elijah.

[3] Hagar, the Israelites, and Elijah did not suffer hunger on the identical spot where our Lord fasted; but Milton takes in the *whole desert* at one view, not caring to distinguish different spots in one wide tract.—*From* NEWTON.

Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honor, only deign to sit and eat.
He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savor, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry-built,[1] or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber[2] steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet[3] or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay,[4] and Afric coast.
Alas how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted[5] Eve!
And at a stately side-board by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas,[6] distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides,[7] that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of fairy damsels met in forest wide

---

1 Milton alludes to the culinary feats called "subtilities," or "sotilties"—wonderful pastry built in the shape of embattled towers, &c., to a great height.

2 Ambergris, which was used in Milton's day in cookery.

3 A stream of fresh water.

4 Pontus is the Black Sea; the Lucrine bay in Italy.

5 Diverted here means "turned aside," from the Latin *diverto*, to turn aside.

6 Ganymede was the cupbearer of Jupiter; Hylas drew water for Hercules.

7 The "ladies of the Hesperides" were famed for their lovely singing. The nymphs of the chase and of the water (the Naiades) appropriately attend such a feast.

By knights of Logres,[1] or of Lyones,[2]
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore,[3]
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendor; and the tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.
What doubts the Son of GOD to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure;
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroy's life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their lord:
What doubt'st thou, Son of GOD? sit down and eat.
To whom thus Jesus temperately replied.
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my power that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant,
Array'd in glory, on my cup to attend;
Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,

---

[1] Logres, or Logris, is the same as *Loegria*, an ancient name for England. See Holinshed's "History of England," B. II. 4, 5. Spenser uses this name in his "Faerie Queene":—

"And Camber did possess the western quart
Which Severn now from Logris doth depart."—*From* DUNSTER'S Note.

[2] Lyones, or Lionesse, was an ancient name for part of Cornwall—the extreme west, towards the Land's End.

[3] Lancelot's name has again become a "household word," through Tennyson's exquisite "Idylls." It is scarcely necessary to say that he, Pelleas, and Pellenore were three of Arthur's knights.

In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.
To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.
That I have also power to give thou seest.
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleased,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet[1] spoil. With that
Both table and provision vanish'd quite
With sounds of Harpies' wings and talons heard;
Only the importune tempter still remained,
And with these words his temptations pursued.
By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not moved;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions; but wherewith to be achieved?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinue can'st thou gain?
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?

[1] Far-fetched. "Far-fet" is used by Chaucer and Spenser.

Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms.
What raised Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,[1]
Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favor thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want.
To whom thus Jesus patiently replied.
Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved.
But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon[2] and Jeptha,[3] and the shepherd lad,
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the heathen, for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial, canst thou not remember
Quintius,[4] Fabricius,[5] Curius,[6] Regulus?[7]

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[1] See Josephus, B. IV. 26. [2] Judges vi. 15. [3] Judges xi. 1.

[4] Quintius Cincinnatus, twice taken from the plough to be Consul and Dictator of Rome. After subduing the enemies of his country, he refused the wealth the people would have lavished on him, and returned to his cottage and humble life.

[5] Fabricius refused to be bribed by all the wealth of Pyrrhus of Epirus to negotiate a peace for that King with the Romans, and died so poor that he was obliged to be buried at the public expense.

[6] Curius Dentatus, when offered a large sum of money by the Samnites, as he sat by the fire roasting turnips with his own hands, refused it, saying that it was not his ambition to be rich, but to command those who were so.

[7] The story of how Regulus kept his word to the Carthaginians, and returned to die in torture rather than break his pledged promise, is well known.

For I esteem those names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hands of kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps, and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What, if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms? yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king.
His honor, vrtué, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or head-strong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth,
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind,
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought

Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, oftest better miss'd.

BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
Awhile as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinced
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.
I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old
Infallible: or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms.
These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteeem as dross,
And dignities and powers, all but the highest?

Thy years are ripe,[1] and over-ripe; the son
Of Macedonian Philip[2] had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose; young Scipio[3] had brought down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.[4]
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflamed
With glory, wept that he had lived so long
Inglorious,[5] but thou yet art not too late.
To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied.
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other:
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise

[1] Our Saviour was then "about thirty years of age." Luke iii. 23.

[2] Alexander the Great.

[3] Scipio was only twenty-nine years old when he conquered the Carthaginians.

[4] Pompey "triumphed himself in his youth; but when he conquered Mithridates he was forty years old.

[5] Julius Cæsar, whilst meditating over a "Life of Alexander," was seen to weep by his friends. On being asked the reason of his tears, he replied, "Do you not think I have just cause to weep when I consider that Alexander at my age had conquered so many nations, and I in all these years have done nothing memorable?"—PLUTARCH.

Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
This is true glory and renown, when GOD,
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through heaven
To all His angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises. Thus He did to Job,
When to extend his fame through heav'n and earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job?
Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neigboring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin whereso'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipp'd with temple, priest, aud sacrifice;
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne
Made famous in a land and times obscure;

Who names not now with honor patient Job?
Poor Socrates, who next more memorable?
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer'd; if young African[1] for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.
To whom the tempter murmuring thus replied.
Think not so slight of glory, therein least
Resembling thy great Father: He seeks glory,
And for His glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in heav'n
By all His angels glorified, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all sacrifice or hallow'd gift
Glory He requires, and glory He receives
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declared:
From us, His foes pronounced, glory He exacts.
To whom our Saviour fervently replied.
And reason, since His word all things produced,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to show forth His goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could He less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest, recompense

[1] Scipio Africanus.

From them who could return Him nothing else,
And not returning that would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonor, obloquy?
Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory, who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits received
Turn'd recreant to GOD, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to GOD alone of right belongs:
Yet so much bounty is in GOD, such grace,
That who advance His glory, not their own,
Them He Himself to glory will advance.
So spake the Son of GOD; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all;
Yet of another plea bethought him soon.
Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem,
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne,
By mother's side thy father; though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms.
Judæa now and all the promised land,
Reduced a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always ruled
With temperate sway: oft have they violated
The temple,[1] oft the law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once

[1] Pompey, with several of his officers, entered the Holy of Holies, where none were allowed to step except the high priest once a year, on the great day of expiation.

Antiochus :[1] and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring ?
So did not Maccabeus :[2] he indeed
Retired unto the desert, but with arms ;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow ;
But on occasion's forelock[3] watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign ;
The happier reign the sooner it begins ;
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while ?
To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth had said :[4]
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told
That it shall never end, so when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hands all times and seasons roll.[5]
What, if He hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know

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[1] 2 Maccab. v.

[2] Judas Maccabeus. Modin was the inheritance of the Maccabees.

[3] The Greek and Latin poets represented Time (or Opportunity) with a single lock of hair in front. The expression of seizing Time by the forelock is proverbial.

[4] Eccles. iii. 1.

[5] Acts i. 7. Mark xii. 32.

What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd:[1] just trial, ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom? why art thou
Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?
To whom the tempter, inly rack'd, replied.
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace: what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can
I would be at the worst, worst is my port,
My harbor, and my ultimate repose;
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd,
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,)
A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest both to thyself and all the world,
That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd

[1] "Qui bene imperat, paruerit aliquando necesse est; et qui modeste paret, videtur, qui aliquando imperet, dignus esse."—CICERO, quoted by NEWTON.

Of the enterprize so hazardous and high:
No wonder, for, though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, consider,
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jerusalem,[1] few days'
Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest insight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever
Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,
As he who seeking asses found a kingdom,[2]
Irresolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous:
But I will bring thee where thou soon shall quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts
And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand.
With that (such power was given him then) he took
The Son of GOD up to a mountain high.[3]
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,[4]
The one winding, the other straight, and left between
Fair champaign with less rivers intervein'd,

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[1] At the Passover. [2] Saul. See 1 Sam. ix. 20, 21.

[3] Milton is supposed to mean Mount Niphates, in the Taurus, which rises immediately above Assyria, and from whence he had made Satan survey Eden in the "Paradise Lost." —*See* DUNSTER.

[4] The Euphrates—"vagus Euphrates"—and the Tigris, the course of which was very straight.—TODD.

Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine,
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
The prospect was that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.
Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest and field, and flood, temples, and towers,
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes, and the Caspian lake, thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And inaccessible the Arabian drought:[1]
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar,[2] whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him[3] who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis
His city there thou seest, and Bactra there;
Ecbactana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos[4] her hundred gates;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,

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[1] A figure of speech for the desert.

[2] Shalmansar, in the reign of Hezekiah, King of Judah, carried away captive to Assyria the ten tribes of Israel.

[3] Nebuchadnezzar.

[4] Capital of Parthia, so called from its hundred gates.

The drink of none but kings;[1] of later fame
Built by Emathian,[2] or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis,[3] and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire, under his dominion holds.
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host[4]
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight[5] or in pursuit;
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel:
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings,
He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates outpour'd, light armèd troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice

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[1] Modern research confirms this fact in a singular manner. "It is a fact worthy of remark," says Buckingham, "that at this moment, while all the inhabitants of Kermanshah drink of the stream of Aub Dedoong, and of the spring called Aubi-i-Hassan-Khan, the *King's son alone* has the water for himself and his harem brought from the stream of the Kara Soo (the Choaspes). We drank of it ourselves as we passed, and from its superiority to all the waters of which we had tasted since leaving the banks of the Tigris, the draught was delicious enough to be sweet even to the palsied taste of royalty itself."—*Quoted in Aldine Edition.*

[2] Macedonian.

[3] Also named Antiochus.

[4] Ctesiphon was the place at which the Parthian kings always assembled their forces.

[5] They discharged their arrows as they fled.

Of many provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,[1]
From Atropatia and the neighboring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's[2] haven.
He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots or elephants endorsed with towers
Of archers, nor of laboring pioneers
A multitude with spades and axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or, where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels, and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican[3] with all his northern powers
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex Angelica

---

[1] Said to be "dark" from their thick forests.

[2] The Persian Gulf, so called from Bussora, or Balsera, the port situated on it.

[3] Agricano, one of the heroes of Boiardo's "Orlando Inamorato." Angelica, his daughter, was fabled to be the most beautiful woman of the age, and, like Helen of Troy, a fair mischief, who gave rise to continual strife. She reappears in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." Orlando goes mad for love of her. We must remember, when we marvel somewhat at this blending of truth and fiction, that the poems of Ariosto and Boiardo had probably been the delight of Milton's youth; and that he is alluding to the greatest poets of his own age, not merely to romances.

His daughter, sought by many prowest[1] knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry;
At sight whereof the fiend yet more presumed,
And to our Savior thus his words renew'd.
That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and shown
All this fair sight; thy kingdom, though foretold
By prophet or by angel, unless thou
Endeavor, as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means,
Without means used, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
By free consent of all, none opposite
Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
Between two such enclosing enemies,
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus[2] bound,
Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose;
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor,

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[1] Prowest is the superlative of prow, from the old French *preux*, valiant.—DUNSTER.

[2] The Parthians led Hyrcanus away captive to Seleucia when he was seventy years old.—*See* JOSEPHUS.

Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes,
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,
In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed;
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear.
To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmoved.
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragile arms, much instrument of war
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict and fail me of the throne.
My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off,) is not yet come;
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeavoring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shown me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
To just extent over all Israel's sons,
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride

Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days' pestilence?[1] such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Egypt, Baal next, and Ashtaroth,
And all th' idolatries of heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity,
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers; but so died
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the promised land their fathers pass'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.
So spake Israel's true king, and to the fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

[1] 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

BOOK IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve;
So little here, nay lost: but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who self-deceived
And rash before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Savior to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain,[1] long, but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north

[1] Italy, washed by the Mediterranean.

To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,[1]
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men
From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens, and groves presented to his eyes,
Above the highth of mountains interposed:
By what strange parallax or optic skill
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to enquire:
And now the tempter thus his silence broke.
The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable, and there mount Palatine,
Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods, so well I have disposed
My aery microscope, thou mayst behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or ent'ring in,

[1] The Apennines.

Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms[1] of horse and wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian,[2] some from farthest south
Syene,[3] and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle, and more to west.
The realm of Bocchus[4] to the Black-moor sea;
From the Asian kings and Parthian, among these,
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd:
From Gallia, Gades,[5] and the British west,
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.[6]
All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain
In ample territory, wealth, and power,
Civility of manners, arts, and arms,
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian; these two thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shared among petty kings too far removed.
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emperor[7] hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
To Capreæ, an island small but strong

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[1] Troops of horse, a word coined from the Latin *turma*. "Equitum turmæ."—VIRG. *Æn.* V. 360.—NEWTON.

[2] The Appian road led towards the south of Italy, and the Emilian towards the north.

[3] Put for the farthest point of the Roman Empire.

[4] Mauritania.

[5] Cadiz, in Spain, the extreme west of the Roman Empire.

[6] Palus Mæotis, or Black Sea.

[7] Tiberius.

On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favorite[1]
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
Hated of all and hating: with what ease,
Indued with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne
Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,
A victor people free from servile yoke?
And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less than all the world,
Aim at the highest without the highest attain'd
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesied what will.
  To whom the Son of GOD unmoved replied.
Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye.
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables[2] or Atlantic stone,
For I have also heard, perhaps have read.
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,[3]
Chios, and Crete,[4] and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal and myrrhine cups emboss'd with gems
And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst
And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st
From nations far and nigh. What honor that,

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[1] Sejanus.

[2] Tables of citron-wood were very highly valued by the Romans. It grew on Mount Atlas. Atlantic stone was probably marble from Numidia. Pliny, in his *Hist. Nat.* lib. v. c. i., says that the woods of Atlas were explored for citron-wood.

[3] These were famous Campanian wines. Falerian was the best wine they possessed.

[4] Greek wines.

But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk
Of the emperor, how easily subdued,
How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a devil who first made him such?
Let his tormentor conscience find him out;
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That people, victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who, once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nation under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
But lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed,
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,
Or could of inward slave make outward free?
Know therefore, when my season comes to sit
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world,
And of my kingdom there shall be no end.
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the tempter impudent replied.

I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st;
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict.

On the other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
For, giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior lord,
Easily done, and hold them all of me:
For what can less so great a gift deserve?
Whom thus our Savior answer'd with disdain.
I never liked thy talk, thy offers less,
Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter
The abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expired,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written
The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy GOD, and only him shalt serve;
And dar'st thou to the Son of GOD propound
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,
Other donation none thou canst produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of kings,
GOD over all Supreme? if given to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now
Repaid? but gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of GOD,
To me my own, on such abhorrèd pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as GOD?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the fiend with fear abash'd replied.
Be not so sore offended, Son of GOD,
Though sons of GOD both angels are and men,
If I, to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrachs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
GOD of this world invoked and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
The trial hath indamaged thee no way,
Rather more honor left and more esteem;
Me nought advantaged, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judged,
When slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
Alone into the temple, thou wast found
Amongst the gravest rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day. Be famous then
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st;

Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them? how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinced.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece,[1] mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,[2]
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird[3]
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream; within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his[4] who bred
Great Alexander to sudue the world;
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next.
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms[5] and Dorian lyric odes,

[1] So called by Demosthenes.—NEWTON.

[2] "A gymnasium, or place of exercise," in the suburbs of Athens, surrounded by woods. It took its name from Academus, one of the heroes. In this Academe, or Academy, Plato taught.

[3] The nightingale; *i.e.*, Philomela, the daughter of Pandion, King of Athens, was changed into a nightingale.

[4] Aristotle. The Lyceum was the school of Aristotle. Stoa was the school of Zeno, whose disciples were hence called Stoics. This Stoa, or *portico* was adorned with a variety of paintings.

[5] Æolian charms. The poems of Alcœus and Sappho; the Dorian lyric odes were those of Pindar.—NEWTON.

And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes,[1] thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambick, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received,
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heav'n descended to the low-rooft house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
Of Academics[2] old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics,[3] and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.
To whom our Saviour thus sagely replied.
Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,

[1] Homer was so called by his mother because he was born near the River Meles.

[2] The old Academic philosophers were those who followed Plato; the new, those who followed Carneades.—*See* DUNSTER.

[3] Pupils of Aristotle, so called because they taught while walking.

No other doctrine needs, though granted true:
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all[1] professed
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;[2]
A third sort doubted all things,[3] though plain sense;
Others in virtue placed felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equal to GOD, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing GOD nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lists he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas! what can they teach and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of GOD much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to GOD give none,
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud.[4] However, many books

[1] Socrates. [2] Plato.

[3] The Pyrrhonians, or disciples of Pyrrho, who were sceptics.—NEWTON.

[4] An allusion to the fable of Ixion, who embraced a cloud which had the form of Juno.—NEWTON.

Wise men have said are wearisome;[1] who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? all our law and story strew'd
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed,
Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts derived;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities and their own
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin sown, with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where GOD is praised aright, and godlike men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his saints:
Such are from GOD inspired, not such from thee,
Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of nature not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extol'st, as those
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;

[1] Eccles. xii. 12.

But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
These only with our law best form a king.
So spake the Son of GOD; but Satan, now,
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied.
Since neither wealth, nor honor, arms, nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me proposed in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost thou in this world? the wilderness
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in heav'n,
Or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars,
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labors, opposition, hate,
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence, and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not,
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,

Without beginning; for no date prefixt
Directs me in the starry rubric set.
So saying he took, for still he knew his pow'r
Not yet expired, and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of GOD, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in low'ring Night,
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day.
Our Saviour, meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturbed his sleep: and either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with light'ning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges[1] of the world, and fell
On the vext wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of GOD, yet only stood'st
Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.

[1] The cardinal points—north, south, east, and west. *Cardo*, from whence the word cardinal is derived, signifies *a hinge*.

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had raised
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant or drooping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn:
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Savior came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolved,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood:
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said.
  Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night: I heard the rack
As earth and sky would mingle, but myself
Was distant; and these flaws,[1] though mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heav'n,
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;

[1] A sea term for a sudden gust of wind.

Yet as being ofttimes noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wasteful, and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:
This tempest at this desert most was bent:
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou did'st reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means; each act is rightliest done
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.
  So talk'd he, while the Son of GOD went on
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus.
  Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrors, which thou speak'st of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threat'ning nigh; what they can do as signs
Betok'ning, or ill-boding, I contemn
As false portents, not sent from GOD, but thee;
Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious spirit! and would'st be thought my GOD,

And storm'st refused, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will. Desist, thou art discern'd
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.
To whom the fiend now swoll'n with rage replied.
Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born;
For Son of GOD to me is yet in doubt:
Of the Messiah I had heard, foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length
Announced by Gabriel with the first I knew,
And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
On thy birthnight, that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
Though not to be baptized, by voice from heav'n
Heard thee pronounced the Son of GOD beloved.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of GOD, which bears no single sense;
The Son of GOD I also am, or was,
And if I was I am; relation stands;
All men are sons of GOD; yet thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declared.
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason then, if I beforehand seek
To understand my adversary, who,
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;
By parl, or composition, truce, or league,
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had

To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and as a centre firm,
To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
Not more; for honors, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of GOD by voice from heav'n,
Another method I must now begin.

So saying he caught him up, and without wing
Of hippogrif[1] bore through the air sublime
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy city, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topp'd with golden spires:
There on the highest pinnacle he set
The Son of GOD, and added thus in scorn.

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest placed; highest is best;
Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of GOD;
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus. Also it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy GOD: he said and stood:
But Satan smitten with amazement fell.
As when earth's son Antæus,[2] to compare

---

[1] A fabulous creature, on which Ariosto's heroes were borne through the air.

[2] A giant of Libya, son of Terra (the earth) and Neptune (the sea). Alcides (Hercules) attacked him; and as every time the giant touched the earth he received new strength,

Small things with greatest, in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose,
Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' air, expired and fell;
So after many a foil the tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.
And as that Theban monster[1] that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not, devour'd,
That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep;
So struck with dread and anguish fell the fiend,
And to his crew that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,
Ruin, and desperation,and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans received Him soft
From His uneasy station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe air,
Then in a flow'ry valley set Him down
On a green bank, and set before Him spread
A table of celestial food, divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the Tree of Life,
And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd Him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd
Or thirst; and, as He fed, angelic quires
Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
Over temptation and the tempter proud.
True Image of the Father, whether throned
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light

Hercules lifted him up into the air, and squeezed him to death in his arms. Irassa was a city in Libya.

[1] The Sphinx.

Conceiving, or remote from heav'n, enshrined
In fleshly tabernacle and human form,
Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of GOD, with god-like force indued
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debel,[1] and down from heav'n cast
With all his army, now thou has avenged
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
A Savior art come down to re-install
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou infernal serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
Or light'ning thou shalt fall from heav'n, trod down
Under His feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
By this repulse received, and hold'st in hell
No triumph. In all her gates Abaddon[2] rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of GOD: he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep

[1] Conquer.

[2] Rev. ix. 11. The name is here applied to hell.

Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.
Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek
Sung victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserved
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

THE AUTHOR,

JOHN MILTON.

"Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας," &c.
ARISTOT. *Poet.* c. vi.

"Tragœdia et imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem."

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

PREFACE WRITTEN BY MILTON.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity, and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion, for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 31,[1] and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have labored not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his "Ajax," but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies, at least the best of them, that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled, "Christ Suffering." This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day[2] with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle, in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled: that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard

[1] "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

[2] The Puritans held the drama in the utmost abhorrence. It was probably on this account that the Puritan Poet wrote this defence of tragedy, to justify himself for writing a drama.

had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allœostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage, to which this work never was intended, is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act; of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum, they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschuylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets, unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavor to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

SAMSON AGONISTES.[1]

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labor as in a common workhouse, on a festival-day, in the general cessation from labor, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition; where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavors the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and, lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavor with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence. He at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse a Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

Samson.
Manoah, the Father of Samson.
Dalila, his Wife.
Harapha of Gath.
Public Officer.
Messenger.
Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMS. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,

[1] That is, *Samson an actor;* or, the fate of Samson acted in a play. "Agonistes," Dunster supposes, "is rather here *athleta*, the subject being Samson's being brought forth to exhibit as an athlete."

Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease;
Ease to the body some; none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
Oh! wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?[1]
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed
As of a person separate to GOD,
Design'd for great exploits, if I must die
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labor of a beast, debased
Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him

[1] Judges xiii. 3, 11-20.

Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction: what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burthensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane
And proves the source of all my miseries,
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see, I dark in light exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong.

Within doors, or without, still as a fool
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,[1]
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confined.
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear

[1] *Silens luna* is the moon at or near the change, and in conjunction with the sun.—MEADOWCOURT.

The tread of many feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.
CHOR. This, this is he; softly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,[1]
With languish'd head unpropp'd,
As one past hope, abandon'd,
As by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and soil'd;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass
Chalybean[2] temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanced,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite[3]
Fled from his lion ramp,[4] old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel:

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[1] Stretched out.

[2] The Chalybes were famous in the old world for their skill in working iron. Hence the best tempered steel was called Chalybean. VIRG. *Georg.* I. 58. "Ad Chalybes nud ferrum."—NEWTON.

[3] Philistine. Ascalon was a city of Philistia.

[4] "Rampant," like a lion. A heraldic term.

Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine
In Ramath-lechi,[1] famous to this day:
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore
The gates of Azza,[2] post, and massy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,[3]
No journey of a Sabbath day,[4] and loaded so;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n.[5]
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy bondage or lost sight
Prison within prison
Inseparably dark?
Thou art become, O worst imprisonment!
The dungeon of thyself; thy soul,
Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain,
Imprison'd now indeed,
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light,
T' incorporate with gloomy night!
For inward light, alas!
Puts forth no visual beam.
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n,
For him I reckon not in high estate,
Whom long descent of birth

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[1] Judges xv. 17. Ramath-lechi means the lifting up, or casting away, of the jaw-bone.
[2] Another name for Gaza.
[3] The city of the Anakims, who were giants. Judges xv. 13, 14. Num. xiii. 33.
[4] A Sabbath day's journey was, with the Jews, three-quarters of a geographical mile.
[5] Atlas.

Or the sphere of fortune raises:
But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdued the earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises.

SAMS. I hear the sound of words, their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

CHOR. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief,
We come, thy friends and neighbors not unknown,
From Eshtaol and Zora's[1] fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee, or, if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores: apt words have power to swage
The tumors of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAMS. Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription, (of the most
I would be understood;) in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O, friends,
How many evils have inclosed me round;
Yet that which was the worse now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confused with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool! have divulged the secret gift of GOD
To a deceitful woman? tell me friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?

[1] Towns in the tribe of Dan. Zora was the birthplace of Samson.

Immeasurable strength they might behold,
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

CHOR. Tax not divine disposal: wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou should'st wed Philistian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

SAMS. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
The daughter of an infidel. They knew not
That what I motion'd was of GOD; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
The marriage on; that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife,
O that I never had! fond wish too late!
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end, still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors. Of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, O weakness!
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

CHOR. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

SAMS. That fault I take not on me, but transfer

On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledged not, or not at all consider'd
Deliverance offer'd. I on the other side
Used no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer;
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
Entered Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham[1] was retired,
Not flying, but forecasting in what place
To set upon them what advantaged best.
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The harass of their land, beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords: but cords to me were threads
Touch'd with the flame. On their whole host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,[1]
And lorded over them whom now they serve:
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favor raised
As their deliverer? If he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last

[1] Judges xv. 8.

To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?
CHOR. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,[1]
The matchless Gideon in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings:
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha,[2] who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle, when so many died
Without reprieve adjudged to death,[3]
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.
SAMS. Of such examples add me to the roll,
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But GOD's proposed deliverance not so.
CHOR. Just are the ways of GOD,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not GOD at all:
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.
Yet more there be who doubt His ways not just,
As to His own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,
Regardless of His glory's diminution;
Till, by their own perplexities involved,
They ravel more, still less resolved,
But never find self-satisfying solution.
As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie Him to His own prescript,

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[1] They refused Gideon provisions. *See* Judges viii. 4, 9.
[2] *See* Judges xi. 15-27.
[3] Judges xii. 1-6.

Who made our laws to bind us, not Himself,
And hath full right to exempt
Whom so it pleases Him by choice
From national obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with His own laws He can best dispense.
He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
To set His people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaste.
Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain, not his.
But, see! here comes thy reverend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah; advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.
SAMS. Aye me! another inward grief awaked
With mention of that name renews th' assault.
MAN. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here.
CHOR. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.
MAN. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant

Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and, oh! what not in man
Deceivable and vain? nay, what thing good,
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hailed me happy:
Who would be now a father in my stead?
O wherefore did GOD grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are His gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest pray'rs, then, giv'n with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did the angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust to work with slaves?
Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honor's sake of former deeds.

SAMS. Appoint[1] not heav'nly disposition, father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause; if aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned
The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge

[1] That is, arraign not, summon not to answer.—WARBURTON.

Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her height
Of nuptial love profest, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only by the scent conceived,
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers, and sighs,
And amorous approaches, to win from me,
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stored, in what part summ'd, that she might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly and with what impudence
She purposed to betray me, and which was worse
Than undissembled hate, with what contempt
She sought to make me traitor to myself;
Yet, the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles
With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night
To storm me over-watch'd and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolved
Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But foul effeminacy held me yoked
Her bond slave; O indignity! O blot
To honor and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,

These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degenerately I served.

MAN. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, son,
Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infest our foes.
I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their captive and their triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power. True; and thou bear'st
Enough and more the burthen of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains.
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza;[1] and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their god, who hath deliver'd
Thee Samson, bound and blind into their hands.
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnified, and GOD,
Besides whom is no GOD, compared with idols,
Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAMS. Father, I do acknowledge and confess

[1] Judges xvi. 23.

That I this honor, I this pomp, have brought
To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
Among the heathen round; to GOD have brought
Dishonor, obloquy, and oped the mouths
Of idolists and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of GOD, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off, and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbor sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end; all the contést is now
'Twixt GOD and Dagon; Dagon hath presumed,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with GOD,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the GOD of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,
But will arise, and His great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite dispoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank[1] his worshippers.

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
I as a prophecy receive: for GOD,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of His name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it, doubtful whether GOD be lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the meanwhile here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords with whom to treat

[1] Confound.

About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAMS. Spare that proposal, father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation: let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment,
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front?
But I GOD'S counsel have not kept, His holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confined.[1]

MAN. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, son;
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps
GOD will relent, and quit thee all His debt,
Who evermore approves and more accepts,
Best pleased with humble and filial submission,
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due
Which argues over-just, and self displeased
For self-offence, more than for God offended.

[1] Milton is supposed here to allude to the fable of Tantalus, who, for revealing the secrets of the gods, was punished in hell by an insatiable thirst, and, placed in a pool of water, could never succeed in tasting a drop.

Reject not then what offer'd means: who knows
But GOD hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and His sacred house,
Where thou may'st bring thy off'rings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd?

SAMS. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from heav'n foretold, and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,
Fearless of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about, admired of all and dreaded,
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shav'n and disarm'd, among mine enemies.

CHOR. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou could'st repress, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavor, or the smell
Or taste that cheers the hearts of Gods and men,[1]
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

SAMS. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch etherial of heav'n's fiery rod,

[1] Judges ix. 13. "Wine which cheereth God and man."—MITFORD.

I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envied them the grape,
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.
CHOR. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When GOD with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.[1]
SAMS. But what avail'd this temperance, not complete
Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, shamed, dishonor'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from heav'n imposed,
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,
Vain monument of strength, till length of years
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff[2] of servile food
Consume me, and oft invocated death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.
MAN. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bedrid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.
But GOD, who caused a fountain at thy prayer

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[1] Samson was a Nazarite from his birth. *See* Judges xiii. 7. Num. vi.
[2] Refuse Draff was literally brewers' spent grains.

From the dry ground to spring,[1] thy thirst to allay
After the brunt of battle, can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
And I persuade me so; why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor shall His wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAMS. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor the other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself,
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MAN. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humors black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom or how else: meanwhile be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

SAMS. O that torment should not be confined
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,

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[1] Milton differs from our translation of the Bible. See Judges xv. 18, 19. He agrees with the Chaldee paraphast, who understood that God made a cleft in the earth or rock at a place called *Lehi*. *Lehi* also signifies a jaw.—*See* NEWTON'S notes.

With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense.
My griefs not only pain me
As a ling'ring disease,
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb,
Or medcinal[1] liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of heav'n's desertion.
I was his nursling once, and choice delight,
His destined from the womb,
Promised by heavenly message twice descending:
Under His special eye
Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against the uncircumcised, our enemies:
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by His appointment had provoked,
Left me all helpless with the irreparable
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty and scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;

[1] Milton always spells this word "medcinal."—MITFORD.

This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death,
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.
CHOR. Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.
GOD of our fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or may I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
The angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wand'ring loose about
Grow up and perish, as the summer fly.
Heads without name no more remember'd,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft
Amidst their height of noon,
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard

Of highest favors past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismission.
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass of omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcases
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude[1] old age:
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring
The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.
So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already!
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labors, for thou canst, to peaceful end.
But who is this? what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan[2] or Gadire,[3]
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,

[1] Premature. [2] Greece. [3] Cadiz.

Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila, thy wife.

SAMS. My wife! my traitress: let her not come near me.

CHOR. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,
About t' have spoke, but now, with head declined,
Like a fair flow'r surcharged with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

DAL. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate, though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw,
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assured: but conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power.
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash, but more unfortunate, misdeed.

SAMS. Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted arts
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try

Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail;
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men full oft beguiled,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example.

DAL. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavor
To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that, on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is, for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not;
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty.
Ere I to thee' thou to thyself was cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,
So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,

The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assured by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed:
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAMS. How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest

Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd; weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it, weakness to resist
Philistian gold; if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust. Love seeks to have love:
My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncoverest more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented,
Which might have awed the best resolved of men,
The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me. Thou know'st the magistrates
And princes of my country came in person,[1]
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged,
Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honorable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy, who has destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious

[1] Judges xvi. 5.

Dishonorer of Dagon. What had I
T' oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield with grave authority,
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

SAMS. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I, before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation, chose thee from among
My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection, but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men, conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee;
To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable

To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be;
Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd or fear'd.
These false pretexts and varnish'd colors failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DAL. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAMS. For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath,
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DAL. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
Afford me place to show what recompense
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain. Though sight be lost
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eyesight exposes daily men abroad.
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age,
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

SAMS. No, no; of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary or accurst,
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains

Though dearly to my cost; thy gins, and toils,
Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd;
So much of adder's wisdom I have learnt
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Loved, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
How would'st thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd and scorn'd,
And last neglected? how would'st thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
This gaol I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

DAL. Let me approach at least and touch thy hand.

SAMS. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee; go with that,
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives:
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

DAL. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger unappeasable still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounced?

To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my
Fame if not double-faced is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blasts proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcised,
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defamed,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot.
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.
But in my country where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
With odors visited and annual flowers;
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhospitable guide
Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.[1]
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honor and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judged to have shown.
At this who ever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHOR. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAMS. So let her go: GOD sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To such a viper His most sacred trust
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

[1] Judges v.

CHOR. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repulsed, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

SAMS. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end;
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

CHOR. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
Which way soever men refer it,
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.
If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymph[1] worthless to thee compared,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disallied
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head,
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not raised to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
What'er it be to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,

[1] Bridegroom's-man. Judges xiv. 20.

Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry enslaved
With dotage, and his sense depraved
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?
Favor'd of heav'n who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth;
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition;
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines and most is acceptable above.
Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd.
But had we best retire? I see a storm.
SAMS. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
CHOR. But this another kind of tempest brings.
SAMS. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.
CHOR. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I less conjecture than when first I saw
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:

His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.
SAMS. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.
CHOR. His fraught[1] we soon shall know, he now arrives.
HAR. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old
That Kiriathaim[2] held; thou know'st me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,
Incredible to me, in this displeased,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tried
Each other's force in camp or listed field:
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.
SAMS. The way to know were not to see but taste.
HAR. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gyves[3] and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field where thou art famed
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!
I should have forced thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown;
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine
From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts: that honor
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.
SAMS. Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do
What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand.
HAR. To combat with a blind man I disdain,

[1] Freight; his purpose, with which he is freighted. [2] Gen. xiv. 5. [3] Fetters.

And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

SAMS. Such usage as your honorable lords
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,
Till they had hired a woman with their gold,
Breaking her marriage faith, to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place inclosed, where sight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass,[1] thy broad habergeon
Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlets, add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times folded shield,
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
Again in safety what thou would'st have done
To Samson, but shall never see Gath more.

HAR. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantment, some magician's art,
Arm'd thee, or charm'd thee strong, which thou from heav'n
Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back
Of chafed wild boars or ruffled porcupines.

SAMS. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;

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1 Coat of mail, armor for the neck and shoulders. Vant-brace is armor for the arms. Greaves covered the legs.

My trust is in the living God, who gave me
At my nativity this strength, diffused
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his temple, invocate his aid
With solemnest devotion spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Off'ring to combat thee his champion bold,
With th' utmost of his godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades,
As good for nothing else, no better service
With those thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match
For valor to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honor,
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

Sams. All these indignities, for such they are,
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly, yet despair not of His final pardon
Whose ear is ever open, and His eye
Gracious to readmit the suppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,

By combat to decide whose God is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.
HAR. Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber.
SAMS. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me [these?
HAR. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands; for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armèd powers thee only seeking,
To others did no violence nor spoil.
SAMS. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feast:
But your ill meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who threat'ning cruel death constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solved the riddle which I had proposed.
When I perceived all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanced,
I used hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was subjected to your lords,
It was the force of conquest; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.
I was no private, but a person raised

With strength sufficient and command from heav'n
To free my country; if their servile minds
Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for nought,
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my known offence
Had not disabled me, not all your force:
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

HAR. With thee a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,
Due by the law to capital punishment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAMS. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give the verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

HAR. O Baal-zebub![1] can my ears unused
Hear these dishonors, and not render death?

SAMS. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAMS. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HAR. By Astaroth[2] ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

CHOR. His giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,

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[1] A deity of the Philistines; the god of flies.

[2] Another deity of the Philistines and Sidonians. The "Venus" of the East, or, it is thought, the Moon.

Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.
SAMS. I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliah chief.
CHOR. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.
SAMS. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labors,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.
CHOR. Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When GOD into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honor truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigor arm'd,

Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With wingèd expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surprised
Lose their defence distracted and amazed.
  But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny of fortune can inflict:
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endued
Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.
  This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest
Laboring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I descry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now
A public officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.
  Off. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.
  Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.
  Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say:
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate
And now some public proof thereof require
To honor this great feast and great assembly;
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,

Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
T' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.
SAMS. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them
Our law forbids at their religious rites
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.
OFF. This answer, be assured, will not content them.
SAMS. Have they not sword-players, and ev'ry sort
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,
And over-labor'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.
OFF. Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.
SAMS. Myself? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debased
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To show them feats, and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.
OFF. My message was imposed on me with speed,
Brooks no delay. Is this thy resolution?
SAMS. So take it with what speed thy message needs.
OFF. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.
SAMS. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.
CHOR. Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,

More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.
SAMS. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favor renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols;
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon?
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?
CHOR. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.
SAMS. Not in their idol-worship, but by labor
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.
CHOR. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.
SAMS. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds,
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
GOD for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set GOD behind: which in His jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that He may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.
CHOR. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.
SAMS. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life

By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHOR. In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

OFF. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAMS. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Master's commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
So mutable are all the ways of men!
Yet this be sure in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

OFF. I praise thy resolution: doff these links;
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favor, and, perhaps, to set thee free.

SAMS. Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well feasted priest then soonest fired
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;
No less the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy

Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.
Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve His glory best, and spread His name
Great among the heathen round;
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that spirit that first rush'd on thee
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
He seems; supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?
Man. Peace with you, brethren! my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new parted hence,
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock; I had no will,
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.
But that which moved my coming now was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.
Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.
Man. I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
To accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner.

Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenced Dagon and his priests:
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough revenged, having reduced
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were proposed.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHOR. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

CHOR. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,
Made older than thy age through eyesight lost.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled,
With all those high exploits by him achieved,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And I persuade me God hath not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair,

Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle, with so great a gift
Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.
And since his strength with eyesight was not lost,
God will restore him eyesight to his strength.

CHOR. Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceived, agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and—O what noise!
Mercy of heav'n, what hideous noise was that?
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHOR. Noise call you it or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MAN. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:
Oh, it continues, they have slain my son.

CHOR. Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here, or run and see?

CHOR. Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eyesight, for to Israel's GOD
Nothing is hard, by miracle restored,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

CHOR. Yet GOD hath wrought things as incredible

For His people of old; what hinders now?
MAN. He can, I know, but doubt to think He will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.
CHOR. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.
MESS. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.
MAN. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.
MESS. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.
MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.
MESS. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.
MAN. Sad; but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a hostile city.
MESS. Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.
MAN. Relate by whom.
MESS. By Samson.
MAN. That still lessens
The sorrow and converts it nigh to joy.
MESS. Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;

Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.
MAN. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.
MESS. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.
MAN. The worst indeed. O! all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceived
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first
How died he; death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?
MESS. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.
MAN. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.
MESS. By his own hands.
MAN. Self-violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes!
MESS. Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.
MAN. O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us, if thou can'st,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.
MESS. Occasions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high-street. Little I had dispatch'd
When all abroad was rumor'd, that this day
Samson should be brought forth to show the people

Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats, where all the lords and each degree
Of sort might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armèd guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts,[1] and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their God with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission' sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
For so from such as nearer stood we heard,
As over-tired to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson

[1] Men and horses in armor.

Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:
At last with head erect thus cried aloud,
Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have perform'd as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these inmixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

CHOR. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now liest victorious
Among thy slain, self-kill'd
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
Than all thy life had slain before.

1. SEMICHOR. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorged of bulls and goats,

Chanting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo[1] His bright sanctuary:
Among them He a spirit of frenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urged them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;
They, only set on sport and play,
Unweetingly importuned
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

2. SEMICHOR. But he, though blind of sight,
Despised and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue roused
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an ev'ning dragon came,
Assailant on the perchèd roosts
And nests in order ranged
Of tame villatic fowl;[2] but as an eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue giv'n for lost,
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods imbost,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most

[1] Where the Ark then was.

[2] See PLIN. lib. xxiii. sect. 17. "Villaticas alites."—RICHARDSON.

When most unactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird ages of lives.[1]

MAN. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause: Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the son of Caphtor[2]
Through all Philistian bounds. To Israel
Honor hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With GOD not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favoring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while,
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,

---

[1] The Phœnix; supposed to make a funeral pile of sweet-scented woods, and fan it to a flame with her wings; from her ashes rose another phœnix, sole of its kind always. The phœnix was considered an emblem of the resurrection.

[2] The Philistines are called the sons of Caphtor because they came originally from the island of Caphtor, or Crete.

With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valor and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

CHOR. All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close
Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent:
His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

EARLY POEMS.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,[1] DYING OF A COUGH.

1625.

I.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo[2] his charioteer
By boisterous rape th' Athenian damsel[3] got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was held.

---

[1] The Poet's infant niece, daughter of his sister, Mrs. Philips.
[2] Boreas, or the North Wind.
[3] Orithyia—OVID. *Metam.* 6.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearlèd car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far;
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care.
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilome did slay his dearly-lovèd mate,
Young Hyacinth,[1] born on Eurotas' strand
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delvèd tomb;
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear,)
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in th' Elysian fields, (if such there were,)
Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

[1] A Prince of Sparta, said to have been accidentally slain by Apollo. Festivals to his honor were held annually by the Greeks at Amyclæ, a city of Laconia.

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shaked Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some Goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid, who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And camest again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth?
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robèd Truth?
Or any other of that heavenly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-wingèd host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixèd seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world and unto heaven aspire?

X.

But oh, why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render Him with patience what He lent;
This if thou do, He will an offspring give
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE.

1627.

PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH.

The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began:—

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavoring tongue to speak,
And madest imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst;
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,

Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight[1]
Which takes our late fantastics with delight,
But cull those richest robes and gay'st attire
Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And weary of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire:
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow, and lofts of pilèd thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus[2] once told,
In solemn songs at King Alcinous' feast,

---

[1] Milton alludes to the affected phraseology of the period, called *Euphuism*, which originated in Lily's *Euphues and his England*, a book intended to refine the English language. Scott has given us a lively picture of this affected jargon in his Sir Piercie Shafton in the *Monastery*; see p. 449.

[2] A Greek bard. See *Odyssey*, Book VIII.

While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,
Are held with his melodious harmony,
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purposed business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens[1] is represented as father of the Predicaments[2] his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains:—

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The fairy ladies danced upon the hearth;
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And sweetly singing round about thy bed
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And in time's long and dark prospective glass
Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;
Your son, said she (nor can you it prevent),
Shall subject be to many an Accident.[3]
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,

[1] Ens, a term in metaphysics signifying entity, being, existence. In this mask it is personified, as are also Substance, Quantity, Quality, and relation. "This affectation," says Warton, "will appear more excusable in Milton, if we recollect that everything in the Masks of this age appeared in a bodily shape."

[2] A predicament is a category in logic; that is, a series of all the predicates or attributes contained under a genus. The logic of Aristotle comprised ten categories: Substance, Quantity, Quality, Relation, Action, Passion, Time, Place, Situation and Habit. These were personified in the Mask.

[3] A pun on the logical accidens.—Warton.

Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring war shall never cease to roar;
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbor those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot,

The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose; then Relation was called by his name.

RIVERS, arise; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Don,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms[1] along the indented meads,
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,[2]
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,[3]
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,[4]
Or Medway smooth, or royal tower'd Thame.

The rest was prose.

---

[1] It is said that there were thirty sorts of fish in this river, and thirty religious houses on its banks.

[2] At Mickleham, near Dorking, the River Mole, in hot summers, sinks through its sands, and finds a subterranean channel. In winter, and when heavy rains fall, it keeps its usual bed.

[3] Sabrina, See *Comus*, verse 827.

[4] Humber was a Scythian king, said to have been drowned, in this river by Locrine, three hundred years before the Romans landed in Britain.

ODES.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

1629.

I.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages[1] once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

[1] The prophets.

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards[1] haste with odors sweet:
O run prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to Him
Had dofft her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

[1] The Magi. The word "wizard" meant simply wise men and is used in Sir John Cheke's translation of St. Matthew's Gospel.

III.

But He her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crown'd with olives green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

Nor war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist[1]
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,

[1] Silent, or hushed.

For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan[1]
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

[1] God of shepherds.

X.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight,
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd;
The helmèd Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time,
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering:
And heaven, as at some festival
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both Himself and us to glorify;
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep;

XVII.

With such a horrid clang,
As on mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire, and smouldering clouds out brake:
The agèd earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping[1] heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale

[1] Alluding to the voice said to have been heard by mariners at sea, crying, "The great Pan is dead." The story is told by Plutarch.

Edgèd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars,[1] and Lemures[2] moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice batter'd God of Palestine;[3]
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,[4]
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz[5] mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,[6]
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

---

[1] Household gods. [2] Ghosts. [3] Dagon.
[4] She was called "Regina cœli" and "Mater Deum."—NEWTON.
[5] Adonis. He was killed by a wild boar on Mount Lebanon, and was worshipped once a year by the Syrian women. [6] The god of the Ammonites.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris[1] seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest teemèd star

[1] The Egyptian ox-god.

Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
  Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming Powers, and wingèd Warriors bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all heaven's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
  Sore doth begin
    His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till He that dwelt above
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied His glory, ev'n to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
This day, but O ere long,
Huge pangs and strong
  Will pierce more near his heart.

THE PASSION.

1629.

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which He for us did freely undergo:
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.

He Sov'reign Priest stooping His regal head,
That dropp'd with odorous oil down His fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle enterèd,
His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies:
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death He must abide,
Then lies Him meekly down fast by His brethren's side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His god-like acts, and His temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump[1] doth sound;
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

[1] Hieronymus Vida's *Christiad*, a fine Latin poem. Vida dwelt at Cremona.

V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heaven and Earth are color'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;[1]
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood:
There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighborhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)
Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud
Had hit a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.

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[1] Ezek. i. 15.

ON TIME.[1]

Fly envious Time till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concent,

[1] In Milton's MS. written with his own hand,—"On Time. To be set on a clock-case."—Warton.

Aye sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.[1]

This rich marble doth inter
The honor'd wife of Winchester,
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin choir for her request
The god that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress bud.[2]
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But whether by mischance or blame

[1] This lady was the wife of John, Marquis of Winchester, one of the noblest and most devoted of the adherents of Charles I. His house at Basing, in Hants, stood a two-years' siege by the rebels, and was finally levelled to the ground by them. Lord Winchester died in 1674. On his monument is an epitaph by Dryden. "It is remarkable," says Warton, "that both husband and wife should have severally received the honor of an epitaph from two such poets as Milton and Dryden.

[2] An emblem of Death.

Atropos[1] for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,

[1] One of the Fates.

Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess,[1]
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly favor'd Joseph bore
To him that served for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light:
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET W. SHAKESPEARE.[2] 1630.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones,
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepúlchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

[1] Rachel, the wife of Jacob.

[2] This Epitaph was prefixed to the folio edition of Shakespeare, 1632, but without Milton's name. It is the first of his poems which was published.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the Plague.

HERE lies old Hobson;[1] Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move:
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime

[1] This carrier gave rise to the old proverb of "Hobson's choice: this or none," by always obliging the person who hired a horse of him to take the one standing next to the stable-door "so every customer should have an equal chance of being well served, and every horse be used in its turn."—See *Spectator*, No. 509.

'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
"If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He died for heaviness, that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say't)
As he were press'd to death, he cried "more weight;"
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

L'ALLEGRO.[1]

HENCE, loathed Melancholy.
Of Cerberus[2] and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert[3] ever dwell.
But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven y-clep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;

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[1] These two Poems—*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*—are supposed to have been written in Milton's youth, but were first published in 1648.

[2] The three-headed dog which kept the gate of Hell.

[3] The Cimmerians were proverbial for dwelling in dark caves.

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure[1] of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set,
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste the bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks[2] sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;

[1] The Pole star—alluding to its magnetic attraction. The magnetic needle always points to it. "Your eyes are lodestars," is said by Shakespeare.

[2] A rebeck was a fiddle with three strings.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,[1]
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lanthorn[2] led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,[3]
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,

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[1] The gossip's bowl, called "Lamb's wool." [2] Will-o'-the-Wisp.

[3] Puck; the Pixie, in Devonshire—the Kobold of Germany—supposed to do household work at night for the maids, who in return, left him a bowl of cream.

If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout[1]
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free,
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys?
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners[2] of Morpheus' train.

[1] Turn.

[2] Followers. The term was used first in this sense by a band of courtiers, who were enrolled by Queen Elizabeth under that title. They were young nobles of the highest fashion of the period.

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's[1] sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen[2] that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta,[3] long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain),
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure;
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole[4] of cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,

[1] Memnon was King of Ethiopia, an ally of the Trojans. He was slain by Achilles.

[2] Cassiopeia, wife of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia. She boasted of being more beautiful than the Nereids, who, in anger, persuaded Neptune to send a sea-monster to devour the Ethiopians. Andromeda, her daughter, was exposed to it, but was saved by Perseus. Gassiopeia had a constellation named after her; *i.e.*, Cassiopeia's chair. Hence, Milton says "*starr'd* Ethiop queen."

[3] The goddess of fire. "The meaning of Milton's allegory," says Warton, "is, that Melancholy is the daughter of Genius, which is typified by the 'bright-haired goddess of eternal fire.' Saturn, the father, is the god of saturnine dispositions, of pensive and gloomy minds."

[4] Stole, a veil which covered the head and shoulders, worn by Roman matrons.

With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,

I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,[1]
With thrice-great Hermes,[2] or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons[3] that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,[4]
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power

[1] Ursa Major. This constellation never sets.

[2] Trismegistus, *i.e.*, "the thrice-grand." He was an Egyptian priest and astronomer, who instructed his countrymen in the sciences. The works, translated and published as his, are said to be apocryphal.

[3] Plato believed that the elements were peopled with spirits.

[4] The story of Thebes, of Œdipus and his sons, and the horrid tradition of Pelops, were the subjects of the great Greek tragedies.

Might raise Musæus[1] from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek,[2]
Or call up him[3] that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside[4]
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil suitèd Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounced[5] as she was wont
With the Attic boy[6] to hunt,
But kerchef'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling

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[1] Museus and Orpheus are mentioned together in Plato's "Republic" as two of the genuine Greek poets.—T. WARTON.

[2] Pluto, charmed by the music of Orpheus, restored to him his dead wife, Eurydice.

[3] Chaucer. "The Squire's Tale" is alluded to.

[4] Alluding to Spenser's "Fairie Queen."

[5] "Frounced" meant an excessive or affected dressing of the hair. "It is from the French *froncer*, to curl."—T. WARTON. "Tricked" means "dressed out."

[6] Cephalus. Aurora, the goddess of the morning, fell in love with him.—OVID, *Met.* VII. 701.

His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring,
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt,
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish[1] eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,[2]
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,

---

[1] Gaudy. [2] Warton conjectures that the right reading is *cloister's pale*, *i.e.* enclosure.

And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heav'n doth show,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby,[1] at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song:—

Song I.

Look, nymphs, and shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook:
This, this is she
To whom our views and wishes bend:
Here our solemn search hath end.
Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise.
Less than half we find express'd,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

[1] Alice Spenser, daughter of Sir John Spenser, of Althorpe. Milton lived in the neighborhood of Harefield, which was near Uxbridge. His father lived at Horton, near Colnebrook, and held his house under the Earl of Bridgewater. Lady Derby was a generous patroness of poets. Spenser was related to her family.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads;
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a Goddess bright,
In the centre of her light.
Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the towerèd Cybele,
Mother of a hundred Gods?
Juno dares not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and, turning toward them, speaks.

GEN. Stay, gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renownèd flood, so often sung,
Divine Alphéus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;[1]
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honor and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low rev'rence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow searching Fame has left untold
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power

[1] A river of Arcadia, which sinks into the earth, passes under the sea, without mixing its waters with the salt waves, and rises near Syracuse, in Sicily, where it joins the Arethusa, and flows conjointly with that stream to the sea. See Shelley's exquisite poem, "Arethusa."

Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassell'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words and murmurs made to bless;
But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,[1]
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,[2]
On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity
And keep unsteady nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurgèd ear;

---

[1] The Muses.

[2] This is Plato's system. Fate, or Necessity, holds a spindle of adamant; and with her three daughters—Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos (the Fates)—who handle the vital web wound round about the spindle, she conducts or turns the heavenly bodies. Nine Muses, or Sirens, sit on the summit of the spheres, which, in their revolutions, produce the most ravishing musical harmony. To this harmony the three daughters of Necessity perpetually sing in correspondent tones. In the meantime, the adamantine spindle, which is placed on the lap of Necessity . . . . is also revolved.—T. WARTON.

And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds: yet as we go,
Whate'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glitt'ring state;
Where ye may all that are of noble stem
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

SONG II.

O'ER the smooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

SONG III.

NYMPHS and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladon's[1] lilied banks,
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;

[1] A beautiful river of Arcadia.

Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the lady of this place;
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

COMUS, A MASK. 1634.

Presented at Ludlow Castle before John, Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales.

"Comus was suggested to the Poet by the fact that the two sons and the daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater, on their return from a visit to some relations in Herefordshire, were benighted in Haywood Forest; and the Lady Alice was, for a short time, lost. The Mask was written for the Michaelmas festivities of 1634, and acted by Lord Bridgewater's children. The music composed for it was by Henry Lawes, who performed in it the part of the Spirit or Thyrsis. He was the son of Thomas Lawes, a Vicar-Choral of Salisbury Cathedral, and was at first a chorister himself. He became finally one of the Court musicians to Charles I. Masks and music fled before the stern gloom of the Commonwealth, and Lawes was compelled to gain his living by teaching the lute. His greatest friends during this period of difficulty and poverty were the Ladies Alice and Mary Egerton. He lived to the Restoration, and composed the Coronation Anthem for Charles II. "Comus" was first published by Lawes, without Milton's name, in 1637, with a dedication to Lord Brackley. Masks were the fashion of the age; and Milton was probably called on by Lord Bridgewater to produce one, because he had already written the "Arcades" for Lady Bridgewater's mother, Lady Derby, at Harefield, in Middlesex.

THE PERSONS.

The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit [of Thyrsis.
Comus, with his crew.
The Lady.
First Brother.
Second Brother.
Sabrina, the Nymph.

THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE—

The Lord Brackley.
Mr. Thomas Egerton, his brother.
The Lady Alice Egerton.

The First Scene discovers a Wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit [1] descends or enters.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughtèd care
Confined, and pester'd [2] in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned Gods on sainted seats.

---

[1] The Spirit is called "Dæmon" in the Cambridge MS.—Warton.

[2] Crowded; from *pesta*, a crowd.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity;
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadornèd bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary Gods,
By course commits to sev'ral government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:[1]
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sov'reign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

[1] The Welsh.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misusèd wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the sun, whose charmèd cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
This Nymph that gazed upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son,
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus[1] named:
Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to ev'ry weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the Gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favor'd of high Jove

[1] Comus was the god of good cheer. He had appeared as a dramatic personage in one of Jonson's Masks before the Court, 1619.

Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: But first I must put off
These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

COMUS. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.

We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice[1] move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto,[2] t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'r art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air;
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat, and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.

---

[1] The morice, or Moorish dance, long a great favorite with our ancestors. It was introduced by John of Gaunt, it is said, in the reign of Edward III., on his return from Spain.

[2] The goddess of wantonness, worshipped by the ancient Greeks at night.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course:
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes, I fairly[1] step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

LADY. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,

[1] Softly.

Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance, they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favor of these pines,
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names

On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hov'ring Angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassail'd.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
I cannot halloo to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentler pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!

So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

COM. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed.
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

LAD. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo

To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COM. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

LAD. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COM. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

LAD. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COM. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LAD. To seek in the valley some cool friendly spring.

COM. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

LAD. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

COM. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

LAD. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COM. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LAD. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

COM. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LAD. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

COM. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd[1] hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heav'n,
To help you find them.

LAD. Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby point,

LAD. To find that out, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,

[1] Wearied with toil.

Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet,
COM. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
And if your stray attendants be yet lodged
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
LAD. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

Enter the two Brothers.

1 BR. Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle, from the wicker-hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light;

And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.[1]
2 Br. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of past'ral reed, with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister,
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
What, if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?
1 Br. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,

[1] Our Greater or Lesser Bear star. Calisto, the daughter of Lycaon, King of Acadia, was changed into the Greater Bear, called also Helice, and her son Arcas into the Lesser, called also Cynosura, (see p. 28,) by observing of which the Tyrians and Sidonians steered their course, as the Greek mariners did by the other.—NEWTON.

And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retirèd solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Br. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person

Of our unownèd Sister.

1 Br. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
Secure without all doubts, or controversy;
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My Sister is not so defenceless left,
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

2 Br. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

1 Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own;
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbor'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it loved,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 Br. How charming is divine philosophy!

Not harsh and crabbèd, as dull fools suppose,
But musical, as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
1 Br. List, list, I hear
Some far off halloo break the silent air.
2 Br. Methought so too: what should it be?
1 Br. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbor woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.
2 Br. Heav'n keep my Sister. Again, again, and near;
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
1 Br. I'll halloo;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause and Heav'n be for us.

Enter the attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.
Spir. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.
2 Br. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.
1 Br. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,[1]
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.
How camest thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequestr'd nook?
Spir. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought

[1] A compliment to Lawes.

To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
1 Br. To tell thee sadly,[1] Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
Spir. Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true.
1 Br. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly show.
Spir. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,
What the sage poets, taught by the heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old, in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus.
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face: this I have learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom-glade, whence, night by night,
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorrèd rites to Hecate
In their obscurèd haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many bates and guileful spells,
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.

[1] Soberly, seriously.—NEWTON.

This ev'ning late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear Sister.
Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent
The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey,
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,

Supposing him some neighbor villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

2 Br. O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother?

1 Br. Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumèd: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
Against the opposing will and arm of heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Cursed as his life.

SPIR. Alas! good vent'rous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

1 BR. Why prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

SPIR. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray:
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken e'en to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted[1] shoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sovereign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,

[1] Clouts are thin and narrow plates of iron, affixed with hobnails to the shoes of rustics.—T. WARTON.

Or ghastly furies' apparition.
I pursed it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground.
But seize his wand; though he and his cursed crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

1 Br. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good Angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Com. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lad. Fool, do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

Com. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far: See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,

That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes,[1] which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you received on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tired all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

LAD. 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the Cottage, and the safe abode
Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

[1] See Pope's *Odyssey*, IV. 301. Probably opium.

Com. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge[1] doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd[2] the all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems,
To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised,
Not half his riches known, and yet despised;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded

[1] Budge is lamb's fur, formerly an ornament of scholastic habits. [2] Hoarded.

But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.

LAD. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit incumber'd with her store;
And then the giver would be better thank'd,

His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced;
Yet should I try, the uncontrollèd worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COM. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power:
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon-laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all straight, one sip of this

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The attendant Spirit comes in.

SPIR. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
Yet stay, be not disturb'd: now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enragèd stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearlèd wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,
Who piteous of her woes rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodel,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river: still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,

Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.
Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys'[1] grave majestic pace.
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wisard's hook[2]
By scaly Triton's[3] winding shell,

[1] The wife of Oceanus.

[2] Proteus, who had a cave in Carpathus, an island of the Mediterranean. He was a wizard, a prophet, and Neptune's shepherd, and therefore held a crook.

[3] Neptune's trumpeter.

And old soothsaying Glaucus'[1] spell,
By Leucothea's[2] lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,[3]
By Thetis'[4] tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb'[5]
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringèd bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet,
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request
I am here.

[1] Glaucus, an excellent diver, was made a sea-god. He was a prophet, and is said to have taught Apollo to prophesy.

[2] Leucothea, *i.e.*, the white goddess. She was Ino, who, flying from her mad husband, Athamas, cast herself and her child into the sea. Neptune, at the entreaty of Venus, changed both into sea-deities, and gave her the new name of Leucothia.

[3] Palæmon, the infant in her arms when she sprang into the sea.

[4] A sea-goddess, called by Homer, *silver-footed*.

[5] Parthenope and Ligea were two of the Syrens.

Sp. Goddess dear,
We implore thy pow'rful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabr. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity:
Brightest Lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

Sp. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises' line,[1]
May thy brimmèd waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singèd air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd

[1] Locrine was the son of Brutus, the great-grandson of Eneas.

With many a tow'r and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursèd place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains that there abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers, and the Lady.

SONG.

SP. Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sunshine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise,
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,

I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguises.

Sp. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair,
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:[1]
Along the crispèd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue,
Than her purfled scarf can show,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)

[1] The daughters of Hesperus, the brother of Atlas, had gardens or orchards, which produced apples of gold.

Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;[1]
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her famed son advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,
After her wand'ring labors long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime:
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

[1] Venus; so called because she was worshipped by the Assyrians. See OVID, *Met.* IX. 636.

LYCIDAS. 1637.

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend,[1] unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

[1] Edward King, the friend of Milton, whose early death is bewailed in this poem, was the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland under Elizabeth, James I., Charles I. On his voyage to Ireland, to visit his family, his ship struck on a rock on the English coast, and he perished in the sea. He was distinguished for his piety and talents, and was a fellow of Christ Church, Cambridge.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,[1]
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,[2]
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,[3]
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Toward heav'n's descent had sloped his west'ring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas[4] loved to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to Shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,[5]

---

[1] King was at Cambridge with Milton.
[2] See marginal reading of "Neither let it see the dawning of the day." Job iii. 9.
[3] The trumpet-fly. Its hum is loudest at noon.
[4] Probably their tutor, Dr. Chappel.
[5] The Druids' sepulchres were at Kerig-y-Druidion, in the mountains of Denbighshire.

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,[1]
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:[2]
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,[3]
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,[4]
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed."

---

[1] The Isle of Anglesea.

[2] The Dee, said by Spenser to be the haunt of magicians. These places were all near the Irish Sea, where Lycidas embarked for Ireland.

[3] Calliope was the mother of Orpheus.

[4] The Bacchanalians.

O fountain Arethuse,[1] and thou honor'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius,[2] crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakèd promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,[3]
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus,[4] reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscribed with woe.[5]
Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,[6]
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,[7]
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!

---

[1] In Sicily. [2] Near Mantua.
[3] Eolus (the East Wind) was the son of Hippotades. [4] The Cam.
[5] The Hyacinth; supposed to bear the letters Ai-Ai, put on it by Apollo in memory of his grief for Hyacinthus.
[6] "The pilot of the Galilean lake" is St. Peter.
[7] King intended to take orders in the Church of England.

Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel[1] pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past, 132
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks:
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,

[1] "Thin, lean, meagre."—T. WARTON.

To strow the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,[1]
Where the great vision of the guarded mount[2]
Looks toward Namancos[3] and Bayona's hold:
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves.
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;

---

[1] Bellerus, a Cornish giant, from Bellerium.

[2] Mount St. Michael, near the Land's End, Cornwall.

[3] In an Atlas of 1623, and in a map of Gallicia, near Cape Finisterre, is marked a place called Namancos. In this map, also, is marked the Castle of Bayona.

Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropp'd into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

SONNETS.

I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love.[1] O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foreteli my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.[2] 1631.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!

---

1 A superstition, which originated in Chaucer's "Cuckowe and Nightingale.

"But as I lay this othir night waking,
I thought how lovers had a tokining,
And among 'hem it was a commerne tale
That it were gode to here the Nightingale
Moche rathir than the leudè Cuckowe singe."

Cuckowe and Nightingale. Stanza 10.

2 This sonnet was written at Cambridge, and sent in a letter to a friend.

My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even,
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

III.

Donna leggiadra, il cui bel nome onora
L' erbosa val di Reno e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d' ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostrasi di fuora,
De' sui atti soavi giammai parco,
E i don', che son d' amor saette ed arco,
Là onde l' alta tua virtù s' infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti,
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun agli occhi ed agli orecchi
L' entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Grazia sola di sù gli vaglia, innanti
Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s' invecchi.

IV.

Qual in colle aspro, all' imbrunir di sera,
L 'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l' erbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera

Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
E 'l bel Tamigi cangio col bell' Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io all' altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e 'Perchè scrivi,
Perchè tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de' pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi!'
Così mi van burlando: 'altri rivi,
Altri lidi t' aspettan, ed altre onde,
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad or ad or alla tua chioma
L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi.
Perchè alle spalle tue soverchia soma?'
Canzon, dirotti, e tu per me rispondi:
'Dice mia Donna, e 'l suo dir è il mio cuore,
"Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore."'

V.

Diodati (e te 'l dirò con maraviglia),
Quel ritroso io, ch' amor spreggiar solea
E de' suoi lacci spesso mi ridea,
Già caddi, ov' uom dabben talor s' impiglia.

Nè treccie d' oro nè guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti onesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua più d'una,
E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' emispero
Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna ;
E degli occhi suoi avventa sì gran fuoco
Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

VI.

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia,
Esser non può che non sian lo mio sole ;
Sì mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l' arene di Libia chi s' invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (nè sentì pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia.
Parte rinchiusa e turbida si cela
Scossomi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s' agghiaccia o s' ingiela ;
Ma quanto agli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose,
Finchè mia alba rivien colma di rose.

VII.

Giovane, piano, e semplicetto amante,
Poichè fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l' umil dono
Farò divoto. Io certo a prove tante
L' ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
Di pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono.
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante,

Tanto del forse e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto d' ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle Muse.
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor mise l' insanabil ago.

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.[1]

1642.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror[2] bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet[3] had the pow'r
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

---

[1] Written when the King's troops had arrived at Brentford, and London expected an immediate attack.

[2] Alexander. He suffered the house of Pindar alone to stand untouched; and honored the family of the great lyric poet, while making frightful havoc of the Thebans. Milton claims the same favor from the royal forces.

[3] Euripides. When Lysander had taken Athens, Plutarch tells us that,—"Some say he really did, in the Council of the Allies, propose to reduce the Athenians to slavery; and that Erianthus, a Theban officer, gave it as his opinion that the city should be levelled with the ground, and the spot on which it stood turned to pasturage. Afterwards, however, when the general officers met at an entertainment, a musician of Phocis happened to begin a chorus in the Electra' of Euripides, the first lines of which are these:—

IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labor up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary[1] and with Ruth[2]
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light[3]
And hope that reaps not shame.[4] Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.[5] 1643.

Daughter to that good Earl,[6] once President
Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,

'Unhappy daughter of the great Atrides,*
Thy straw-crowned palace I approach.'

* Electra.

"The whole company were greatly moved at this incident, and could not help reflecting how barbarous a thing it would be to raze that noble city, which had produced so many great and illustrious men."—Plutarch, *Life of Lysander*. Thus Athens was spared, but in cruel mockery. The Spartan collected all the musicians in the city, and pulled down the fortifications, and burned the Athenian ships, to the sound of their instruments.

[1] Luke x. 42. [2] Ruth i. 14.

[3] Matt. xxv. 4. [4] Rom. v. 5.

[5] Milton used frequently to visit this lady, who married Captain Hobson, of the Isle of Wight.

[6] Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. Parliament was dissolved the 10th of March, 1628–9; he died on the 14th, but at an advanced age.—Newton.

Till the sad, breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.[1]
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honor'd Margaret.

XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

1645.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,[2]
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new: it walk'd the town awhile,
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom pored on.
Cries the stall-reader, "Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this!" and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?[3]
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

---

[1] Isocrates, the orator, who could not survive the ruin of his country. Chæronea was gained by Philip of Macedon.

[2] Tetrachordon means exposition on the four chief places in Scripture which mention nullities in marriage.

[3] Colkitto and Macdonnel are one and the same person, a brave officer on the royal side, an Irishman of the Antrim family, who served under Montrose. The Macdonnels of that family are styled, by way of distinction, MacCollcittok, *i.e.*, descendents of lame Colin. Galasp is George Gillespie, a Scottish writer against the Independents; for whom see Milton's verses on the "Forcers of Conscience."—WARTON.

Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheke,[1]
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward Greek.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;[2]
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs[3]
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good:
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.[4]

XIII.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT. 1647.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
To seize the widowed whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,

---

[1] Sir John Cheke has been already named in the notes to this volume. He was the first Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and restored the original pronunciation of it. He was tutor to Edward VI.

[2] Milton's treatises were on the subject of "Divorce." The Presbyterian clergy were much (and justly) scandalized at them, and brought Milton before the Lords for them; but they thought the subject simply speculative, and he was discharged. He thus stigmatizes the Presbyterian clergy.

[3] See OVID, *Met.* VI. fab. iv. "Latona's progeny" where Apollo and Diana, the sun god and moon goddess.

[4] A fine moral, coming, too, from a Republican poet.

Dare you for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a Classic Hierarchy,[1]
Taught ye by mere A. S.[2] and Rutherford?[3]
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards[4] and Scotch What-d'ye-call.[5]
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent,[6]
That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,[7]
And succor our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge:
New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large.[8]

XIV.

TO MR. H. LAWES[9] ON HIS AIRS.

Harry, whose tuneful and well measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan

[1] In classes, or classical assemblies. The Presbyterians distributed London into twelve classes; each chose two ministers and four lay elders to represent them in a Provincial Assembly.

[2] Adam Stuart, a Polemical writer of the times, who answered the "Independents' Plea for Toleration."

[3] Samuel Rutherford, one of the Chief Commissioners of the Church of Scotland, and an avowed enemy to the Independents, Milton's sect.

[4] Thomas Edwards, who wrote against the Independents.

[5] Perhaps George Gillespie, a Scotch writer against the Independents. Milton hated the Scotch, and ridiculed their names.

[6] The Council of Trent.

[7] Balk, or bauk, is to spare. The meaning is, "Your errors will be corrected, and your ears spared." Our readers will remember that the Star Chamber had inflicted the cruel punishment of loss of ears on Prynne.

[8] More tyrannical than of old.

[9] The musician who put the music to "Comus."

With Midas' ears,[1] committing short and long;[2]
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air couldst humor best our tongue.
Thou honor'st verse, and verse must send her wing
To honor thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.[3]
Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
That his Casella,[4] whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON,[5]

MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED 16TH DECEMBER, 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavor,
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

---

[1] Midas, a King of Phrygia. He decided that Pan was superior in singing and playing on the flute to Apollo; and, to punish his stupidity, Apollo changed his ears into those of an ass.

[2] A Latinism, meaning offences against *quantity*.—RICHARDSON.

[3] The "Story of Ariadne," set by Lawes.—WARTON.

[4] Amongst the souls in Purgatory, Dante recognizes his friend Casella, the musician. In the course of an affectionate conversation, Dante asks for a song to soothe him, and Casella sings, with ravishing sweetness, the poet's second Canzone. See second cant. of Dante's "Purgatorio."

[5] When Milton was first made Latin Secretary to Cromwell, he lodged at a Mr. Thomson's, next to the "Bull Head" Tavern, Charing Cross. Mrs. Thomson is supposed to have been the wife of his landlord.—NEWTON.

Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XVI.

ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX, AT THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.[1]

1648.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumors loud that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league [2] to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XVII.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY, 1652.

ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,

[1] Addressed to Fairfax at the siege of Colchester. It was first printed, together with the two following sonnets, and the two to Cyriack Skinner, at the end of Phillips's "Life of Milton" 1694.—WARTON.

[2] The English Parliament held that the Scotch had broken their covenant by marching into England, led by Hamilton.

Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream,[1] with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate[2] wreath: yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.[3]
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

XVIII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.[4]

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states[5] hard to be spelled;
Then to advise how war may best, upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage; besides, to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have done.
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

---

[1] A small river near Preston, in Lancashire, where Cromwell defeated the Scots under the Duke of Hamilton, in August, 1648.

[2] Dunbar and Worcester were both fought September 3—one 1650, the other 1651.

[3] He alludes to the Presbyterian clergy. They tried to persuade Cromwell to use the secular power against Sectaries.

[4] This sonnet seems to have been written in behalf of the Independents against the Presbyterian hierarchy. Vane was the chief of the Independents, and therefore Milton's friend. He was a most eccentric character, a mixture of the wildest fanaticism and good sense. He was beheaded after the Restoration, 1662.—Warton.

[5] The States of Holland.

XIX.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.[1]

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant;[2] that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.[3]

XX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

---

[1] In 1665 the duke of Savoy determined to make his reformed subjects in Piedmont return to the Roman Church. All who refused compliance with the sovereign's will were massacred. Those who escaped, concealed in their mountain fastnesses, sent to Cromwell for relief. Milton's holy indignation found expression in this fine sonnet, which was of great effect. Cromwell commanded a general fast, and a national contribution for the relief of the sufferers. £40,000 were collected. He then wrote to the Duke; and so great was the terror of the English name—the Protector threatened that his ships should visit Civita Vecchia—that the persecution was stopped, and the surviving inhabitants of the valleys were restored to their homes and to freedom of worship.

[2] The Pope.

[3] The Papacy.

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

XXI.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.[1]

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius[2] re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXII.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

Cyriack, whose grandsire[3] on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
Pronounced and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;

[1] Son of Henry Lawrence, Member for Hertfordshire, who was active in settling the Protectorate on Cromwell. Milton's friend was the author of a work called "Of our Communion and Warre with Angels," &c., 1646. 4to.—Todd.

[2] The West Wind.

[3] Lord Coke. Cyriac Skinner was the son of William Skinner and Bridget, daughter of Lord Coke. He had been a pupil of Milton's, and was one of the principal members of Harrington's Political Club.

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede[1] intend, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence,[2] my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.[3]

[1] Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, was then at war with Poland, and the French were fighting the Spaniards in the Netherlands.

[2] When Milton was engaged to answer Salmasius one of his eyes had nearly lost its sight. The physicians predicted the loss of both, if he used them. But Milton told Du Moulin, "I did not long balance whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes."

[3] The celebrated controversy with Salmasius originated thus: Charles II. employed that great scholar to write a "Defence of Monarchy" and to vindicate his father's memory. Salmasius was the greatest scholar of his age. Grotious only could compete with him. Selden speaks of him as "most admirable." The Council of the Commonwealth, therefore, did wisely in ordering Milton to answer him. How he did so at the price of his sight we see above.

XXIV.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.[1]

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis[2] from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the Old Law did save;
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

[1] Catherine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. She died in giving birth to a daughter, a year after her marriage. She was Milton's second wife.

[2] Alcestis, being told by an oracle that her husband, Admetus, could never recover from a disease unless a friend died for him, willingly laid down her life for him. Hercules, "Jove's great son," brought her back from hell.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.,

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ.

Rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odors,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
  Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
  In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
  Rough with black winds and storms
  Unwonted shall admire,
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold;
Who always vacant, always amiable,
  Hopes thee, of flattering gales
  Unmindful! Hapless they
To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vowed
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
  My dank and dropping weeds
  To the stern God of Sea.

[As Milton inserts the original with his translation, as if to challenge comparison, it is right that we should do so too.]

AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam e naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos affirmat esse miseros.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
  Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditie? Heu, quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ;
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem,
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

April, 1648.—J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre; wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the original.

PSALM LXXX.

1 Thou Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*,
Give ear *in time of need*,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,
That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright*,
Between their wings outspread;
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
And on our foes thy dread.
2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasseh's sight,
Awake[1] thy strength, come, and *be seen*
To save us *by thy might.*
3 Turn us again; *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, *vouchsafe;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

[1] Gnorera.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy [1] smoking wrath, *and angry brow,*
Against thy people's prayer?
5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears;
Their bread with tears they eat;
And mak'st them largely [2] drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
To every neighbor foe;
Among themselves they [3] laugh, they [3] play,
And [3] flouts at us they throw.
7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out nations *proud and haut,*
To plant this *lovely* Vine.
9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And filled the land *at last.*
10 With her *green* shade that covered *all*
The hills were *overspread;*
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanced their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went.*
12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,

[1] Gnashanta. [2] Shalish. [3] Jilgnagu.

That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Upturns it by the roots;
Wild beast there browse, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
14 Return now, God of Hosts; look down
From Heaven, thy seat divine;
Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* Vine.
15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
16 But now it is consumed with fire,
And cut *with axes* down;
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid;*
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame;
Quicken us thou; then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.
19 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe:*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 To God our strength sing loud *and clear;*
Sing loud to God *our King;*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song;
The timbrel hither bring;
The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
And harp *with* pleasant *string.*
3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon,
With trumpets' *lofty sound*,
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round.*
4 This was a statute *given of old*
For Israel *to observe*,
A law of Jacob's God *to hold*,
From whence they might not swerve.
5 This he a testimony ordained
In Joseph, *not to change*,
When as he passed through Egypt-land;
The tongue I heard was strange.
6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*,
I set his shoulder free;
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,
Delivered were *by me.*
7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall.
I answered thee in[1] thunder deep,
With clouds encompassed round;
I tried thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renowned.*
8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well:*
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me:
9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,

[1] Be Sether ragnam.

Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honor bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought
Thee out of Egypt-land;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,
Misliked me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;
Their own conceits they followed still
Their own devices blind.
13 Oh that my people would *be wise*,
To serve me *all their days!*
And oh that Israel would *advise*
To walk my *righteous* ways!
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend;
But *they, his people, should remain;*
Their time should have no end.
16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flour of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat.*

PSALM LXXXII.

1 God in the [1] great [1] assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states;
[2] Among the gods [2] on both his hands

[1] Bignadath-el. [2] Bekerev.

He judges and debates.
2 How long will ye [1] pervert the right
With [1] judgment false and wrong,
Favoring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?
3 [2] Regard the [2] weak and fatherless;
[2] Despatch the [2] poor man's cause;
And [3] raise the man in deep distress
By [3] just and equal laws.
4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him *that help demands.*
5 They know not, nor will understand;
In darkness they walk on;
The earth's foundations all are [4] moved,
And [4] out of order gone.
6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
The sons of God Most High;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die.*
Rise, God; [5]judge thou the earth in might;
This *wicked* earth [5] redress;
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou silent *now at length;*
O God hold not thy peace:
Sit thou not still, O God *of strength;*
We cry and do not cease.
2 For lo! thy *furious* foes *now* [6] swell,
And [6] storm outrageously;
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell,*

[1] Tishphetu gnavel. [2] Shiphtudal. [3] Hatzdiku.
[4] Jimmotu. [5] Shiphta. [6] Jehemajun.

Exalt their heads full high.
3 Against thy people they[1] contrive
[2] Their plots and counsels deep;
[3] Them to ensnare they chiefly strive
[4] Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4 "Come, let us cut them off," say they,
"Till they no nation be;
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory."
5 For they consult[5] with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot;
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast;
To Sisera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabin's *host,*
When at the brook of Kishon *old*
They were repulsed and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and rolled
As dung upon the plain.

---

[1] Jagnarimu. [2] Sod. [3] Jithjagnatsu gnal.
[4] Tsephuneca. [5] Lev jachdau.

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed;
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled*,
So let their princes *bleed*.
12 *For they amidst their pride* have said,
"By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and *will now invade*
[1] Their stately palaces."
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel;
No quiet let them find;
Giddy and *restless* let *them reel*,
Like stubble from the wind.
14 As, *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher,
Till all the mountains blaze;
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;
16 [2] And till they [2] yield the honor due,
Lord, fill with shame their face.
17 Ashamed and troubled let them be,
Troubled and shamed for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, *and scape it never*.
18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name
Jehovah is, alone
Art the Most High, *and thou the same*
O'er all the earth *art One*.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts how dear
The *pleasant* tabernacles are
Where thou dost dwell so near!

[1] *Neoth Elohim* bears both.

[2] They seek thy name: *Heb.*

2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
3 There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong*,
Hath found a house of *rest;*
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding* nest;
Even *by* thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode;
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee, my King, my God.
4 Happy who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise!
5 Happy whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways!
6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale
Where springs and showers abound.
7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God, give ear:
9 Thou, God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better *and more blest*
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thousand days *at best*
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door
Than dwell in tents *and rich abode*
With sin *for evermore.*

11 For Gòd, the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory *bright;*
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hosts *that reign'st on high,*
That man is *truly* blest
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 Thy land to favor graciously
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack;
Thou hast from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 The iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their sin *that did thee grieve*
Hast hid *where none shall know.*
3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
And *calmly* didst return
From thy[1] fierce wrath, which we had proved
Far worse than fire to burn.
4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore;
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, *and chide no more.*
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not[2] turn and *hear our voice,*
And thus again[2] revive,
That so thy people may rejoice,
By thee preserved alive?

---

[1] *Heb.*: The burning heat of thy wrath.

[2] *Heb.*: Turn to quicken us.

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord;
To us thy mercy shew;
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak
I will *go straight and* hear,
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints *full dear;*
To his dear saints he will speak peace;
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.

10 Mercy and Truth, *that long were missed,*
Now *joyfully* are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

11 Truth from the earth *like* to *a flower*
Shall bud and blossom *then;*
And Justice from her heavenly bower
Look down *on mortal men.*

12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good;
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger:
Then[1] will he come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err.

[1] *Heb.*: He will set his steps to the way.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 Thy *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline;
O hear me, *I thee pray;*
For I am poor and almost pine
With need *and sad decay.*
2 Preserve my soul; for [1]I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just;
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4 Oh make rejoice
Thy servant's soul! for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul *and voice.*
5 For thou art good; thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon; thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone,*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid;*
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access,*
And answer *what I prayed.*
8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord; nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

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[1] *Heb.*: I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done;
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
Remainest God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide;
To fear thy name my heart unite;
So shall it never slide.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*
Most merciful, most true.
16 Oh turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on;
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaid's son.
17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see,
And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 Among the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast;

There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed.

2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *land though there be store,*
And all within his care.

3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke.
I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke;

4 I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia *full of scorn,*
And Tyre, with Ethiop's *utmost ends:*
Lo! this man there was born.

5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last:*
This and this man was born in her;
High God shall fix her fast.

6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth enroll,
That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing and they who dance
With sacred songs are there;
In thee *fresh brooks and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 Lord God, that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry,
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *prostrate lie.*

2 Into thy presence let my prayer,
With sighs devout, ascend;
And to my cries that *ceaseless are,*
Thine ear with favor bend,

3 For, cloyed with woes and trouble store,
Surcharged my soul doth lie;
My life, *at death's unchecrful door*,
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reckoned I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit;
I am a [1]man but weak, alas!
And for that name unfit,
5 From life discharged and parted quite
Among the dead *to sleep*,
And like the slain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep;*
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard:
Them, from thy hand delivered o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barred.
6 Thou, in the lowest pit *profound*,
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn.*
7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
Full sore doth press on me;
[2]Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
[2]And all thy waves break me.
8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through sorrow and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead;
Lord all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
Shall the deceased arise

[1] *Heb.*: A man without manly strength. [2] The Hebrew bears both.

And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave *hath hold?*
Or they *who* in perdition *dwell*
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known?
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry
Ere yet my life be spent;
And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake
And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruised, and[1] shake
With terror sent from thee;
Bruised and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo,
Astonished with thine ire?
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow;
Thy threatenings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go;
Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
And severed from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have loved,
And as in darkness are.

PSALM I.

Done into verse 1653.

BLEST is the man who hath not walked astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way

[1] *Heb.*: Præ concussione.

Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat; but in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit; and his leaf shall not fall;
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked; but, as chaff which fanned
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

Done August 8, 1653.—Terzetti.

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
"Let us break off," say they, "by strength of hand,
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords." He who in heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them. "But I," saith he,
"Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy hill." A firm decree
I will declare: the Lord to me hath said,
"Thou art my Son; I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made:
As thy possession I on thee bestow
The Heathen, and, as thy conquest to be swayed,
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse

Like to a potter's vessel shivered so."
And now be wise at length, ye kings averse;
Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear
In anger, and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III.

August 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

LORD, how many are my foes!
How many those
That in arms against me rise!
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
"No help for him in God there lies."
But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory;
Thee, through my story,
The exalter of my head I count:
Aloud I cried
Unto Jehovah; he full soon replied,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept; I waked again:
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though, encamping round about,
They pitch against me their pavilions.
Rise, Lord; save me, my God! for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorred
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV

August 10, 1653.

Answer me when I call,
God of my righteousness;
In straights and in distress
Thou didst me disenthrall
And set at large; now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in scorn?
How long be thus forborne
Still to love vanity?
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to choose he knows);
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be awed, and do not sin;
Speak to your hearts alone
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say
"Who yet will show us good?"
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray:
On us lift up the light,
Lift up the favor, of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep;
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie:
As in a rocky cell
Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V.

August 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh;
The voice of my complaining hear,
My king and God, for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah, thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear;
I' th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight;
Evil with thee no biding makes;
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house; I, in thy fear,
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me, because of those
That do observe if I transgress;
Set thy ways right before where my step goes.
For in his faltering mouth unstable

No word is firm or sooth;[1]
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty; let them fall
By their own counsels quelled;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebelled.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them: they shall ever sing,
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bless the just man still:
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favor and good will.

PSALM VI.

August 13, 1653.

Lord, in thy anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that even with anguish ache,
Are troubled; yea, my soul is troubled sore;
And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord; restore
My soul: oh, save me, for thy goodness sake!
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my days;
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me; for the voice of my weeping

[1] True.

The Lord hath heard; the Lord hath heard my prayer;
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dashed
With much confusion; then, grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abashed.

PSALM VII.

August 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

Lord, my God, to thee I fly;
Save me, and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry;
Lest, as a lion (and no wonder),
He hastes to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this; if wickedness
Be in my hands; if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace;
Or to him have rendered less,
And not freed my foe for naught:

Let the enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it; let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonor foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire;
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury assuage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right:
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord; be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies;
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets; his brow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travails big with vanity;
Trouble he hath conceived of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,
And fell into the pit he made:
His mischief that due course doth keep,

Turns on his head: and his ill trade
Of violence will undelayed
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII.

August 14, 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth,
So as above the heavens thy praise to set!
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,
To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,
The moon and stars, which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
Oh, what is man that thou rememberest yet
And think'st upon him, or of man begot
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
Scarce to be less than gods thou mad'st his lot;
With honor and with state thou hast him crowned.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord;
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,
Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth!

SCRAPS FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS.

FROM "OF REFORMATION TOUCHING CHURCH DISCIPLINE IN ENGLAND," 1641.

[DANTE, *Inferno*, xix. 115.]

AH, Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee!

[PETRARCH, *Sonnet* 107.]

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn,
Impudent whore? Where hast thou placed thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

[ARIOSTO, *Orl. Fur.* xxxiv. Stanz. 80.]

THEN passed he to a flowery mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That Constantine to good Sylvestro gave.

FROM THE APOLOGY FOR SMECTYMNUUS, 1642.

[HORACE, *Sat.* i. 1, 24.]

LAUGHING to teach the truth
What hinders? as some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

[HORACE, *Sat.* i. 10, 14.]

JOKING decides great things
Stronglier and better oft than earnest can.

[SOPHOCLES, *Electra*, 624.]

'TIS you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

FROM AREOPAGITICA, 1644.

[EURIPIDES, *Supplices*, 438.]

THIS is true Liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free:
Which he who can and will deserves high praise:
Who neither can nor will may hold his peace.
What can be juster in a state than this?

FROM TETRACHORDON, 1645.

[HORACE, *Epist.* i. 16, 40.]

WHOM do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighborhood,
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

FROM "THE TENURE OF KINGS AND MAGISTRATES." 1649.

[SENECA, *Her. Fur.* 922.]

THERE can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable
Than an unjust and wicked king.

FROM THE HISTORY OF BRITAIN, 1670.

[In Geoffrey of Monmouth the story is that Brutus the Trojan, wandering through the Mediterranean, and uncertain whither to go, arrived at a dispeopled island called Leogecia, where he found, in a ruined city, a temple and oracle of Diana. He consulted the oracle in certain Greek verses, of which Geoffrey gives a version in Latin elegiacs; and Milton translates these.]

GODDESS of Shades and Huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rolling sphere, and through the deep,
On thy third reign, the Earth, look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest thou bidd'st me seek,
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with temples vowed, and virgin quires.

[Sleeping before the altar of the Goddess, Brutus received from her, in vision, an answer to the above in Greek. Geoffrey quotes the traditional version of the same in Latin elegiac, which Milton thus translates.]

BRUTUS, far to the west, in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old;
Now void, it fits thy people. Thither bend
Thy course; there shalt thou find a lasting seat;
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreaded might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

PART II.

THE LATIN POEMS.

Separate Title-Page in Eaition of 1645 :—"Joannis Miltoni Londinensis Poemata. Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit. Nunc primum edita. Londini, Typis R. R. Prostant ad Insignia Principis, in Cœmeterio D. Pauli, apud Humphredum Moseley, 1645."

Separate Title-Page in Edition of 1673 :—Same as above, word for word, as far as to "Londini," inclusively; after which the rest runs thus; "Excudebat W. R. anno 1673."

LATIN POEMS.

[DE AUCTORE TESTIMONIA.]

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Auctore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præcaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita fere solent laudare ut omnia suis potius virtutibus quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, nolui tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam, cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum eordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, MARCHIO VILLENSIS NEAPOLITANUS, AD JOANNEM MILTONIUM ANGLUM.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse, fores.

AD JOANNEM MILTONEM ANGLUM, TRIPLICI POESEOS LAUREÂ CORONANDUM, GRÆCÂ NIMIRUM, LATINÂ, ATQUE HETRUSCÂ EPIGRAMMA JOANNIS SALSILLI ROMANI.

Cede, Meles; cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas;
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem;
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

AL SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI, NOBILE INGLESE.

ODE.

Ergimi all' Etra o Clio,
Perchè di stelle intreccierò corona!
Non più del biondo Dio
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona:
Diensi a merto maggior maggiori i fregi,
A celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del Tempo edace
Rimaner preda eterno alto valore;
Non può l' obblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore.
Sull' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la Morte.

Dell' Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede:
Questa feconda sa produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno nei petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perchè in lei san trovar gioia e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto,
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Elena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l' ape ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse corde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton, dal Ciel natio, per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze ed arti;
Dell Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino,
Sol virtù rintracciando, il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora,
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde sul piano:
Ch' ode, oltr' all' Anglia, il suo più degno idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la Natura, e in cielo e in terra,
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani

Troppo avara talor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un ferminsi gli anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi ai danni;
Che s' opre degne di poema e storia
Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra,
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto;
Il Tamigi il dirà, chè gli è concesso
Per te, suo cigno, pareggiar Permesso.

Io, che in riva dell' Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro,
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core,
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del Sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI,
Gentiluomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI, LONDINENSI,

Juveni patriâ, virtutibus, eximio:

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut, novus Ulysses, omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; et jure ea percallet ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt:

Cui in Memoriâ totus orbis; in Intellectu sapientia; in Voluntate ardor gloriæ; in Ore eloquentia; harmonicos cælestium sphærarum sonitus Astronomiâ duce audienti; characteres mirabilium Naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistrâ Philosophiâ legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assiduâ Autorum lectione, 'exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti'

(At cur nitor in arduum?):

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, Reverentiæ et Amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert

CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,
Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quà petit amne salum.
Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles;
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.

Si sit hoc exilium, patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit amat:
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat;
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo;
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;
Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens;
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammas,
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!

Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fliut puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatæ toties Heröides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem;
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon;
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus;
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis;
Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno,
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspicuæ formâque auroque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque itèrum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

Te, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer a Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris;
Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ?
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegëia tristes,
Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo:
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;

Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
  Dira sepulchrali Mors metuenda face,
Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
  Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi,
  Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis;
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
  Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,
  Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar:
  "Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
  Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
  Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa?
Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
  Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ;
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
  Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
  Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,
  Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
  Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?"
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
  Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
  Phœbus, ab Eöo littore mensus iter.
Nec mora; membra cavo posui refovenda cubili;
  Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos,
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro;
  Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
  Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent;

Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum;
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos;
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago;
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis:
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subitò Præsul Wintonius astat!
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos;
Infula divinum cinexerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono;
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis;
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos:
"Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni;
Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ;
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies;
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos.
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi!

ELEGIA QUARTA.

Anno ætatis 18.

Ad THOMAM JUNIUM, Præceptorem suum, apud Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes Pastoris munere fungentem.

Curre per immensum subitò, mea littera, pontum;
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;

Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque, ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ.
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul, Christicholas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ;
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quàm tu, doctissime Graiûm,
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlori, senilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes;
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.

Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum;
Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo;
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina Patrum
Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei,
Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
"Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritó, moxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti;
Crimina diminui quæ patuere solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas delicuere preces;
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor;
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.

Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat.
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem;
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva;
Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit, io! terris, et jam non ultima Virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volâsse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix;
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.

Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus ;
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi ;
Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mænibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros ;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris ;
Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala ;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares."

ELEGIA QUINTA.

Anno ætatis 20.

In Adventum Veris.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros, vere tepente, novos ;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulcè virescit humus.
Fallor ? an et nobis reducnt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest ?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet ?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pirenen somnia nocte ferunt ;
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intùs agit.
Delius ipse venit (video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines), Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cæli,
Perque vagàs nubes corpore liber eo ;

Perque umbras, perque antra feror, penetralia vatum;
Et mihi fana patent interora Deûm;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris, io! rediere vices; celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cæleste Bootes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cum primo solo rubescit humus,
"Hac," ait "hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos."
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
"Desere," Phœbus ait, "thalamos, Aurora, seniles;
Quid juvat effœto procubisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ;
Surge; tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet."

Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ociùs urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos.
Et cupit, et digna est; quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis?
Ecce, coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,
Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice, Phœbe; tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces;
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ;
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramem in usus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor),
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus, abdit opes.
Ah! quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
"Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
Hesperiis recipit cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartesside lymphâ?
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ;
Huc a des; ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.

Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lenè susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phaëtonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiùs uteris igni,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo."
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferre tela corusca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant *Hymenæe* per urbes;
Littus *io Hymen* et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ;
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.
Votum est cuique suum; votum est tamen omnibus unum,
Ut sibi quem cupiat det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge lùdit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.

Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan;
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit malè tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreâ, dii, precor, ite domo.
Te referant, miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
Sæcla! quid ad nimbos, aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales
Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris cant:
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo!

ELEGIA SEXTA.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM, RURI COMMORANTEM;

Qui, cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulâsset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventere salutem,
Quâ tu distento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque;
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
Festaque cælifugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpiùs Aoniis clamavit collibus *Euæ*
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris;
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Elco pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulcè canit Glyceran flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Appollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te,
Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;

Liber adest elegis Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpiùs et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superûm consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus;
Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis,
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges:
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.
At tu si quid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam).
Paciferum canimus cælesti semine regem,
Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris;
Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit;
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.

Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa;
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis;
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

Nondum blanda tuas leges, Amathusia nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen, Amor.
"Tu puer imbelles" dixi "transfige columbas;
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci:
Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos;
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros."
Non tulit hoc Cyprius (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior), et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem;
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem.
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum;
Prodidit et facies, et dulcè minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares;
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
Et "Miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs," inquit;
"Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.

Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;
Et, quoties meminit Penëidos, ipse fatetur
Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ;
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem."
Dixit, et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias;
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat.
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis agor;
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam;
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deûm conspicienda fuit.

Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis;
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinùs insoliti subierunt corda fuerores;
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat
Ablata est, oculis non reditura meis;
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor; et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum;
Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos;
Talis et abreptum solem respexit ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et lu tu victus? Amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, et corâm tristia verba loqui!
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces!
Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit;
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce, precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris;
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solus et in Superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores;
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:

Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego mente olim lævâ studioque supino,
Nequitiæ posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit;
Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinùs, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu;
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

[EPIGRAMMATA.]

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli,
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis;
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

IN EANDEM.

Siccine tentâsti cælo donâsse Iacobum,
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte latet?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos:
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, cæli vix bene scandet iter.

IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iäcobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et "Nec inultus" ait "temnes mea sacra, Britanne;
Supplicium spretâ religione dabis;
Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter."
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnârat, Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc, vice mutàta jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

LAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas.
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi majar erit qui lurida creditur arma
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite, gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cæli,
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
Quòd, si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

AD EANDEM.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser ille tuo quanto feliciùs ævo
Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ!
Quamvis Dircæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
Tu tamen erantes cæcâ vertigine sensus;
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde quietem,
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

AD EANDEM.

Credula quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpore Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

Rusticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hic, incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus,
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Hactenùs illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protinùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;
Atque ait, "Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo;
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipse parens."

[DE MORO.]

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?

AD CHRISTINAM, SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROMWELLI.

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, Septem regina Trionum,
Christina Arctoi lucida stella poli!
Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero,
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

PARERE Fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto Mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu! moræ
Tentantur incassùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathia jacuisset Œtâ;
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste Fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens

Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastà;
Læsisset et nec te, Philyrcie,
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine;
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
Cæse puer genetricis alvo.
Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
Lætus superstes, nec sine gloriâ;
Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At fila rupit Persephone tua,
Irata cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse Mortis.
Colende Præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo!

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

Anno ætatis 17.

Jam pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus

Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros.
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras;
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos:
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes,
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace;
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus;
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.
At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam,
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhœus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis;

Atque "Pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni" dixit; "gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta."
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis:
Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines. A parte sinistrâ
Nimbifer Apenninus erat, priscique Sabini;
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria; nec non
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem:
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur; præeunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantûm series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro), fremitusque canentûm
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum:
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter

Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes);
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos
Cum niger umbrarum dominus rectorque silentûm,
Prædatorque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus
Astitit. Assumptis micuerunt tempora canis;
Barba sinus promissa tegit; cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis; pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces:
"Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age! surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli;
Turgentes animos et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiæ disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
Thermodoonteâ nuper regnante puellâ.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle;
Relliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,

Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesses;
Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude:
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres trabeâ canisque verendos:
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, sub imis.
Protinùs ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi factique mone: quisquamne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
Perculsosque metu subito, casuque stupentes,
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis."
Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens.
Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa
Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis.
Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces;
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille, videntur,

Et Timor; exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;
Perpetuòque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant; tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos et Prodotes; nulloque sequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum, feralibus umbris,
Diffugiunt sontes, et retrò lumina vortunt.
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur:
"Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi; prudens Natura negavit
Indignam penitùs nostro conjungere mundo.
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves diffientur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrapæ scelerata propago;
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros."
Finierat: rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cælos
Despicit æthercâ Dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
Esse ferunt spatium quà distat ab Aside terrâ
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros.
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cæli petit ardua culmen.
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce:
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat

Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis;
Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique juvencæ
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumnia non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli;
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax
Nunc minuit modò confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit
Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva, tuis tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisso, alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
"Fama, siles? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iäcobo?"
Nec plura: illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et satis antè fugax, stridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora; jam pennis cedendes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes;
Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga reliquit:
Et primò Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
Ambiguas voces incertaque murmura spargit;
Mox arguta dolos et detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa silet. Stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm. Capti pœnas raptantur ad acres:
At pia thura Deo et grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit; Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis
Quem nuper effudi pius
Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis Præsulis,
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh! semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populosque Neptuno satos,
Cessisse morti et ferreis Sororibus,
Te, generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinùs
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore;
Graiusque vates parciùs
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobulen suam.
At ecce! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor Neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni sub aurâ, flamine:

"Cæcos furores pone; pone vitream
Bilemque et irritas minas.
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitòque ad iras percita?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao:
Ast illa, cælo missa stellato, Dei
Messes ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat,
(Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,
Themidos Jovisque filiæ)
Et Sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris,
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror,
Vates ut olim raptus ad cælum senex,
Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia;
Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum;
Longèque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores

Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi
Sat est in æternum frui."

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

Heu! quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
Consilium Fati perituris alligat horis.
Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica Mater,
Omniparum contracta uterum, sterilescet ab ævo?
Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas
Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque,
Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in vicera patrem?
Heu! potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munîsse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque, sono dilapsa tremendo,
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribilisque retectâ Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.
Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.

Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.
At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs astris,
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere Fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu Mundi rota prima diurno,
Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cælos.
Tardior haud soliˆto Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineùm rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper, amicâ
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
Manè vocans, et serus agens in pascua cæli;
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus;
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hiemen, nimbospue volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest; servatque suum Narcissus odorem;
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorum,
Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum

Conscia vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum ;
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos et vasti culmina cæli,
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina Mundi.

DE IDEÂ PLATONICÂ QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deùm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille, Palladis gemellus innubæ,
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis ;
Sed, quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira! certo stringitur spatio loci :
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum ;
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas ;
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
Atlante, major portitore siderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet

Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem;
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alias
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi
Aptiùs a nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ nisi quas dedit aurea Clia,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri, Parnassides umbræ.
Nec tu, vatis opus, divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus et semina cæli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri

Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum,
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen,
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila Serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion,
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regale epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines
Heroumque actus imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et Chaos, et positi latè fundamina Mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea, cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,
Carmine, non citharâ, simulacraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas: habet has a carmine laud.
Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.

Nunc tibi quid mirum si me genuisse poëtam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti,
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
Non odisse reor. Neque enim pater, ire jubepas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi;
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me, procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
Phæbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis;
Me poscunt majora. Tuo, pater optime, sumptu
Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cælum, subjectaque cælo
Terra parens, terræque et cælo interfluus aër.
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit;
Dimotâque venit spectanda Scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.
I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cælo?

Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatà luce tiarem.
Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo;
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul vigiles Curæ, procul este Querelæ,
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo;
Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia, rictus;
In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτιων λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μοῦνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰοῦδα·
Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν,
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα,
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν·
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ·
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἔρίπναι,

Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρ' ῥώησας
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ ἐστυφελίχθης
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν;
Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἄο' ὔμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,
Γαῖα Θεὸν τρείουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσσης.

Philosophus ad Regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat, τήν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος hæc subito misit.

Ὦδνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥῃϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρῃ,
Τοιόνδ' ἐκ πόλιος περιφνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In effigiei ejus sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,
Γελᾶτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

AD SALSILLUM POETAM ROMANUM ÆGROTANTEM. SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum
Quam cum decentes flava Dëiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum.
Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,

Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
Polique tractum (pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosùm spirat;
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus, ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O Salus, Hebes
Germana! Tuque, Phœbe! morborum terror,
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur locos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans;
Tumidusque et ipse Tibris, hinc delinitus,
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro;
Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicâ virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat de Amicitiâ scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus: ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemata cui titulus GERUSALEMME CONQUISTATA, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi e cortesi
Risplende il Manso . . . . .

Is authorem, Neapoli commorantem, summâ benevolentiâ prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

Hæc quoque, manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides; tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores,
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli, debita vates
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
Nec Manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici;
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo; cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Maycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te, Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manse patet, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,

Quæ nuper, gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per ubes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Quà Thamesis latè puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines;
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo,
Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente chorcas.
(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum,
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant.)
Hinc quaties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ,
Carminibus lætis momorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate senex! ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas.
At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cælo fugitivus Apollo,
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantùm, ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta,
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,
Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici,
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetere loco ; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas ;
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex ! te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem,
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modò spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges !
Tandem, ubi, non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis ;
Astanti sat erit si dicam, "Sim tibi curæ ;"
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ :
Forsitan et nostro ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas ; et ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si quâ fidas, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego, cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata sinunt), et totâ mente serenùm
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

THYRSIS et DAMON, ejusdem viciniæ pastores, eadem studia sequnti, a pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. THYRSIS animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu DAMONIS nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. DAMONIS autem sub personâ hic intelligitur CAROLUS DEODATUS, ex urbe Hetruriæ Lucâ paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibis, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES Nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Lectibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum, tum denique, sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem:—
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon?
Siccine nos linquis? tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentûm.
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longùmque vigabit

Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.
"Ite domum inpasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon.
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas.
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis,
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis?
Quis fando sopire diem cantuque solebit?
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
Molle pirum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus Auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia Nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agnî.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu! quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,

Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Ægon ad flumina pulcher Amyntas:
'Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,'
Hic Zyphri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas.'
Ista canunt surdo; frutices ego nactus abibam.
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ud hæc, nam me redeuntem fortè notârat
(Et callebat avium linguas et sidera Mopsus),
'Thyrsi, quid hoc?' dixit; 'quæ te coquit improbabilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum;
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo,'
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et 'Quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis?' aiunt: 'non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi:
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
Jure petit; bis ille miser qui serus amavit.'
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Ægle,
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu;
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti:
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me si quid adest movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:
Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat: vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum

Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens ;
Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinùs ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens, homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors ;
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum ;
Aut, si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ,
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
"Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu ! quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam ?
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit),
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes ?
Ah ! certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse 'Vale ! nostri memor ibis ad astra.'
"Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos ; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam !
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum ; nec puto multùm
Displicui ; nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,
Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ :
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis et Francinus ; erant et vocibus ambo

Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebum cratibus hœdos.
Ah! quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
'Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon;
Vimina nunc texit varios sibi quod sit in usus;'
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi.
'Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè retardat,
Imus, et argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
[illegible] humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentûm.'
Ah! pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentûm,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro!
Ipse etiam—nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula—ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte—
Et tum fortè novis admòram labra cicutis:
Dissiluere tamen, ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus; tamen et referam; vos cedite, sylvæ.
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
[illegible] Brutumque Corinæum, unde Britannum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen;
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O, mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosâ pendebis fistula, pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis
[illegible]
Non sperâsse uni licet omnia; mi satis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum

Tum licet, externo penitùsque inglorius orbi),
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi procula Mansus,
Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento.
In medio Rubri Maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ
Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,
Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;
Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus:
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma corusca, faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi,
Hinc ferit; at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus:
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.
"Tu quoque in his—nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon—
Tu quoque in his certè es; nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque simplicitas? nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub Orco;
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra.
Ite procul, lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cæli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidusque fave, quicunque vocaris;
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis

Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cælicolæ nôrint sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En! etiam tibi virginei servantur honores!
Ipse, caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos,
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrso."

Jan. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ Publicâ reponeret, Ode.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici *monostrophicum* debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ σχέσιν partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ab libitum fecit.

STROPHE I.

Gemelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditieque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim
Sedula, tamen haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
Insons populi, barbitoque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo,
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum?

STROPHE 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm,
Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo?

ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantiâ,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix; en! iterum tibi

Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ :

STROPHE 3.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peculî numeroque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ ;
Teque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet
Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris
Quam cui præfuit Ion,
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Ion Actææâ genitus Creusâ.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos ;
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum
Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
Delo posthabitâ,
Bifidoque Parnassi jugo ;
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina et verum decus.

EPODOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,

Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit solers Roüsî,
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legentûm prava facesset;
At ultimi nepotes
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit integro sinu.
Tum, livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
Roüsio favente.

IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM.

Quis expedivit Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis venter, et Jacobæi
Centum exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
Quòd si dolösi spes refulserit nummi,
Ipse, Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
Cantabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.

IN SALMASIUM.

Gaudete, scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,
Qui frigidâ hieme incolitis algentes freta!
Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius Eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii
Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii;
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

THE END.

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